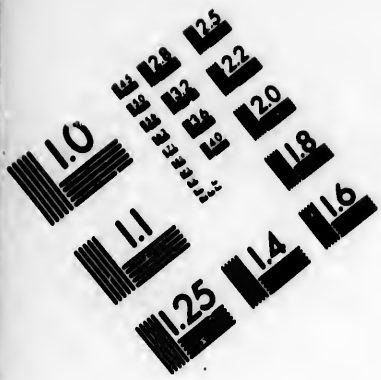

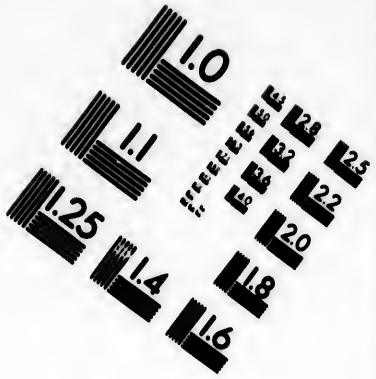

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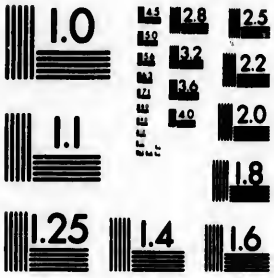

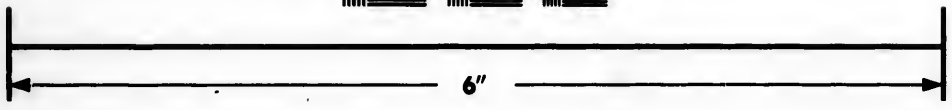

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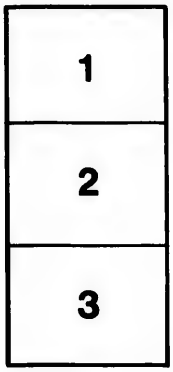

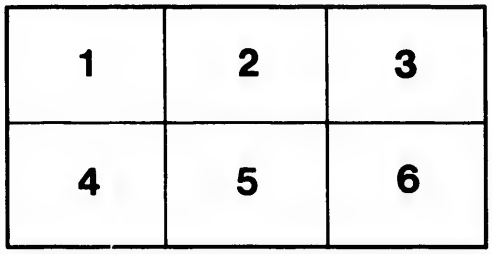

A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

'BUBBLES FROM THE BRUNNEN OF NASSAU.'

"as I pursu'd my journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled Hag, with Age grown double,
Picking dry Sticks, and mumbling to herself."

OTWAY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. II.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1852.

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A FAGGOT OF FRENCH STICKS.

MY LODGING.

On my return from my stroll, at about ten o'clock P.M. of the day of my arrival in Paris, to Meurice's well-appointed hotel, I was conducted by one of the waiters to my "appartement;" and as on introducing myself to, or, to speak more correctly, *into* its bed, I found it to be a particularly warm, comfortable poultice, which seemed to draw from my body and bones every ache or sensation of fatigue, I soon ceased to admire it, France, England, or indeed, any body or any thing.

"Heaven bless the man who first invented sleep!"

The next morning early, awakening quite refreshed, and with a keen appetite for novelty of any description, I was amused to find not only that I myself had become, and as I lay in my bed was, a great curiosity, but that apparently the whole hotel was looking at me! My room, an

exceedingly small one, on the middle floor of six stories, owned only one blindless, shutterless, window, upon which, from above, from beneath, from the right, and from the left, glared, stared, and squinted, the oblong eyes of the windows of three sides of a hollow square, so narrow that it appeared like an air-shaft, excavated in the middle of the enormous building of which, in fact, it was the lantern.

On each side of my window, like the lace frills on either side of a lady's cap, there elegantly hung a slight thin muslin curtain; but, as in point of fortification this was utterly inadequate for the defences I required, I ventured after breakfast to ask for a larger room that looked anywhere but into that square.

Nothing could be more polite than M. Meurice was on the subject, but eighty thousand strangers had flocked to Paris to attend the grand Fête of the Republic: his hotel was perfectly full; and as it was evidently impossible for him to alter figures or facts, I sallied forth to seek what I wanted elsewhere.

My applications were first to the best hotels, then to the middling ones, and at last to the worst; but good, bad, or indifferent, they were all full. "Monsieur, il n'y a pas de place!"[1]

[1] No room, Sir!

with a quick shake of the head, and with or without a shrug, was said to me not only everywhere, but usually on the threshold.

Finding it impossible to obtain shelter in a caravansary, I determined to take refuge in a lodging, and observing on a board close to me the very words I was in search of, namely, "Chambres à louer,"[1] I rang at the bell. On the door opening of itself I walked into a clean-looking court, and addressing the concierge I had scarcely said two words when, as if she had become suddenly and violently disgusted with me, she shook her head, waved her hand before my face, and said, "Non! Non!! Non!!! Monsieur!" and turning on her heel left me.

I had scarcely proceeded along the same street —the Rue de Rivoli—fifty yards, when I came to an exactly similar announcement, and as, on ringing the bell, I was very nearly, as before, interrupted by the same signs, the same actions, and the same demonstration of disgust, I asked the porter, with a very small proportion of his own impatience, why, if he had no lodgings, he continued to display his board? "Pas garnies, Monsieur!"[2] he briefly replied, and he then very civilly and good-humouredly explained to me that, had I not been a stranger,

[1] Lodgings to let. [2] Not furnished.

I should have known *that*, from his advertisement being on *white* paper, whereas, by an order of the police, rooms to be let furnished must invariably be placarded in *yellow*.

Brimful of knowledge, I now felt myself to be a Parisian, and accordingly, shunning the alluring invitations of several white boards, I determined, with an air of importance, to pull at the bell of a yellow board. In vain, however, I searched for one; and although I was quite determined to emancipate myself from the domination of those three Argus-eyed walls, the windows of which were still haunting me, I was beginning almost to despair, when, on passing a commissionnaire sitting reading a newspaper at the corner of a street, I enlisted him in my service, and then told him what I wanted.

"Venez, Monsieur!"[1] he said with a smile which at once promised success; and sure enough, after walking and talking for some little time, he suddenly halted before a *yellow* board, on which were beautifully imprinted the words I wanted.

By the daughter of the concierge I was conducted up a broad stone staircase composed of innumerable short flights of steps and little landing or puffing places up to the very top of the

[1] This way, Sir!

house, where I was introduced to the proprietress, a pleasing-looking, respectable, short lady, aged about forty, to whom, without hesitation, apology, or preliminary observations of any sort, I at once, in French, popped the important question,

"Have you, Madame, a furnished apartment to let?"

Not only her mouth, but her eyes, and every feature in her healthy countenance, said "Oui, Monsieur!"

On my asking her to allow me to see the room, she conducted me towards a door on the upper floor, on which she herself resided. On opening it I saw at a glance that its interior possessed all the qualifications of the simple hermitage I desired. Nothing could overlook me but the blue slated roof of the houses on the opposite side of the broad, clean, handsome Rue de ——, one of the finest streets in Paris.

Outside the window, which opened down to the floor, was a narrow promenade, that ran along the whole length of the street, and which, in case of fire, would, said I to myself, fully atone for the extra trouble in ascending to such a height. A secretaire with shelves, two chests of drawers, a cupboard, and a clock, were exactly the sort of companions I wished to live with; and accordingly, without a moment's hesitation,

I told the landlady I should be delighted to engage her apartments. As, however, instead of looking as happy as I looked, there was something latent in her heart which evidently remained to be divulged, I feared I had been too abrupt in concluding my arrangements in so few words. At last, out it came that she had a similar apartment, two stories lower, which was also at my service in case I should prefer it.

Now I had taken such a fancy to the aërial abode in which I stood, that I felt quite disappointed at her intelligence. However, as in Paris high life is low life, and low life high life —that is to say, as it is reckoned a fine thing to live very near the earth, and unfashionable to approach the blue sky—I descended with her to the second story of her house, where she introduced me to an apartment, a secretaire with shelves, two chests of drawers, a cupboard, and a clock, all exactly like those I had left, excepting they were all decidedly better dressed. The floor was more slippery, the furniture more highly polished, the dial more richly gilt; lastly, in the price of the whole there decidedly existed more silver.

Had I been fairly left to myself I should have remained faithful to my first attachment; but Fashion, Folly, and Pride, first joining together

hand in hand and then dancing around me, bewildered me with such a variety of false reasons, that, seeing the landlady was also entirely on their side, I ended the short unequal struggle by telling her I would abandon the apartment above for that in which I stood. "Bien, Monsieur!"[1] she replied, with placid satisfaction; and, as I had now become her lodger, instead of acting as if she felt that nothing remained but to get her rent and as much as she could besides, she instantly evinced a desire to shield me from every possible imposition and to render me every friendly assistance in her power—duties, or rather virtues, which, during my residence under her roof, she unremittingly performed.

As my hotel was scarcely a hundred yards off, I returned there for my portmanteau and letter-box, and after parting with M. Meurice, who again very civilly expressed his regret at his utter inability to accommodate me, I put my small amount of luggage into a voiture de place, and, walking by its side, returned to my own street, my own porte-cochère, my own concierge, my own staircase, and—on entering my apartment and dismissing the porter who had followed with my baggage—to my own home.

[1] Very good, Sir!

Everything within it looked quiet, comfortable, and substantial; and as in the book of one's every-day life there is nothing like beginning from the very beginning, before I allowed myself to go into the street, or even to look out of my window at the charming novelties—for everything in Paris was new to my eyes—that were passing and repassing, I unpacked my little property, put my clothes into my two chests of drawers, my papers into my secretaire, my portfolio, inkstand, pens, and pencil on a good-sized table, and then, completing my arrangements by carrying to and placing before the latter a comfortable arm-chair, like Robinson Crusoe I looked around me with an inward satisfaction it would be difficult to describe; and I was standing very much in the attitude of a young artist joyously admiring the painting he has just concluded, when, with great velocity, there shot past my nose—to tell the truth, it actually hit it—an arrow of air, about a foot long, but no thicker than a piece of packthread, that did not smell as it ought to do. "It is the breath of envy," said I to myself, "mortified at my happiness!" and discarding the green-eyed monster from my thoughts, and again admiring my location, I bade it a short adieu, and descended into the street.

At about six o'clock I returned to my apartment, and, like a young lover, was again admiring its charms, when another little arrow, from an unpleasant quiver, flew by me.

"It's all fancy!" said I to myself; "it can't come from my kind landlady, nor from my chests of drawers. I'm two stories above the drains, and two stories below the gutters of this world. Paris is outside my window, and a passage outside my door. The thing"—I did not exactly know what to call it—"is impossible."

I had a most amusing dinner. I had left it entirely to my landlady to decide what was good for me; and as I sat alone, sometimes I could scarcely help laughing aloud at her prescription, and from the end of a silver fork I was placing between my lips a small portion of one of the unknown ingredients, for the purpose of analysing its composition, when, as nearly as I could guess, about an inch and a half above it there whizzed by another very little arrow. In less than the twinkling of an eye it had completely passed, and where it had come from, or where it had gone to, I was alike utterly ignorant.

After dinner I rambled about the streets until it was time to go to my bed, which proved clean and comfortable. In the morning—quite

contrary to my habit—I awoke with a slight headache, and I was lying on my back conscientiously recapitulating the nameless items of my dinner, when there rushed past the uppermost feature of my face, not an arrow, but a javelin.

During the day, on being half a dozen times similarly assailed, I became slightly dispirited for a few moments, until, rallying my forces,—I mean looking at my chests of drawers, secretaire, and other comforts that surrounded me,—and muttering the words "home, *sweet* home!" I determined during the day not to notice the contemptible little demon that was assailing me, but at night to remove my bedding from its alcove to the floor near the window. I did so; but again awaking with rather a worse headache, I felt it was in vain to endeavour to hold out, and that I had therefore better at once sound a retreat. Accordingly, ringing my bell, I requested the garçon to ascertain whether Madame would be visible to me?

In a few minutes she entered my room, with the same placid smile which had adorned her countenance when it last left me.

"What," she kindly inquired, "could she do to serve me?"

It required the whole of my resolution, and,

indeed, almost more than I possessed, to answer her friendly query by telling her, in broken sentences and in faltering accents, that the room was in every respect all I could desire, "BUT that . . . it . . . had . . . at times . . . . . a very unpleasant smell."

"Non, Monsieur!" she replied, with great gentleness. I assured her that it was the case.

"Non, Monsieur!!" she replied, with greater gentleness.

"Madame," said I, "it has twice over given me a headache, from which," laying my right hand flat on my forehead, "I am suffering at this moment."

"Non, Monsieur!!!" she replied, so gently and so faintly that I could hardly hear it.

"But, Madame," I added, "I have no desire to leave you. Would you be kind enough to allow me to remove to the apartment at the top of the house which I first saw, for which I should wish to pay the same as for this one?"

"Certainement, Monsieur!"[1] she replied, gently bowing her head, and looking as placid, as kind, and as anxious to oblige me as ever, and, accordingly, in less than a quarter of an hour, with the assistance of the garçon and a com-

[1] Certainly, Sir!

missionnaire, not only the migration but the distribution of my property was effected.

" On retourne toujours, toujours,
A son premier amour!" [1]

From the above anecdote, trifling as it may sound, Mr. Chadwick and the Board of Health would no doubt be able to draw a most important moral. Leaving them, however, two stories below me, to trace to its secret source a tiny cause which in a region high above cesspools and drains had created a stratum of impure air, which, had it been inodorous, I should most certainly have remained in, and which, in a locality where nobody would look for it, has been and ever is ready to nourish fever, I must proceed with the history of my new abode, the outward appearance of which was, as if in a looking-glass, "veluti in speculum," reflected to me from the opposite side of the street by a range of windows each forming a sort of portico, opening to the floor exactly as mine did, and communicating with a narrow leaded passage, protected by a line of substantial iron balustrades.

In the roof above me there was (at least so I conjectured from what I saw in the opposite

[1] One always returns to one's first love!

houses) a tier of garrets inhabited by human beings of whom nothing was to be seen but occasionally a hand pushing a few inches upwards a glass window that lay flat on the slates, and which opened like a valve at the bottom, the upper part being fixed by two hinges. The chimneys were as lofty, and the chimney-pots as grotesque, as those in London, and yet never,

during the short periods that I looked at them, could I see exuding from them the slightest appearance of smoke.

In the handsome, broad-paved street, which, on looking over the balustrades, appeared to be at an immeasurable distance beneath, were to be heard the rattling of carriages—the rumbling now and then of a heavy diligence—the trot of cavalry—the beating of drums—the sound of bugles;—in short, the sense of hearing at Paris has no protection. Every morning, from half-past seven till nine, martial music of all sorts announced the march beneath of various bodies of troops to their respective guard-mountings. Sometimes fifteen soldiers would pass, preceded by a key-bugle;—then eighteen, headed by a single drum.

As they and their musical accompaniment passed, I almost invariably—stepping out on the leads—peeped over my balustrade. A lady from the window adjoining mine as regularly did the same. I never looked at her—never spoke to her. She could have walked along the leads into my room, but in the exalted region in which we lived it was a point of honour not to do so, and her honour, I am exceedingly happy to say, she never broke.

In Paris a man may live like a gentleman in

all sorts of ways—in a lofty palace, or "au sixième" in a house containing hall, parlour, bedroom, kitchen, &c. all squatted as flat as a pancake; but, although the altitude of his lodging does not depress his position in society, although rather an uncomfortable smell in his staircase is passed perfectly unnoticed, although economy is respected, and although a person of small fortune in Paris is never by the French allowed to *feel* he is poor, yet no wealth can sugar over an ill-mannered man.

I had hardly been in my new domicile two hours, when all of a sudden there flitted by me, not an arrow or a javelin, but, without metaphor, an exceedingly strong smell of warm, nourishing soup. Although almost in the clouds, I was evidently in the neighbourhood of a capital kitchen! "however,"said I to myself, "I am not to be driven from a post of importance by the smell of hot onions!" indeed, I found I had only to contrast this smell with t'other one, quite to enjoy it; during, however, my residence in Paris, it never came again, and in every respect my lodging pleased me.

My housemaid was a lad of about eighteen, who used, while he was sweeping the floor with a hair broom, to polish it with a brush affixed to one of his feet. To every wish I expressed he

had a particularly soft gentle way of replying, "Bien, Monsieur!" His only fault was, that when I pulled at my bell he did not come; but others, on five different floors, were pulling for him at the same time.

My breakfast consisted of a large white cup a quarter of an inch thick; a coffee-pot not so high as the cup; a shining tin cream-jug, with a little spout about the thickness of the small end of an English clay tobacco-pipe; a long roll, and, on the first day, *one* pat of butter of about the size of a Spanish dollar, and as thick as the skin of a mushroom.

"More butter!" I exclaimed in French.

"Shall I bring another portion?" said the garçon.

"No! half a dozen of them!" I answered.

"Bien, Monsieur!" he gently and politely replied, to an order as preposterous, I dare say, in his mind, as if I had ordered for my dinner half a dozen legs of mutton.

Just within the entrance of my porte-cochère lived in a small room my concierge, his wife, and his daughter. The first time I descended my staircase, the old woman, who was nearly seventy years of age, made a sign she wished to speak to me. On going into her room, she asked me to be so good as to give her my

passport, that she might take it to the police to apprise them of my residence in the house. Happening to have it in my pocket-book, I instantly complied with her request, and was about to leave her, when she very politely asked for my card, in case any person should call to see me. I immediately put one into her hands. She looked at it—handed it to her old husband, who looked at it too. They then both looked first at me—then at my card—then at each other. They were evidently quite puzzled. I had no gender! I was not a monsieur, a madame, a mademoiselle, an admiral, a general, colonel, captain, or lieutenant! My name they could not pronounce; and so, after turning it into exactly twice its number of syllables, they bowed, and, with a very slight shrug, placed the enigma on their little mantelpiece, to speak for itself.

By the time I left Paris I had become thoroughly acquainted with my staircase.

Within the porte-cochère, and immediately opposite to the tiny residence of the concierge, were two steps, leading to a swinging glass door, behind which, on the right, were ten steps, rising to a landing-place, on which was a mat. From it twelve steps led to another landing-place, in which, close to the ceiling, was a high window of two panes. Then came seven steps,

leading to a landing-place, on which was a door marked A. Then, again, ten to a landing-place, on which, apparently for variety's sake, was a small window of two panes close to the floor, also two panes touching the ceiling (the one too high to look out of, the other too low). Then came seven to a landing-place, on which was a mat and three doors, on one of which was inscribed "1er Etage," or first floor. By a similar series of steps, passages, and odd windows, I ascended to floors 2, 3, and eventually to my aërial paradise, No. 4.

Within the door marked "1er Etage" every lodger throughout the house was expected to deposit, on a hook numbered consecutively, the key of his room, which, whenever negligently left in the door, was invariably brought to this rendezvous by any of the servants of the house, or by "Madame," the instant they or she discovered it. Under the arrangement just described it of course became necessary for every lodger to call at this point for his key. I found it, however, quite impossible during my short residence in Paris to learn this French rule, and accordingly, when, after a heavy day's walk, I had ascended, quite tired, to my door, I almost invariably had to descend three stories to get my key, which I had negligently passed in my ascent. As soon

as it became dark every one of these keys were taken from their hooks and deposited, according to their respective numbers, each on the brass bed-room candlestick that belonged to it. One evening, at twilight, I was looking among this row for my candle, which, like all the rest of the lot, was about the thickness of my fore-finger.

"Monsieur," said a servant, popping out of a small room adjoining, and making me a low bow, "votre flambeau n'est pas encore descendu."[1]

On the "premier étage," or first floor, was a spacious drawing-room, very handsomely furnished, open to every lodger in the house. I, however, never entered it, and only once peeped into it.

On taking my first prescription from Dr. S. to the chemist, I ascertained that the ointment with which I was to rub my forehead and temples four times a day was as nearly as possible as black as new ink. This affliction, which was indeed a very great one, and which lasted almost the whole of the time I was at Paris, seemed at first not only to forbid my seeing any sights, but to make *me* a sight for any one else to see; however, after sitting in my sky-parlour for some minutes in an attitude of deep reflec-

[1] Sir, your flambeau has not been brought down yet.

tion, I determined to dispose, and accordingly I did dispose, of my misfortune as follows:—

At five I used always to get up, and, after my usual ablutions, I obediently blackened myself in the way prescribed; and, ornamented in this way, I occupied myself for an hour and a half in writing out the rough notes which, while walking, talking, and often while rumbling along in 'buses, I had taken on the preceding day. At a quarter past seven I unsmutted myself, and walked about the streets until eight, when, on returning to my lodging, I rubbed my forehead black again, and sat down to breakfast. At a quarter before ten I—what maid-servants call—"cleaned myself," and, like Dr. Syntax, went forth in search of the Picturesque. At six I returned, and *dressed* for dinner,—that is to say, I anointed myself again. After my repast I unniggered my brow and went out. At ten o'clock P.M. I be-devilled myself again, and, after a sufficient interval, ended the strange process of the day by going to bed.

While I was seated at breakfast or at dinner, painted like a wild Indian in the extraordinary way I have described, it repeatedly happened that, after a slight tap, my door was opened, sometimes by a shopman with a band-box, inquiring if I had ordered a hat; sometimes by a

boy, bringing a letter addressed to he knew not whom; and two or three times by a lady, sometimes an old one, and sometimes a young one, who called on me, intending to call on somebody else. In all these cases a long apologetic dialogue ensued; and although my visitors had thus abundant opportunity to observe my grotesque appearance, which in England would, I truly believe, have made even the Bishop of London bite his lips or smile, yet such is the power of politeness in the French people, that in no one instance did any one of my visitors allow me to perceive from his or her eyes, or from any feature in his or her countenance, that he or she had even observed the magpie appearance of my face.

While I was following my prescription I explained to the concierge that in case anybody called—I had no acquaintances in Paris—I was not at home. When it was over, which was only two days before I returned to England, the old woman walked up stairs to congratulate me, and then, addressing me and my tiny apartment, as if we were of vast importance, she said to me, "A présent, Monsieur, que vous pouvez recevoir votre monde!"[1]

On the day I left Paris I received from my obliging landlady her account, in which in no in-

[1] Now, Sir, that you can receive the world!

stance was there the slightest departure from the agreement I had verbally made with her. I gave the servants and concierge what I chose, but no demand whatever was made upon me. And, "Adieu, Monsieur! bon voyage!!"[1] were the last words of the old wife, as she waved her shrivelled hand to a foreigner whose occupations were incomprehensible, whose appellation was doubtful, and whose name was unpronounceable.

[1] Good bye! a good journey to you!

IMPRIMERIE NATIONALE.

In the year 1552 Francis I. first established in the Louvre an Imprimerie Royale, a portion of which, under the appellation of Imprimerie des Bulletins des Lois, was in 1792 transferred to the Elysée Bourbon, inhabited at present by Prince Louis Napoleon. In 1795 these two establishments were united in the Hôtel de Toulouse, now the bank of France, and in 1809 they were finally transferred to their present locality.

This public establishment is shown to visitors every Thursday, and accordingly, at ten minutes before the hour "precisely" indicated in the ordinary printed permission which, in compliance with the advice contained in Galignani's guide-book, I had obtained, I knocked at its gate, and walking across a court and up a staircase, I was directed to go to the waiting-room, in which I expected to have found a hard stool or two to sit on, and sundry drops and slops of ink on the floor to look at. However, on reaching the landing-place I was shown into a drawing-room hand-

somely carpeted, containing four pier-glasses, one on each wall; a scarlet damask ottoman; a scarlet cloth sofa; fourteen scarlet chairs; scarlet curtains; white blinds; and in the middle a fine mahogany table covered with green cloth.

As I was the sole monarch of all I surveyed, I reclined on the sofa, and was admiring the arrangements made everywhere in Paris for the reception of strangers, when the door opened, and in walked a gentleman with two young ladies, who had scarcely looked at themselves—"vue et approuvée"—in the glass almost immediately above me, when in walked four more young ladies and a gentleman, then three middle-aged ladies and two gentlemen.

As soon as the clock of the establishment struck, there stood at the door a porter, making dumb signals to us to advance, and accordingly nine bonnets and five black hats hastened towards him into the passage, where we found waiting, and ready to conduct us, an exceedingly pleasing-looking intellectual young man of about twenty years of age. Everybody, excepting myself, appeared to be in tiptop spirits; but as the object of my visit was solely to make myself acquainted with a very important establishment, I could not help for a few moments inwardly groaning when I reflected that a guide of twenty

years of age for thirteen people—were he even to be fairly divided among them all—would be equal only to a sucking tutor rather more than a twelvemonth old for each; besides which, it was but too evident that as my nine sisters, in the exercise of their undoubted prerogative, would very probably not only constantly encircle the young guide, but would each and all at once be continually asking him questions of different degrees of importance, I should not only have no instruction at all, but should be obliged to go through the establishment exactly at the unequal rate the nine ladies might prescribe; that I should have to stop whenever they stopped, and, what was still worse, to hurry by whatever they happened at the moment to feel indisposed to notice.

As the disorder, however, was evidently incurable, I resolved to join in and get through the merry dance as well as I could. I therefore introduced myself to a partner, who, in return for the confidence I reposed in her, very obligingly teazed the young guide until he told her whatever I wanted; and by means of this description of spoon-diet, I obtained, I think, rather more nourishment than my share.

Our first introduction was to a room which none of the ladies would stop to look at, sur-

rounded by mahogany presses, containing the punches, matrices, and ligatures (the largest collection in Europe), including those for Greek type, for a fount of which, in 1692, the University of Cambridge applied.

On entering the exceedingly well-lighted hall, No. I. of the Imprimerie Nationale (in the whole of which nearly a thousand people are employed), the first object that caught my eyes was a large tricolor flag, upon which was inscribed in gold letters,—

"VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!"

In different directions there appeared seven stoves, around four of which were standing, closely shaved, without coats or waistcoasts, and in very clean shirts—the sleeves of which being tucked up disclosed their bare arms—five men at each stove, engaged in what a novice of their art might have supposed to be some strange religious ceremony, for they kept stretching out their right arms,—then closing both hands,—then jerking them four or five times over their heads,—pausing; and then, extending their right hands, they repeated the operation commonly called type-casting, which may be explained as follows. From the stove before him each man with a little ladle dips out a small quantity of

liquid metal, which pouring into a small matrix he jerks upwards, until, cooled by its rapid passage through the air, he is enabled to drop the type he has created on the table before him, and repeat the process.

From these stoves the fluid metal, in the mode described, is converted into the type of forty-eight different alphabets, speaking the languages of almost every nation on the globe. Indeed, while Pope Pius VII. was inspecting the establishment, the Lord's Prayer was not only printed in one hundred and fifty languages, but was bound up and presented to him.

As satellites to the seven furnaces, I observed several men employed in breaking off to its proper length, as fast as it was cast, the type, then handed over to four old women, each wearing on her thumb and forefinger a thick black leather case, with which she first made each rough-cast letter smooth, and then — as our Universities treat "a fresh-man"—she polished it. These types, packed in parcels containing each only one letter, and which resemble octavo volumes, are then shut up in a dark closet adjoining, where they remain until summoned to perform their high literary duties.

On entering a room of 150 feet in length, my heart rejoiced within me at the welcome sight

of two long rows of compositors, all dressed in blouses and black silk neckcloths. At proper intervals were also to be seen, each within a wire cage, that valuable, well-educated member of every printing establishment—a reader. On the first coup-d'œil the whole appeared in busy operation; as, however, we passed along, one might have fancied we were a body of magicians, witches, and wizards, whose breath had power to stop the whole system; for however sedulously the compositor had, from the small "case" before him, been snapping up letter after letter to fill his "stick;" whatever might be the subject on which he was engaged; he stood spell-bound in his operation, not only while we were approaching, but for several seconds afterwards he was to be seen standing with a type between his finger and thumb.

> "I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
> The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool."

The sudden appearance of six young ladies and three rather old ones produced upon 150 French compositors the strange symptoms above described. Indeed, every workman—even the jaded reader—stopped to enjoy a good, long, hearty, refreshing look at them; after which one by one faithfully returned to his work. In

another room, about 180 feet long, were distributed in a similar manner a double row of compositors, closely packed along each wall. On descending to the ground floor we passed through a long, dark store-room, which reminded me of a coal-mine, about 150 feet in length, filled almost from the floor to the ceiling with "type in form," that is to say, in the square frames in which they had been fixed, and in which they were reposing until again required for a reprint. Twelve thousand of these forms were so arranged that, like the tray of a wardrobe, any could at pleasure be drawn out without moving the one above or below.

The very first compartment of this dark receptacle, principally filled with government publications, was labelled—

"GUERRE."[1]

From it we passed into a beautiful yard, covered with skylights like a greenhouse, and surrounded on every side by low cisterns, above each of which appeared, protruding from the wall, one or two cocks for filling them with water. In this cheerful workshop we found several men employed in damping paper for the press.

We next entered a beautiful printing hall,

[1] War.

180 feet long—with hand-presses on each side —in which, in a glass frame, I observed inscribed in large letters—

"ATELIER DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE."[1]

On walking down this gallery we found it intersected in the middle by another at right angles of about 100 feet in length, also occupied by a double row of printing presses. From this point the cruciform view was extremely interesting. Two hundred and thirty printers, in shirts (it was Thursday) as clean as the paper they were imprinting, were to be seen at 115 presses, working not only the white paper to which I have just alluded, but of all colours, especially pink, blue, red, and yellow. Strange as it may sound to people accustomed to the cold, steady business habits of England, which nothing can either excite or subdue, the whole establishment stopped working, and for some minutes assumed a grin of delight at the sight of the ladies. Several of these pressmen, who were all remarkably well dressed, shook hands with three or four, who appeared to be well acquainted with them. One pressman, with very long black mustachios, offered the prettiest of the young ladies a pinch

[1] Workshop of the Republic.

of snuff, which she accepted, and which caused her to stop—I suppose merely to thank him—a considerable time; and as our guide for the moment was completely deserted, I managed to elicit from him that all the pressmen, as well as the compositors we had just left, work from seven in the morning till seven at night, excepting from twelve to two, which period they devote to "dinner and recreation;" lastly, that they are paid according to the amount of work they perform. In these halls are daily struck off on an average above 350,000 sheets, besides about 12,000 sets of what are called in England court cards; namely, kings, queens, knaves, and aces, the printing of which, in France, is monopolised by the Government.

So many of the pressmen were talking to our "ladies," that the young guide had some little difficulty in inducing them to follow him into a long chamber, in which we found seated, nearly in pairs, and very busily at work, twelve young well-dressed men, with mustachios, and twelve very pretty-looking young ladies in caps of all colours. On the table at which they were seated stood basins full of flowers. The work they performed consisted mainly of now and then making a dot—then a little scratch—then a slight turn of the head—then a

smile—then a very long scrub—then three dots —and so on; in short, they were correcting and finishing off lithographic maps, painted in most beautiful colours; at which they continue to work from seven to seven, with two hours of "recreation," as aforesaid, which very probably consists of the dissyllable imprinted in the left-hand corner of a London "At home" card of invitation, namely, "DANCING."

Above this happy hall we found sixteen lithographic presses, which, besides the maps from below, were busily striking off government papers of various colours and sizes. At several tables I observed otherwise occupied well-dressed and apparently well-conducted persons of both sexes, and yet, as indeed throughout the whole establishment, it was evident that at a single blast of a trumpet the men, like Roderick-Dhu's "warriors true," would have, one and all, started up, soldiers!

Below stairs we entered a room full of larger lithographic presses, and then a magazine that looked like a universe of white paper.

We were now conducted into a large, light, airy chamber, in which were to be seen, hard and steadily at work, four huge steam-presses, each of which, as compared with the strength of the human beings that environed it, looked like Gulliver snoring in the land of Lilliput.

On the summit of each of these powerful machines, instead of a boy, as in England, I observed sitting up aloft a young girl, who, at every aspiration of the giant over which she presided, fed him with a large sheet of cool damp milk-white paper, no sooner in his power than it was remorselessly hurried over a sort of iron cataract, at the bottom of which it came out printed, on both sides, into the hands of a young woman, a little older and a little stouter, by whom it was scarcely laid aside when, the operation having been repeated by the angel above, there came out, for our weal or woe, another sheet full of the knowledge of good or evil. With the assistance of its two hand-maidens, and of some men seated at tables close behind them, employed in preparing the paper for the operation above described, each of these great presses, which cost 10,000 francs, strikes off from 1000 to 1200 sheets per hour.

In an adjoining room we witnessed a simple and very ingenious invention for rapidly drying the paper thus imprinted. A hot iron cylinder, of about six feet in diameter, encircled by coarse brown canvas, and made to revolve by the power of steam, is attended by a woman, who keeps putting between the heated metal and

its linen covering one sheet after another of printed paper, which is not only dried in the hot-bed in which it is obliged to revolve, but, as in the case of the printing presses just described, is delivered into the hands of another woman seated by her side to receive it. There are three of these machines, each attended by two deliverers and two receiving women.

In the kaleidoscope we were viewing there next in an open yard appeared, guided by men, a powerful machine for cutting paper; and in an adjoining well-ventilated chamber we found sixteen women and girls, very quietly and neatly dressed, employed in placing each printed sheet between two pieces of glazed pasteboard, and in then submitting the whole to an hydraulic pressure of 300,000 pounds.

We were next conducted to a department of the establishment called "La Reglure," a long room, containing eleven machines for ruling lines of various sorts. Each was attended by three young women; one for regulating it; one for feeding it with paper; the other for receiving the paper when ruled. The lines, twenty-eight of which can be made at once, were drawn by pens supplied with ink from a roller. For official documents, in which the lines required were so numerous that they exceeded the breadth of

the machines, other young women were employed in executing them by hand, by means of combs, the teeth of which, confined in an iron frame, were made to correspond in number and position with the lines required. In consequence of this room being rather overheated, the young women employed in it had all a very high colour: they were, moreover, not only exceedingly well dressed, but apparently quite as well behaved. Indeed, from their appearance and demeanour, no one in England would have judged them to be mechanics.

In a small chamber we came to four tables, at each of which were sitting six young women, busily occupied in folding and sewing sheets, under the direction of a superintendent, securely seated in a wired caged cell at the bottom of the apartment, which opened into an immense room, 400 feet long, in which we found in full operation the Binding Department, in all its branches. For nearly 100 yards we passed through piles of half-bound books—principally edged either with bright yellow or bright scarlet—waiting to undergo that variety of tailoring and millinery operations necessary to enable them to appear before the literary world in quarter, half, or full dress. The labourers in this immense and important workshop were, as nearly as I could

judge, composed, in about equal parts, of young men and young women; and with the curiosity natural to their age, they all stopped work as our party passed the tables on the right and left, at which they respectively were seated; however, I could not but feel they had as much right to be curious about us as we had about them.

Like a hen preceding a brood of motley-coloured chickens, our young conductor now led us along a passage to the summit of a very broad staircase, where, gradually stopping, he turned round, took off his hat, and, with a slight bow, announced to us that "we had seen all." My right hand, as in duty bound, dived straight into my pocket; but as I felt it was grasping at a quantity of loose silver, of all sizes, without knowing how much to select, in a whisper I asked my fair interpreter, who had been labouring hard in my behalf, to be so good as to ascertain for me what I ought to give. Our young conductor must have instinctively understood the question I was asking, for, with that pleasing manner and mild expression of countenance which had distinguished him throughout the many weary hours we had been bothering him, he said to me, before the whole party, "Monsieur, il nous est expressément dé-

fendu de rien recevoir!"[1] Indeed I could not induce him to accept anything.

His parting words, and a sketch of the interior of the drawing-room in which strangers are received in the "Imprimerie Nationale" of Paris, ought, I submit, to be hung up in Prince Albert's Crystal Palace, as a specimen of French politeness, not only to be admired, but to be copied by the governments and by the people of every nation on the globe.

[1] Sir, we are expressly forbidden to receive anything!

LA MORGUE.

At Paris every face I met appeared to be so exceedingly happy and so remarkably polite that from the hour of my arrival I had been in the habit, without the slightest precaution, of walking anywhere at any time of day or night. Happening, however, to mention to a French gentleman the late hour at which, entirely alone, I had passed along a certain district, he told me, very gravely, that there were in Paris—as indeed there are in all countries—great numbers of men, never to be seen in daylight, who subsist by robbery and occasionally by murder; that after dark they haunt lonely spots, and that not unfrequently, after knocking down and robbing their victims, they have summarily chucked them over the bridges they were in the act of crossing into the Seine.

"You must, my dear ('mon cher'), be more careful," he said to me, with very great kindness, "or you will find your way to the Morgue!" and as I had often from others heard it was the

place in which all dead bodies found in the streets of Paris or in the Seine are exposed, and as on the following day I had occasion to be in its neighbourhood, I determined I would fulfil my kind friend's prophecy by "finding my way to it." Accordingly, walking along the Quai, I perceived on the banks of the Seine, close before me, touching the extremity of the Marché Neuf—indeed, the nice, fresh, green vegetables in the last of the booths ranged along the wall of the Quai actually touched *it*—a small, low, substantial Doric building, constructed of massive, roughly-hewn stones, as large as those commonly used in England for a county jail.

On gazing at it attentively for a few minutes a stranger might consider it to be a post-office, for a certain proportion of the crowd that was continually passing along the thoroughfare in which it stood kept what is commonly called "popping in," while about the same number —just as if they had deposited their letters— were as regularly popping out, and then proceeding on their course.

On the east wall of this little building there hung, singing in a cage, a bullfinch, belonging to one of the vegetable-selling women in the market. On the right, standing on a chair

and surrounded by a gaping crowd, was a travelling conjuror, who appeared to possess the power of making every face of his attendant assembly smile or grin with more or less delight.

After standing for some time, listening sometimes to the bullfinch, sometimes to the conjuror, but more constantly looking towards the little building between them, I approached its door, from which, just as I entered it, there walked out arm-in-arm two well-dressed ladies, with flowers in their bonnets. On entering a small room—it was La Morgue—I saw immediately before me a partition, composed of large clean windows, through each of which a small group of people, looking over each other's heads, were intently gazing. Within this partition, on the wall opposite to me, was hanging, and apparently dripping, a long, thin mass of worthless and nondescript substance that looked like old rags. On approaching the smallest of the groups I saw close to me, on the other side of the glass partition, five black inclined planes, on one of which there lay on its back, with a nose crushed flat like a negro, with its cheeks swelled out exactly as if it were loudly blowing a trumpet, the naked, livid corpse of a robust, well-formed young woman of about twenty years of age. The face, throat, chest, arms, and legs below

the knees were deeply discoloured, and yet, for some reason, the thighs were quite white! The soles of her feet, which were stiffly upturned, had been so coddled by the water in which she had been drowned, that they appeared to be almost honeycombed. From the wall above there projected eight little streams, about the size of those which flow from the rose of an ordinary garden watering-pot, arranged to fall on her face, throat, neck, and legs (round her middle there was wrapped a narrow piece of oil-cloth), to keep the body wet and cool.

Above her, hanging on pegs, was the miserable inventory of her dress: a pair of worn-out shoes, ragged stockings, shift, and the dripping mass (her spotted cotton gown and petticoat) which I had already observed. A more revolting, ghastly, horrid, painful sight I fancied at the moment I had never before beheld; and yet the living picture immediately in front of it was so infinitely more appalling, it offered for reflection so important a moral, that my eyes soon turned from the dead to the various groups of people who were gazing upon it; and as my object was to observe rather than be observed, I managed, with some difficulty, to get into the right-hand corner of the partition, where I was not only close to the glass, but could see

the countenance of everybody within the "Morgue."

At first I endeavoured to write down, in short-hand, merely the sexes and apparent ages of the people who kept dropping in; the tide, however, in and out was so great, the stream of coming-in faces and departing backs was so continuous and conflicting, that I found it to be utterly impossible, and I can, therefore, offer but a faint sketch of what I witnessed.

Among those whose eyes were steadily fixed upon the corpse were four or five young men with beards; among them stood several women, old and young, two or three of whom had children in their arms. One boy, of about five years old, came in, carrying an infant on his back. Many people entered with baskets in their hands. One man had on his shoulders, and towering above his head, half a sack of coals. "*Oh, Dieu! que vilain!*" said an old woman in a white cap, uplifting the palms of both hands, and stepping backwards as her eyes first caught sight of the corpse. Then came in two soldiers; then a fashionably and exceedingly well dressed lady, with two daughters, one about sixteen, the other about eleven, all three with flowers in their bonnets; then a well-dressed maid, carrying an infant. "MON DIEU!!!" exclaimed

an old woman (the old women appeared to me to shrink from the sight most of all), as on a glance at the corpse she turned on her heel and walked out; then in ran a number of lads; a wrinkled old grandmother, with all her strength, lifted up a fine, pretty boy of about three years old, without his hat.

The point at which I stood, I was afterwards informed, was that which had been selected by a well-known French actress, who, with an esprit de corps, to say the least, of an extraordinary character, has been in the habit of repeatedly visiting La Morgue professionally to study the sudden changes of countenance of those who, as they continually pour into it, first see the ghastly objects purposely laid out for their inspection; and certainly a more dreadful reality could not be beheld, and yet, the more I reflected on what I saw, the more dreadful it appeared. The flashes of horror and disgust that suddenly distorted the faces of most of those who consecutively approached the glass windows were certainly very remarkable, and yet the utter nonchalance of others, both young and old and of both sexes, approaching sometimes almost to a smile, was infinitely more appalling, because it but too clearly proved how easily and how effectually

those beautiful feelings in the human heart which are most admired may, by the scene I have imperfectly described, be completely ruined.

Of the dreadful history of the bruised, livid, young creature lying prostrate close to me, I was, of course, utterly ignorant. Her mind might have been ornamented with every virtue; she might have fallen into the river by accident. On the other hand, she might have committed every description of crime, and in retribution thereof have been murdered by some one as criminal as herself, with whom she had criminally been living; and yet, whatever might have been her guilt, to be exposed for three days (for such was the time she had been sentenced to lie in La Morgue) naked, in a great metropolis, to the gaze of all ranks and conditions of life—to men of all ages—was, I deeply felt, a punishment so cruel and inhuman that it might almost be said to have exceeded her offence; and yet, if she could have felt the shame that was inflicted upon her, her sufferings individually would have been utterly unimportant when compared to the wholesale injury—and, may I not add, disgrace? —which the people of Paris were suffering, from the possibility of being, first, by curiosity allured, and, after that, by vicious inclinations

habituated, to a scene more contaminating to the morals of all classes than anything it could be conceived the ingenuity of man could have devised. Indeed, when I looked at the mingled faces of young men, young women, children, infants, and old people, all pointing towards an object which modesty, nay, which common decency would have told them—at all events in combination—to avoid, I could scarcely believe that I was existing within 800 yards of the Louvre, the guest of a brave and intellectual people, whose politeness and amiable civilities I had so much reason to acknowledge! And the more I reflected the greater was my astonishment; for not only was the exposition before me cruel to the dead, and destructive of the morals of the living, but, after all, it was utterly useless!

A person's clothes, instead of being an impediment, are the greatest possible assistance in substantiating his identity; and accordingly in a court of justice it is not unusual for a witness, who had previously been unable to recognise the prisoner at the bar, to exclaim, the instant the latter is forced to put on his head the hat he had been holding in his hand, that he *is* the person who had committed the crime alleged against him.

A set of dripping-wet clothes and rags, hanging on pegs over a body which, when living, had

probably rarely, if ever, been seen by any one uncovered, are, practically speaking, almost useless; whereas, if a corpse were to be exposed in the well-known dress in which it had been found, not only every garment individually, but all collectively, would form the best possible evidence of its identity. In short, leaving morality out of the question, nothing surely can be more foolish than for a nation, a government, a police, and a people, to devise together a mode of identification which, while it jumbles and conceals all useful data, exposes in their stead data which, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, are practically useless. Indeed, the fallacy of the system was lately demonstrated as follows:—A poor mountebank, in passing La Morgue, following the example of many of the gentlefolks who had walked before him, strolled into it for a lounge. On one of the black inclined planes he beheld, lying between the naked corpses of two men, his own "auld respected mither!" To redeem her from such a neighbourhood, and from such neighbours, he determined to spend, if necessary, all he had; and accordingly, with praiseworthy affection, he followed her to her narrow grave, in the "fosse commune" of the cemetery of Mont Parnasse.

He was, however, so haunted by the horrid

picture he had witnessed, that, to relieve his mind, and also to console his only surviving sister, he determined to return to his distant motherless home, and on his arrival at its door he was, as he well deserved, most affectionately embraced—by . . . . his mother! It need not be said that the person he had seen lying on the table of La Morgue, disfigured by death, was not hers; whereas, had the corpse, instead of being naked, been dressed, he would, no doubt, have at once perceived that it was not his mother, whose costume du pays, and particular dress, were, of course, imprinted in his mind.

The number of bodies annually exposed for three days in La Morgue amount to about 300, of which above five-sixths are males. The clothes of one of the latter who had been buried without being reclaimed were still hanging near me. A considerable proportion of the corpses are those of suicides and of people who have been murdered.

On the whole, I left my position in the corner impressed with an opinion, since strengthened by reflection, that La Morgue at Paris is a plague-spot that must inevitably, more or less, demoralise every person who views it. On going out of the door I observed dangling over my head a small tricolor flag, garnished as usual with the words "Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality."

DOG MARKET.

At Paris, on one day in every week, namely, on *Sunday*, there is a dog market, held in a place which on Wednesdays and Saturdays is a horse market, and which, wearing, as is lawful in heraldry, its highest title, is called "Le Marché aux Chevaux."[1]

On proceeding there on Sunday, at about half past one o'clock, I found myself in a rectangular open space, 240 yards long by 44 yards broad, surrounded by a high wall, divided lengthways down the middle by a stout oaken post and rail fence, on each side of which was a paved road, bounded by grass, shaded by a triple row of trees. In the centre of the oak fence was a large fountain of water. Beneath the trees, and parallel with the two paved roads, were stout oaken rails divided into pens, each bearing the name of the horsedealer to whom it belonged, and which, even if empty, no one unauthorised by himself can use. The horses, affixed to these rails by rings which

[1] Horse-market.

continue the whole length of the market, stand shaded by the trees. Near to them is an office on which is painted, in large black letters, "Bureau du Vétérinaire et de l'Inspecteur chargés de la surveillance du Marché aux Chevaux."[1]

At the entrance of the market there exists a little wooden office, on which is written, in letters bearing in size about the same proportion to those of the above superscription that a dog does to a horse,—

"Le concierge reçoit le signalement des chiens perdus, et en fait les recherches. S'adresser sous la vestibule en face, la porte à gauche."

Taking off my hat, I introduced myself as a stranger seeking for information to the concierge, or keeper of the dog market, before whose tiny office were arranged on a table—several were hanging on both sides of the door—a great variety of muzzles to be hired for the day by dogs, none of whom are allowed, under any pretext, to enter the market without one.

After talking some time to the concierge during the short intervals in which he was not

[1] Office of the veterinary surgeon and of the inspector charged with the superintendence of the horse-market.

[2] The concierge receives the description of lost dogs, and endeavours to recover them. Apply under the archway in front, to the right.

professionally engaged, I entered the market, in which I found about 280 arrant curs, all wearing very odd-looking wire nose-gear, which, projecting about two inches beneath their lower jaws, gave their mouths the appearance of being what is called "underhung."

Dogs were barking—dogs were yelping—dogs were squealing in all directions. Several were surrounded by a crowd of spectators, silently gaping down at them. In one direction I saw a fox-dog — retained by a string tied to the oaken horse-rails — on his hind legs, pawing with both feet to get to another dog about twenty yards off, that appeared equally anxious to come to him. On the ground there lay panting a large, coarse-looking Newfoundland dog; near him a basket of fat puppies whining; behind them a woman nursing one of the family in her lap. A servant-maid, as she kept strolling about, was leading, as if it had been a child, an Italian greyhound. One sandy-coloured dog, little bigger than a very large rat, and with cropped ears which made him look as sharp as a flea, I was assured was a year old. Near him stood a dog barking to get at his master, dressed in a blouse, who had not only tied him to a post, but who every now and then "sacrebleued" him for barking. Beside him, looking at the

faithful creature with infinitely kinder feelings, was standing in wooden sabots, with a crimson-coloured handkerchief wound round her head so as to leave the ends sticking out, the dog's master's wife,—in short, his own "missus," who evidently did not like to see him sold. In another direction I observed a great mastiff standing near two women, one of whom held in her arms two puppies, the other a small dog with very lank rough hair, that stuck out all around him like the prickles of a hedgehog.

Close to a very savage-looking yard-dog tied to a rail, which no one seemed disposed to approach, two women were seated on the ground, each with a dog in her lap. Near them a stout, tall peasant in a blouse held out and up in one hand, at arm's length, a puppy, looking, in comparison to his own size, like a mouse. On the ground were seated several men, with baskets full of yellow greasy-looking cakes; beside them appeared stretched out for sale an immense dog-skin.

The owner of every dog pays for the use of the muzzle—if he has hired one—five sous, but the animal himself is admitted into the market free; whereas on Wednesdays and Saturdays each horse pays 10 sous, carriages on two wheels

15 sous, on four wheels 25 sous, goats and asses 4 sous apiece.

At the farther end of the market is a place of trial of the strength of draught horses, composed of a steep, circular, paved ascending and descending road, surrounded by posts and rails, and shaded by trees. At the entrance stands a small bureau, for levying a payment of five sous for each horse, and a chain for preventing its admission until the money has been paid.

As there is nothing like getting to the bottom of a subject, on leaving the dog-market I walked for some little distance to the Rue Poliveau, a large paved street, principally bounded on each side by dead walls, between which meeting an old woman, I asked her to be so good as to tell me where "La Fourrière"[1] was. A dog, about thirty yards off, immediately answered my question by a loud melancholy bark; and as the woman pointed to the direction from which it proceeded, and as I now distinctly heard there other barks, I walked towards them, until, entering a large gate, I found in a small yard seven or eight poor unfortunate dogs, tied up by chains and collars to a rail inserted in the wall.

I was in the dog-pound of Paris, to which all

[1] The pound.

dogs straying about the streets are sent by the police to be kept for a week, and then, if not owned, to be sold, if they are worth anything, and, if not, to be killed. The dogs impounded—who were evidently leading a very dull life, and who all looked at me with more or less attention—consisted of two Italian greyhounds; a mastiff, with a collar and padlock; a mongrel pointer; a dog very ill, that never moved, and that lay coiled up in a circle, with his dry nose resting on his empty flank; and various other curs. One, standing at the extremity of his chain on his hind legs and pawing at me, whined and barked incessantly. The latter noise was so sharp that it went entirely through my head and partly through my heart. The poor creature seemed to know he was going to be hanged merely because he was friendless, and his pawing proposal to me was that *I* should be his master; in short, by noises, as well as by gestures, he entreated me to take him away.

In the yard there was nothing but stables, and I could find no human being to converse with, until, looking upwards, I saw the face, shoulders, and stout arms of a great, strong, coarse-looking woman, looking down at me from a second-story window, over which, and immediately over the lady's head, was written

on the whitewashed stone in buff letters the word "FANNY."

I talked to her a short time about dogs in general, and about the dogs in the fourrière, over which she and her husband presided, in particular; but as she answered my questions rather gruffly, and as the poor dogs' countenances had told me all and infinitely more than I desired to remember, our missuited acquaintance soon came to an end.

After leaving the poor animals to their fate, I passed, as I was walking along a large street, an immense timber-yard, in which the scantlings for a large roof were all planned and lying on the ground. Among them, with bare throats and moist faces, I saw, hard at work, thirty men dressed in blouses. Further on I observed forty or fifty men, paid partly by Government and partly by the city, busily employed in completing the demolition of a condemned street. It was Sunday. I may here remark that, out of the seven days of the week, the second Sunday in May of the fourth year of the presidentship has, by a law of the Republic, been selected for the hardest political work known, namely, the election throughout France of a new President.

HOSPICE DE LA VIEILLESSE.

With my mind overrun in all directions by dogs whining, yelping, and barking, I proceeded along the Boulevart de l'Hôpital until I found myself on a large esplanade of grass, dotted with trees. Across it were two paved roads converging to a handsome Doric gateway, supported by a pair of massive lofty columns, above which were inscribed in black paint, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," and beneath, deeply engraved—

Hospice de la Vieillesse.
Femmes.[1]

This magnificent hospital, commonly called "La Salpêtrière,"—from its standing on ground formerly occupied as a saltpetre manufactory—and which in the year 1662 contained nearly ten thousand poor, is 120 yards more than a quarter of a mile in length, by 36 yards more than the fifth of a mile in breadth. On arriving

[1] Hospital for aged women.

at its gate, always open to the public every day in the week, from ten in the morning till four in the afternoon, I was accosted, and, after a few words of civility on both sides, was accompanied, by a very intelligent red-faced official, dressed in blue coat, scarlet collar, with cocked hat worn crossways à la Napoléon, and ornamented with a tricoloured cockade, who conducted me into a fine, large, healthy, grass square, teeming with old women, surrounded by trees, bounded in the rear, right, and left by buildings, and in front of the entrance-gate by a very handsome church, subdivided cruciformly into four chapels. As we were walking across this spacious promenade my guide informed me that there were at present in the Hospice about five thousand old women, all of whom—excepting on Sundays and fête-days, when they are allowed to dress as they like—wear the uniform of the establishment, which is blue in summer and grey in winter. He added that their qualification for admission was either bodily or mental infirmities, or, without either of those afflictions, having attained seventy years of age.

On the principal of the four altars in the church, I found *eighty* wax candles standing before a statue of the Virgin, behind which was the wall, painted light blue, thickly covered

with silver stars. In front of the whole of this costly finery I observed upon her knees, on the hard pavement, a poor old woman. Beyond the church I was conducted through a variety of extensive gardens, grass plots covered with trees and intersected by paths, in which old women in all directions were enjoying themselves; indeed, although the institution is, I believe, the largest of its sort in the world, it had the appearance only of a place of pleasure.

Here were to be seen old women ruminating on benches; there others seated in groups on grass emerald green. On Sundays and Thursdays their friends are allowed to come and see them; and accordingly, in many places I observed a young woman neatly, and, by comparison, very fashionably, dressed, sitting on a stone bench by the side of her aged mother clad occasionally in the uniform of this noble charity.

On entering the laboratory, a detached building, instead of finding in it, as I expected, nothing but a strong smell of rhubarb and jalap, I perceived several persons engaged in preparing, in five great caldrons, what they called "*tisane*," a sort of weak gruel, which in large zinc pails—a variety of which of different sizes were in waiting—is carried all over the establishment. Adjoining is the "*Pharmacie*," a light, airy

room, in which, ranged on shelves, were a number of bottles containing the various elixirs—whatever they may be—that are good for old women, and which appeared, at all events, to be inodorous.

I was next conducted to the hospital, a splendid detached building of twenty-four windows in front, and three stories with an attic in height. On entering its iron gates, adjoining a porter's lodge, I found myself in a court full of lilacs in blossom. In this hospital, which can contain 400 persons, there were 300 sick old women in twenty-four "salles des malades."[1] In walking through one of them I found, in twenty-four beds protected by white curtains and arranged throughout the whole length of the hall in two rows, very nearly two dozen of old women, who, apparently without sufferings of any sort, were just going off, or rather out. Naturally attached to the fashions of their early days, most of them had tawdry-coloured handkerchiefs wound round their heads; and as the bright eyes that still enlivened the fine features of several were consecutively fixed upon me as I slowly walked by them on a floor so slippery that every instant I expected to fall on the back of my head, I could not help feeling that I had lived to see

[1] Sick-wards.

withering before me many of those beautiful flowers which, in the year 1815, when they were in full bloom, had been unkindly accused of assuming as their motto, "Vivent nos amis les ennemis!"

In the garden attached to this hospital, and which was full of large beds of tulips, &c., in flower, I found only one old woman. She was sitting on a chair, reading, with her right foot resting on a pillow lying on a stool. At a little distance beyond her I came to a "rotonde," entitled "salle aux bains,"[1] containing sixteen baths, each surrounded by white curtains, and heated by a large "chaudière"[2] adjoining. After meeting and overtaking a number of old women crawling and hobbling in various directions, I was conducted into the kitchen of the establishment, a long, narrow room, containing, in separate compartments heated by coal, three hot plates, each comprehending twelve coppers. There was also an oven for roasting. The gods and goddesses of this creation consisted of seven young men-cooks, in white jackets, white waistcoats, white trowsers, white night-caps, and two maids in nice black gowns and black caps edged with white.

From the kitchen I proceeded to an eating-hall (there are five of them), admirably lighted

[1] Bath-room. [2] Stove.

at both sides, containing three rows of tables of light oak colour, at which, on rush-bottomed chairs, 700 old women, in two batches, dine per day.

It appears that between sunrise and sunset these toothless old goodies are fed three times, as follows: from seven to eight, in two squads, they drink, in their second infancy, warm milk; between eleven and twelve they have soup, with the beef that made it; between four and five they munch "légumes et dessert,"[1] the precise meaning of which it would be very difficult to detail.

There are forty-six dormitories, some of which contain 100 beds. The one I entered, and which, as is usual at Paris, was lighted throughout its whole length on both sides, contained in three rows forty-six beds. The pillows, counterpanes, and window curtains were all white.

In a large detached building are 1200 lunatic women, who, I have been informed, are admirably attended to, but whom the public are very properly not allowed to visit.

I was now conducted to a range of buildings, built by Cardinal Mazarin, upon which I observed inscribed "Bâtiment Mazarin, 1ère Div.

[1] Vegetables and dessert.

Reposantes," a receptacle for aged and infirm women who, during their youth, were servants in the establishment, and who, in consideration thereof, besides gratuitous lodging, have the same food which they had been in the habit of receiving, but no wages. In 1662 nearly ten thousand poor people were received here. At present the number of "reposantes" amounts only to 350, divided into three grades:—

1st. Those who were "surveillantes"[1] have three rooms each.

2nd. "Sous-surveillantes,"[2] two rooms each.

3rd. "Filles de service,"[3] one room each.

Beyond this building is the "cours d'ouvriers,"[4] containing shops for carpenters, joiners, carriages, and eight horses for bringing provisions to the establishment.

As I had now hastily gone over this magnificent hospital, I returned with my guide through the great green entrance square, and a more merry, happy scene I never beheld. Not a bonnet was to be seen, but either in caps white as snow, or in gaudy-coloured handkerchiefs, the old women were walking, talking, and sitting with their friends, who, as I have stated, on Sundays are allowed to visit them from twelve

[1] Superintendents.
[2] Assistant ditto.
[3] Female servants.
[4] Work-yards.

to four, during the whole of which time a sergent de ville (agent of police), in his cocked hat, uniform, and sword, is to be seen walking magnificently up and down before the great entrance gate, to guard the establishment from improper intruders.

CONSERVATOIRE DES ARTS ET MÉTIERS.[1]

From the Hospice de la Vieillesse I hastened in a small four-wheeled citadine to a vast building in the Rue St. Martin, formerly the ancient abbey of "St. Martin des Champs," upon the outside of which is inscribed—

"Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers:"

a magnificent establishment, maintained by the public purse, for the instruction,—by gratuitous lectures, especially on Sundays, and by the exhibition of machines, models, drawings, and apparatus of the most scientific nature,—of mechanics and workmen of every description. In this laudable object are employed fifteen professors of practical geometry and mechanics, natural philosophy, manufactural economy, agriculture, manufactural mechanics, descriptive geometry, manufactural legislation, practical chemistry, and the ceramic art.

On entering the great gate of this college

[1] Museum of Arts and Trades.

for the industrial classes, gratuitously open to the public on Sundays and Thursdays, from ten to four, and before which I found pacing two sentinels, I passed through, in succession, a series of splendid exhibition rooms, of which I can only attempt to give a very faint outline.

In the lower halls I found, admirably arranged and beautifully lighted, models of cranes and of machines of various descriptions, of powder-mills, and of the apparatus employed for elevating the obelisk of Luxor to its present site on the Place de Concorde. At the latter a mechanic, dressed in a blouse, was very clearly explaining to three or four workmen, similarly attired, the power and application of the ten sets of double blocks that had principally performed this mechanical feat. Adjoining, two soldiers in green worsted epaulettes were pointing out to each other the operative powers of a spinning-machine; a little farther on, groups of people were looking in silence at models of silk-mills under glass, of various powerful presses, furnaces, gasometers, &c.

In a large arched hall, lighted at both sides, I found in two divisions a variety of ploughs, spades, shovels, and tools of all possible and impossible forms of application; waggons, carts,

harrows; model of a horse skinned, showing the position and mechanical bearing of all the great muscles; models of windmills, threshing machines, farm-buildings, farm harness, &c. &c.

After ascending a very handsome double stone staircase, I entered on its summit a fine hall, close to the door of which was appended the following notice:—

"Avis-Conformément aux ordres de M. le Ministre de l'Agriculture et du Commerce, et de l'Avis du Conseil de Perfectionnement:—'La belle collection d'instruments de physique que possède le Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers sera ouverte à l'avenir,—

"'Aux physiciens, aux artistes, aux ouvriers en instruments de physique, etc., les Jeudis et les Dimanches, à partir du Jeudi, 24 Janvier.

"'L'Administrateur du Conservatoire,

"'A. Morin.'[1]

"Paris, 22 Janvier, 1850."

In a room headed "Physique et Mécanique," besides chemical and physical instruments of various sorts, were collected models of railroads,

[1] Notice.—By order of the Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and by the advice of the Council,—

The beautiful collection of instruments, &c., for the improvement of arts and trades, shall be opened in future,—

To men of science, artists, and workmen, on Thursdays and Sundays, from the 24th January.

A. Morin,

Paris, 22nd Jan. 1850. Chief of the Museum.

locomotive engines, tenders, carriages, furnaces, air-pumps, galvanic batteries, also a powerful electrifying machine, which apparently possessed the faculty of attracting to itself every human being within sight of it. On approaching it I perceived a circle of faces, all convulsed with laughter at the sudden loud, healthy squall of a fine-looking young woman who, from possessing in her composition a very little of Eve's curiosity, had just received a smart shock.

"Tout-partout!" [1] she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered herself, to the inquiry of her little sister, who, with an uplifted face of fearful anxiety, affectionately asked her "Where it had struck her?"

In a department headed "Verrerie" I found on one side models of glass houses of various constructions, and on the other an omnium-gatherum of locks, padlocks, mechanical instruments, and models of various descriptions. In this room I passed, carrying an infant, a maid-servant dressed in a conical cap like a sugar-loaf, more than a yard high.

In a hall headed "Géométrie" were models of breakwaters, bridges, arches, staircases, cast-iron roofs, of all descriptions; also, a model of a temple. In a splendid gallery 136 yards long,

[1] All over me!

and headed "Céramique," were various specimens of glass, porcelain, &c. In a room headed "Chauffages, Eclairages" were patterns of lamps, stoves, and furnaces.

In one, not very correctly named "Acoustique, Géodésie," I found almost every visitor within it congregated in the vicinity of some mirrors that so distorted the countenances of every one who looked at them that several ladies, in spite of the most earnest entreaties, positively refused to approach them. The few who did, suddenly screamed, and, putting both hands before their faces, ran away amidst roars of laughter. On looking into the first I was introduced to my own face flattened in so extraordinary a manner that it resembled John Bull himself, under a free-trade pressure that had made his features twenty times as broad as they were high. On standing before the next I appeared as if I had suddenly had the honour of being created President of the United States, for my face, which seemed to be a couple of feet long, was as sharp and narrow as the edge of a hatchet, and yet every feature was distinctly perceptible.

On coming out of this admirable institution I inquired of a very intelligent young man dressed in a blouse the way to the General Post Office,

at the "Bureau Restante" of which I had been informed there were lying some letters to my address; and although it was raining, he insisted on accompanying me through three crooked streets, in which he said he was afraid I should otherwise lose my way.

As we were walking he told me he was a "mécanicien," and that he had just returned to Paris from the Great Exhibition in London, where he had been employed to unpack and arrange the machinery he had taken over. I asked him how he had fared. He replied, "Parfaitement bien!"[1] but after praising the intelligence of the English people, he said, "Il y a trop de sévérité dans leurs mœurs;"[2] and he then theoretically explained to me what apparently unconsciously he was in person practically demonstrating, namely, the advantages to a country of politeness. In reply to his remarks I repeated to him the observation of an American who, in preaching on the same text, very cleverly and truly said, "I guess, my friends, you can catch more flies with molasses than with vinegar!"

[1] Perfectly well!

[2] There is too much severity in their manners.

PANTHEON.

On getting out at the office of the omnibus, I saw immediately before me, in the middle of a great square, a magnificent building, composed apparently of an ancient temple and a church.

The former—which forms, in fact, the portico of the latter, and which stands above a flight of eleven steps, extending for its whole length, and overlooking the iron railing that divides it from the square—is composed of a triangular pediment 129 feet long by 22 feet high, supported by eighteen very handsome Corinthian columns 6 feet in diameter and 60 feet high.

The church-looking building contains three domes—a very large one, a smaller one, and a lantern surrounded by a gallery and balustrade—one above another.

The object of this splendid pile—for it is not a church—is sufficiently explained by a series of figures in relief by David, representing on the triangular pediment of the portico, France, a figure 15 feet high, attended by Liberty and

History, surrounded by, and dispensing honour to, Voltaire, Lafayette, Fénélon, Rousseau, Mirabeau, Manuel, Carnot, David, and, of course, Napoleon and the principal heroes of the republican and imperial armies. Beneath, in letters of gold, is the following inscription :—

" Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie Reconnaissante." [1]

On entering this splendid edifice, the interior of which, 80 feet high, is a cruciform, 302 feet long by 255 broad, enlightened from above by the beautiful dome and cupola, surmounted by the lantern I have described, and by six semi-circular windows in the massive walls of the building, I was much surprised to find that, comparatively speaking, it was as empty as an empty barn! From the lofty cupola there slowly vibrated a pendulum, the lower extremity of which, slightly touching some loose sand on the pavement, was very beautifully demonstrating the earth's movement round the sun.

Within the immense almost vacant space I observed three statues, namely, of Clemency, of Justice, and, lastly, of Immortality, who, in June, 1848, while she was standing with a pen in one hand to record the "deeds" of Frenchmen, and with a crown of glory in the other to re-

[1] To great men by a grateful country.

ward them, was suddenly almost shivered to pieces by a cannon-shot, which for the moment threatened, so far as *she* was concerned, for ever to destroy the immortality she was so generously dispensing to others. After, however, having been very cleverly stuck together again, she returned to her everlasting occupation, and, so far as I could judge from looking at her, is not a bit the worse for the accident.

On the four pilasters that support the great dome there is inscribed—

" Noms des Citoyens
Morts pour la défense des Lois et de la Liberté,
Les 27, 28, 29 Juillet, 1830." [1]

Their names were, however, in letters so small that I could not read them, and I was beginning to think I had come a long way to see a very little, when I observed a handsome-looking priest, three or four soldiers, and two persons dressed en bourgeois following an official very finely attired, who had a lantern in one hand with a few tallow candles dangling in the other; and I had scarcely joined the party when we were conducted by our magnificent guide to a door or opening, where we descended some

[1] Names of Citizens
who died in the defence of the Laws and of Liberty,
on the 27th, 28th, 29th of July, 1830.

steps into a series of vaults containing, in various descriptions of tombs, the bones of great men, whose names the guide repeated so monotonously, so glibly, and so fast that it was with difficulty I could only occasionally comprehend him. At the tomb of Voltaire, whose splendid talents had been so grievously misapplied, I had but just time very hastily, by the light of one little thin tallow candle, to copy the following inscription: "Aux Manes de Voltaire, l'Assemblée Nationale a décrété le 30 Mars, 1791, qu'il avait mérité les honneurs dus aux grands hommes!"[1]

From it the guide, in mute silence, led us circuitously into a corner in which was apparently nothing at all to be seen; he, however, struck the wall very violently with a board, lying on purpose beside it, and there immediately resounded from all directions a loud report which echoed and re-echoed along the passages and over the bones of the dead.

We now retraced our steps through darkness rendered visible by the gleam of light the thin little candle occasionally cast upon the soldiers' bright buttons and on the gold lace of the

[1] To the Manes of Voltaire, the National Assembly decreed on the 30th of March, 1791, that he had merited the honours due to great men.

cocked hat of our guide. On ascending into the world—that is to say, into the Pantheon—we all trudged hastily across its stone and marble pavement to the foot of a small staircase, leading by 441 steps to the highest of the three domes. The young, idle soldiers abandoned the undertaking, but the two citizens followed the guide, the priest followed them, and I followed him.

On reaching the top of the first dome, from which we were enabled to look down into the great Pantheon beneath, "Monsieur l'Abbé," as we all called him, who, I had observed, had been slightly puffing for some time, took out from underneath his very handsome gown, a large tobacco-bag, a lucifer-match, a small pipe, which he lighted, and then, adjusting his three-cornered hat, and looking at us all very good-humouredly, he stuck the thing into his mouth, its wire cover, suspended by a short, little, silvered chain, dangling beneath it. He was a remarkably fine, handsome, able-bodied, useful-looking man of about thirty-five years of age, and his black bands, edged with white, ornamented a neck and throat of unusual strength and thickness.

On arriving at the top of the interior dome, supported by thirty-two Corinthian columns,

resting on the lower dome, we all found our selves more or less out of breath.

"Sacre nom!" [1] said Monsieur l'Abbé, wiping his brow with his hand, as his stout foot attained the last step. Above us on the ceiling of the dome I beheld a picture, containing 3256 superficial feet, of Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, Louis XVIII., and three gigantic fluttering naked angels, holding in their hands a scroll, on which, in large letters, was inscribed the word "Charte," [2] garnished with innumerable heads and wings. During the third ascent, the staircase, although not very narrow, was so steep that my face was constantly within a few inches of the black, stout, balustrade calves of the legs of Monsieur l'Abbé, whose gown, twitched up by a loop, left them at liberty; and somehow or other I was thinking of English "navvies," when, happening to look upwards, I saw descending, feet foremost, a pair of white-stockinged legs of a totally different description. I can say no more of them, for infinitely sooner than I can write the words there rustled by me a lady's silk gown.

On arriving at the object of our ambition—the small balustrade surrounding the lantern which forms the summit of the Pantheon—there

[1] Holy name! [2] The Charter.

burst upon us all a magnificent panorama it would be utterly impossible to describe. The whole of Paris—every window, every chimney, were distinguishable; and as the atmosphere was as clear as that of the ocean, and as the sun was shining with its full power, the contrast between strong lights and deep shadows was most beautiful. Immediately beneath was the green water of the reservoir. From it my eyes irregularly wandered—or rather revelled—along the course of the Seine with its various bridges, to palaces in all directions; to the Tuileries; to the Louvre; to the Arc Triomphale de l'Etoile; to the dome of the Invalides; to Montmartre; to the distant Fort St. Valérien; to the Gardens of the Luxembourg; to the gilt, dazzling, Mercurial-looking figure on the summit of the monument on the Place de la Bastille, &c. &c. Amidst the mass of houses in all directions prostrate beneath me, two or three broad, straight paved streets, diverging to their respective destinations, were strikingly contrasted with the innumerable crooked ones which here, there, and everywhere appeared for a short distance until they dissolved into roofs and stacks of chimneys of different colours and shapes. In an ancient picture of Paris forty-six years before Christ, which but the day before I had been

looking at, the isle of Paris only contained a few rudely-constructed huts without chimneys! The view was as instructive as it was fascinating, and I should say no one can truly declare he has seen the metropolis of France who has not witnessed it.

On the summit of the Pantheon I was so impressed with the utter insignificance of the deeds of "great men," in comparison with light, air, and other natural beauties and blessings of creation, that I would fain have enjoyed my location. As, however, my worthy comrade, Monsieur l'Abbé, and the rest of my party, had, I found, on looking around for them, left me, and as I was afraid if I remained I might be locked up, I descended to the cold pavement of the interior beneath, and after again wondering at its emptiness I determined to take my departure. On approaching the door I observed on the walls the following notice, which appeared at the moment to be rather inconsistent with the inscription on the magnificent triangular pediment above it:—

"L'Inspecteur du Panthéon soussigné déclare que les huit gardiens de ce monument n'ont d'autre salaire que ce que donnent les visiteurs.—BOUCAULT." [1]

[1] The Inspector of the Pantheon declares that the eight guardians of this monument have no other salary than that given to them by visiters.—Signed BOUCAULT.

On coming into the warm open air my ideas of grandeur were also, I must own, a little disconcerted by seeing on the iron railings which encircled the Pantheon, on a tiny tricolor flag, affixed to a staff not bigger or longer than a mopstick, the words "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité."

Crossing the square, I descended in a cabriolet on two wheels towards the Seine, through a street (the Rue St. Jacques) so delightfully crooked, irregular, and so sociably narrow, that people living in opposite houses could, apparently, from their windows shake hands with each other. Beside me, in the carriage, sitting on a piece of sheep-skin doubled, was the driver, dressed in rusty black, with a broad piece of dingy crape round his hat. He had a club-foot, only half a nose, but was, nevertheless, loquacious, and so, almost of his own accord, he explained to me that a small four-wheeled public carriage that passed us was called "un milord;" that a "citadine" is also sometimes called a "coupé;" and that a "fiacre" has two horses.

As, according to custom in Paris, he was driving me on the wrong side of everything we met, I asked him whether he found any difference, good or bad, in his occupation since the

Revolution? He answered he did not gain now *half* as much as before.

"Why?" said I.

"Monsieur," he replied, "quand le commerce marche"—here he gave his poor horse a hard whip on his shoulder—"il y a beaucoup de gens qui font leurs courses; quand il n'y a pas de commerce, ils font leurs courses à pied."[1]

"Have you ever been to the top of the Pantheon?" said I, ruminating on the magnificent prospect it had afforded me.

"No, never," he replied. "I have been thirty years in Paris," he added, "but have never mounted to that!"

[1] When trade prospers, a number of people ride; when there is no trade, they walk.

HOSPICE DES ENFANS TROUVÉS.

ONCE upon a time, a gentleman, entering a fiacre after rather too good a dinner, desired the coachman to drive him "*to the Devil.*" After rumbling through Paris for some time the carriage stopped suddenly at the corner of a street. "Quel numéro, Monsieur?"[1] said the driver, speaking very quietly over his shoulder. The gentleman, on looking to his right, saw just above him, inscribed on the wall, "RUE D'ENFER"![2] In the same street, almost immediately opposite to that magnificent observatory —the eastern front of which is considered to be the latitude of Paris; in one of the rooms of which French philosophers have also traced its longitude; in which are telescopes for looking into the heavens; an anenometer for indicating the direction of the wind; pluviometers for ascertaining the amount of rain that falls at Paris during the year; astronomical instruments of every description; a theatre

[1] What number, Sir? [2] Hell-street.

capable of holding 800 persons, in which M. Arago gives his lectures; also a magnificent library of 45,000 volumes—I came, *before* dinner to a small tricoloured flag, dangling at the end of a sort of barber's pole, pointing upwards, over a square hole in a wall, about 18 inches high by 20 inches broad, filled up with a black circular board, that looked as if it were a letter-box, but which is, in fact, a "tour," or little turn-about, for the reception of "babbies;" and as the idea, on the mere showing of the case, appeared an odd one, and as the institution is open to the public, I rang at the large gate, and as soon as it was opened I was intending to explain the object of my visit, when the porter, who knew what I wanted before I mentioned it, told me to sit down on a bench in the hall, and then, ringing a bell, added that a person would almost immediately come to attend me.

With the concierge or porter, who now walked into a small room in front of me, there sat a nice, homely, benevolent-looking Sœur de la Charité, placidly occupied in mending, through spectacles, her coarse rough blue serge gown, which having, for that purpose, been turned up on her lap, showed me about a foot and a half of a white, very thick, soft, warm,

comfortable-looking cotton petticoat. After I had been sitting about three or four minutes, the bell I had pulled rang again, and the porter, who had admitted me, opening it, a woman in a bright scarlet cloak, surmounted by a white cap with a profusion of blue ribbons, entered, stating she had just come from Valenciennes to see her niece.

The porter looked as stout as if he himself were going to be confined,—I mean by gout. His collar was red, his face was red, and, apparently from constitutional reasons, rather than from any other cause, it instantly became much redder. Somehow or other, the woman in scarlet, rightly or wrongly I know not, had inflamed it. She very quietly, after passing by me, walked into the little room opposite.

"Madame est très cavalière!" [1] said the porter to the sœur, pointing to the person who had offended him; the sœur, however, desisting from her work, but without dropping her gown, spoke to the culprit softly, gently, and kindly.

A door on my left now opened, and I perceived a respectable-looking woman, who, without entering, by a signal with her hand gave me to understand she was ready to accompany me. As soon as I was beyond the door she had

[1] Madame is rather too free!

opened, I found myself in a large hollow square, formerly the convent of the Prêtres de l'Oratoire, surrounded by the buildings of the institution. In the centre of the front range, three stories high, there beamed that emblem of order and regularity which characterises every public establishment in Paris, a clock. On the left were inscribed over two adjoining doors the generic words "Bureaux," "Economal." On the right was a lofty chapel, containing two tiers of windows.

About eighteen years ago there were in France no less than 296 foundling-hospitals, into which babies—often carried through the streets three or four together in a basket at the back of a porter employed to collect them—were injected without the slightest inquiry. In 1833, in consequence of the great mortality that had been observed to take place among them, and for other equally cogent reasons, the permission to do so was so far restricted that it was deemed necessary the infants should be presented with "a certificate of abandonment," signed by a commissary of police, who, although he was permitted to admonish the mother or person abandoning the child, was not authorised to refuse the certificate required. This check, natural as it sounds, reduced the number of foundling-hospitals to

152. The restraint, however, was so unpopular that in 1848 forty-four councils general, out of fifty-five, voted for its abolition ; and accordingly at present babies are received through the black turn-about as before. They are also received from almost any mothers who declare themselves unable to support them; besides which, by order of the Prefect of Police, the establishment is obliged to accept orphans (from two to fourteen years of age), and also the children of any persons who will certify that they are too poor to maintain them.

Almost as fast as the babies arrive, the healthy ones are despatched into the country to women who receive for them, at first, four francs per month, which, *if* they live to grow older, is gradually increased to eight; and it has not unfrequently happened that a young mother, who had abandoned her own child, has applied to the foundling hospital into which she had poked it, to job, for the sake of the money, as a public nursling, an infant who, for aught she knows, may possibly be her own!

With these extraordinary data rumbling about in my mind I followed my attendant, who was evidently in a great hurry, into a very large, long apartment, called the "Crèche."

Before me, but rather to the left, I saw, as

might be expected, the head of a baby noddling in the arms of a woman, and, walking up to her, I found seated with her, on sixteen chairs which touched each other, sixteen country-looking women, each in a peasant's dress, every one of them with a baby's head resting or noddling on her left arm; and the reason of its noddling was, that the whole of the rest of its person was swaddled as tight as if it had been a portion of the limb of a tree.

As several of these women appeared to me to be old enough to be grandmothers, I was not at all astonished at hearing several of the infants, as I walked in front of them, cry; the noise, however, was altogether greater — the chorus infinitely louder—than I could account for, and I was alike stunned and astonished by it, when, on reaching the end of the line, I saw, to my utter astonishment, lying in one tray, jammed closer to each other than the notes of a pianoforte, in little black-edged caps, twelve babies, apparently born at the same minute, rather less than a week ago.

Such a series of brown, red, yellow, pimpled, ugly, little faces I never beheld. Every one of them were not only squalling, but with every conceivable, as well as inconceivable, grimace, were twisting their little lips from one ear towards the

other, as if all their mouths had been filled with rhubarb, jalap, aloes, mustard, in short, with anything out of the pharmacopœia of this world but what they wanted. There appeared to be no chance of their ever becoming quiet; for one squalled because its tiny neighbour on each side squalled, and that set them all squalling; and indeed, when the chorus, like a gale of wind, for the reasons explained in Colonel Reid's history of hurricanes, to a slight degree occasionally subsided, their little countenances evinced such real discomfort, that if they had had no voices, and for want of them had made no noise at all, it would have been impossible to have helped pitying them. Nobody, however, but myself took the slighest notice of them. The nurses walked about the room; the sixteen women, leaning their bodies sometimes a little backwards, and sometimes a little forwards, seemed to be thinking only of lulling to rest their own new charge.

For some time my attendant had been trying to hurry me away to what she considered more important scenes, but, without attending to her repeated solicitations, I stood for some minutes riveted to the ground; and afterwards, in turning round to take a last, lingering, farewell view of the tray-full of babies, I observed, pinned at the back of each of their caps, a piece of paper, which

my attendant told me was the infant's number, which, in the register, records the day or night and hour at which it was received,—but too often that is all that is known on earth of its unfortunate history.

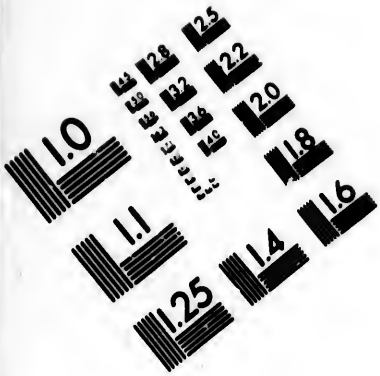
As I was walking through this lofty and well-lighted room, the floor of which I was astonished to find so polished and so slippery that, even without an infant in my arms, I could scarcely keep on my legs, I perceived, on looking around me, that I was in a little world of babies; in fact, there were no less than 120 iron cradles full of them. In different places I observed several women feeding them with flat glass bottles, intended to represent their mothers. At the end of the room stood a statue of our Saviour.

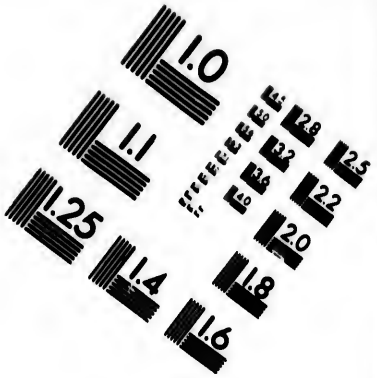
My attendant now led me into a hall full of babies' cradles on one side, and beds for matrons on the other. Then to another room, containing thirty-eight cradles; but as soon as, on the threshold of the door, she informed me they were full of infants with all sorts of diseases in their eyes, I whisked round, and, without giving her my reasons, told her I had rather not enter it. I, however, followed her through a long room full of cradles, surrounded by blue curtains, within every one of which was a sick infant, many

afflicted with the measles; and such a variety of little coughings, sneezings, cryings, and here and there violent squallings, as loud as if the child had some cutaneous disorder, and they were skinning it, it would be very difficult to describe.

There were two rows of buildings, which I had observed from the windows, and which my attendant told me were full of great children, whom the public are not allowed to see. She, however, with evident pride, showed me a large laundry, two stories high, and a drying ground; a farm-yard for cows and pigs; some large gardens; and an establishment of thirty yellow 'buses, with a cabriolet on the top, for transporting sixteen country nurses at a time (the very number I had seen sitting in a row waiting for their 'bus), with their sixteen babies, to the various termini of the railways on which they were to be injected into the country.

My attendant told me that the number of babies and children the establishment received last year amounted to about 5000; besides which, they have, in what she called "en depôt," 1500, belonging to women who are ill and in hospital, in which case the establishment relieves them of all their children. Of the 5000, all will be supported by the "Hospice" until they are twenty-one years of age, or are apprenticed,





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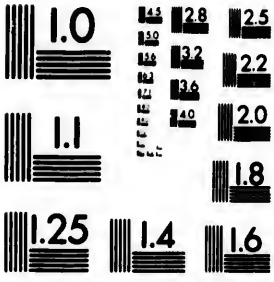

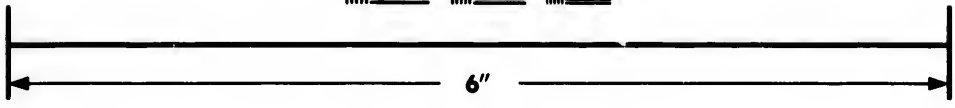

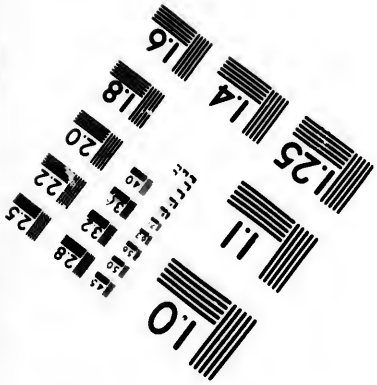

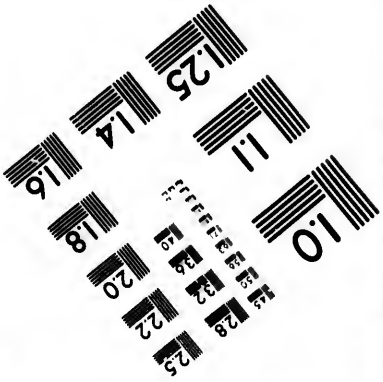

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or otherwise provided for. Besides the necessary amount of servants and nurses, there are thirty-four Sœurs de la Charité, three Priests (frères), and one "Instituteur." The total expense of the institution amounted, in 1848, to 1,378,213 francs.

My attendant now led me to what, instead of the last, ought to have been the first letter of her alphabet, namely, the "tour," or turn-about, in which babies, as soon as the lamps are lighted, are received. At first I saw nothing but a small piece of dismal-looking dark wood, but, on turning it round, there gradually opened to view a little cushion of straw, covered with faded green stuff; and yet, simple as it was, I felt it impossible to look at it without being deeply impressed with the political fallacy that, with good intentions, offers to the women of France in general, and of Paris in particular, a description of relief and assistance which, strange and dreadful to say, of all the animals in creation, no other living mother but a woman would accept!

On inserting an infant into this tiny receptacle,—which not only severs it for ever from maternal care, but which I have no doubt has produced, on the hard pavement of the dark street in which the act has been so repeatedly

committed, unutterable feelings and raving attitudes of misery, altogether beyond the power of the poet or the painter to describe,—a bell is either rung by the depositor, or, on the child squalling, it is turned round by the guardian in waiting, lifted out, numbered, and on the following day baptised with a name.

I was now at the door at which I had entered; but as I had been thinking of a few statistics I wished to obtain, after remunerating my attendant, I walked by myself across the interior hollow square into the department headed "Bureaux."

The superintendent was out, and, seated in the office, I was awaiting his return, when, looking into an interior room, I saw several of the clerks engaged in kindly trying to pacify a gentleman who, for some reason or other, appeared considerably excited, and who, after various gesticulations, such as placing his two elbows almost together in front of his chest, opening and clenching the fingers of both hands, and lifting up one foot after another, as if the floor was unpleasantly hot, at last, in a very squeaking tone, and with tearful eyes and cheeks, expressive of the most bitter grief, cried exactly like a child. The picture under any circumstances would have attracted a moment's attention; but

what rendered it to my mind more than ordinarily amusing was, that the fellow had a very long, well-combed, black beard, which, as he shook it in crying, kept tapping the buttons of his waistcoat!

LEFAYE ET LAFITTE.

My purse, when I left London, had contained but little money, and as that little, for a variety of very small reasons, no one of which could I recollect, had every day grown rather less, unlocking my writing-box, I opened my letter of credit, which, I felt quite proud to read, was addressed to what appeared to me to be the California of Paris—namely, "Lafitte and Co., Maison Dorée,[1] Rue Lafitte." Carefully putting it into my pocket, I descended my staircase into my street; and while everything, influenced probably by my letter, was appearing to me "en couleur de rose," I saw approaching me a 'bus, driven by a coachman in a beautiful glazed, bright yellow hat, a crimson waistcoat, a nice chocolate coat with crimson facings, and fine blue trousers, perched high above two white very little punchy horses, carrying their heads low, and at perfect ease.

The picture exactly corresponded with my

[1] The gilt house.

mind, and accordingly, holding up my stick, I soon found myself in the interior rumbling sideways along the Rue de la Paix. Unfortunately, however, alike unknown to myself and to her, I had sat on the cowl of a young Sœur de la Charité. I had never seen her face, and probably never should, had it not been that, as I sat in silence by her side, I felt a very little twitch, and, looking round, to my deep regret found that, in turning her head, her cowl had twisted itself,—or rather I had twisted it,—so that what ought to have been exactly under her chin was on her cheek. I looked very sorry; she looked very kind; as quickly as I could I jumped up; she gently shook her feathers, and then everything appeared as delightful as before.

After proceeding a short way along the Boulevart des Italiens, the conductor stopped the carriage, and, moving his hand at me, I walked along the 'bus, descended the steps, and at the corner of the street before me read the cheering words "Rue de Lafitte." On inquiring in a shop for the house of Monsieur Lafitte, I was desired to go nearly to the end of the street to No. 24. As, however, I approached my goal, I began to feel that either I or the numbers of the houses were a little tipsy, for above my head I read 15 and 21, then 17 and 23, and then 25. At last,

after gaping around me for at least two minutes, I discovered over a rich substantial-looking door the number I wanted, and, accordingly, ringing at the bell, I told the concierge, apparently I have no doubt rather haughtily, but really and truly with harmless joy, that I wanted to see "Monsieur Lafitte."

"Il ne reste plus ici, Monsieur!" said the woman; and on my declaring to her that he *did*, she added very quietly, "Non, Monsieur, il est mort, et sa femme aussi!"[1]

"He can't be *dead!*" said I to myself, as, slowly walking away, I took from my pocket the letter of credit which had so delightfully inflated me.

I was wondering where in the whole world I should find the house of "Lafitte," when, close before me, I saw, in large letters, the word "LEFAYE."

The house of Lefaye, as it stood before my eyes, was composed of a thin narrow shop-door, immediately above which was a little dark boarded-up window, flanked on each side by a Venetian blind, a few inches long and broad, giving air to some dark interior cupboard. Above, was a tiny window of four panes, surmounted by an arch. One side of Lefaye's

[1] No, Sir, he is dead, and his wife too!

door from top to bottom was garnished with a bunch of onions, a small bundle of feather brushes, some dry and very old lettuces, six little rush brooms, and four bundles of yellow things that looked like carrots stunted by adversity into radishes. On the other side of the door, above a tiny window, was inscribed in three lines—

Bouillon
et
Bœuf;

on the right of which, one above another, hung four bundles of yellow radishes, a little salad, and a bunch of carrots.

The whole of the house of poor "Lefaye"

occupied a space of about twelve feet broad by fifteen in height, and as I looked at it I could scarcely believe that close to it in some direction or other was the "Maison Dorée" of "Lafitte."

As, however, the above address was contained on my letter of credit, with the utmost reliance on its integrity I asked the first gentleman I met to be so good as to tell me where was the "Maison Dorée." With a kind bow he informed me it was at the corner of the Boulevart des Italiens, and, accordingly, retracing my steps to the point indicated,—that at which I had descended from the 'bus,—I saw sure enough a large house, of which the doors, windows, balconies, and spikes on the roof were all gilt! The whole of the lower floor, however, consisted of a magnificent café; and as that I knew was a place for spending money and not for receiving it, I ascended a staircase which conducted me into rather a handsome passage, at the end of which I indistinctly saw a harmless, infirm-looking gentleman, towards whom I walked, intending to ask him whereabouts in the Maison Dorée I could discover Monsieur Lafitte? On approaching him, I found he was myself! or rather a reflection of myself in a very handsome looking-glass, which covered the whole of the end of the passage. I turned back, and in due time,

at the end of the opposite passage, I saw myself again! and as I could see nobody else, I descended the staircase, and, going into the café, ascertained that Lafitte and Co. lived within the porte cochère adjoining the staircase I had ascended; and accordingly, within a very handsome yard, and occupying very good apartments, I succeeded, after shooting so often at the large target of Rue Lafitte, in placing my arrow into the golden ball.

In returning homewards through the Boulevart des Italiens, I found the whole breadth of the footway occupied by a crowd of well-dressed people watching a man balancing four eggs on the points of four spikes which he had affixed in the ground.

A little farther on was rather a smaller crowd around a man jabbering praises, till he almost foamed at the mouth, in behalf of a combined inkstand, penknife, and pencilcase, the parts of which, with a great deal of action, and with the finger and thumb only of each hand, he kept separating and then uniting. Beside him, with a tuft of hair on the point of his chin, and with his sword pendent at his side, was pacing very slowly a sergent de police, but, as is usual with respect to everything that affords amusement in Paris, no notice was taken

of the obstruction of the highway, which in London, where pleasure is subservient to business, would not have been allowed to exist for two minutes.

Farther on a tall man in mustachios was selling cotton cravats. He threw down on the pavement, with a theatrical air, a large bundle of them, from which, after extolling them for a long time, he selected a black one, then a green one, then a spotted one, which with much action he successively tied round his own handsome bare throat, the eyes of the crowd gravely following every handkerchief throughout its various manœuvres. A short dowdy-looking shopkeeper, stepping forward, purchased a red one, with which he walked off, no doubt expecting that it would look as well around his neck as it had just appeared around that of the tall seller.

As I was observing this group there passed me several girls of about 13 or 14 years of age, dressed in white, and half veiled, exactly like brides. Many were accompanied by boys of their own age, in new clothes, with a white and silver scarf on one arm. On inquiry I found they were going to be confirmed, and I then recollected having observed, in shop windows, a quantity of little manniken shirt-fronts, with

turned down collars, over which were inscribed, "Chemises pour lrs Communistes."[1]

On turning round the corner I almost ran against four soldiers, carrying on their shoulders a bier or tressel, concealed by little hoops about two feet high, covered with brown canvas, and evidently containing a human body. On inquiry I ascertained it was a sick soldier, going to hospital.

The streets of Paris at once announce to any stranger that he is in a dry climate, inhabited by a gay people.

In passing along them, on whatever subject I was reflecting, the extraordinary startling clearness of the atmosphere, which descended to the very pavement, continually attracted my attention. I used sometimes to fancy I saw before me the picture of a town with people walking about it, in which the painter, like the man who built his house without a staircase, had forgotten to insert the smoke. The air was as clear as, indeed much clearer than, English country air usually is. Early in the morning the roofs and grotesque shapes of the tall crooked chimneys were to be seen reflected in sunshine on the opposite houses, while the remaining portion of the buildings, as well as

[1] Shirts for first Communicants.

the pavement, which had just been swept, were cool, clean, and distinct.

But the streets, especially the narrow ones, have at all times a picturesque appearance, the cause of which I was unable, for some time, to comprehend. After a little observation, however, I found it proceeded from the jumbled combination of an infinite variety of façades. For instance, even in the Rue St. Honoré, the houses are like a box of mixed candles, composed of short sixes, long fours, "bed-rooms," and rushlights; and, besides being of different heights, the alignements are different. Some of the houses have stepped a few inches forward, some have retired backward: again, some have attics, some have spikes on the roof, others neither the one nor the other. Some have balconies only at top, some only at bottom, others from top to bottom. Again, the shops are not only on the basement, but often in the middle, and occasionally at the very top of a house. There exist scarcely two together of the same height. Some have two, some three, advertising boards over them. Above the row of shops on the ground floor there exists an entresol, or low, intermediate story, exhibiting a stratum of windows of the most astonishing variety: one contains a single pane of glass, in the next

house are seen two one above another, in the next two alongside of each other, then sixteen, then four, then an arched window. In one single compartment of the Rue St. Honoré, namely, between the Rue des Frondeurs and Rue St. Roch, the number of panes of glass in this stratum eccentrically run as follows,—20, 4, 8, 12, 12, 4, 16, 2, 2, 8, 8, 8, 9, 4, 9, 16, 16, 12, 12, 12, 12, 4, 12, 2, 2, 8, 2, 12, 8, 8, 16, 6, 2, 18, 12. Of the above the smaller number often form larger windows than the greater, and of those marked 16 and 12 almost all are of different shapes. Lastly, the chimney-stacks and chimney-pots are of every possible shape, size, and colour; and as the street itself is not straight, but writhes, its motley-coloured architecture appears twisted and convulsed into all sorts of picturesque forms. But besides this exraordinary variety I found, at first to my utter surprise, that the houses of Paris during the day actually change their shapes, and that an outline, which in the morning had been imprinted in my memory, appeared in the evening to be quite different, simply because every house in the French metropolis has Venetian blinds, which, according to the position of the sun, and occasionally in spite of the sun, at the whim of the inmates

of the different stories, are opened and closed in an endless variety of forms. There is one other change which often attracted my attention. In driving through Paris towards the east, I always observed that, as the poor horse that was drawing my citadine slowly trotted on, the wealth of the shops, especially in the Rue St. Honoré, appeared gradually to die away.

During spring, summer, and autumn, the people of Paris, as might naturally be expected, are infinitely fonder of their atmosphere than the inhabitants of London. Besides balls and concerts in the open air, in the boulevards, avenues, and outside all the great cafés, crowds of people are to be seen seated *al fresco* on chairs. The windows of the 'buses, no one of which has a door, are, even when it is cold, usually all down, and not only are many windows in the streets wide open, but they are almost invariably made with a contrivance for keeping them throughout the day ajar.

But the climate of Paris has two extremes, and I was informed that in winter, just as if all had suddenly become chilly, the clear, fresh air, so profusely enjoyed in summer, is carefully shut out from almost every habitation.

THE ÉLYSÉE.

As the ordinary Paris fiacres, which go anywhere within the city for twenty-five sous, are not allowed to drive into the great gate of the Elysée, the residence of the President of the Republic, and as the "entrée" is granted to those of forty sous, regardless of expense I hired one of the latter, and had not rumbled in it a hundred yards when I came to the line of carriages proceeding there. As my coachman, however, was for the occasion gifted with an ambassador's pass, we were permitted to break the line, and we accordingly at once drove into the court, in which I found assembled a strong guard of honour. On walking up the long steps, and entering the great hall, I saw in array before me, in very handsome liveries ornamented with broad lace, several stout, fine-looking, well-behaved servants, one of whom took my hat, for which he gave me a slight bow and a substantial round wooden counter. I then proceeded into the first of a hand-

some suite of small rooms, in which I found Prince Louis Napoleon, surrounded by a circle of people, principally in uniform. He looked pale and, generally speaking, pensive, but he had something kind to say to everybody; his manner was exceedingly mild, affable, and gentlemanlike; and yet it was interesting and at times almost painful to me to observe that, although at every new introduction his countenance beamed with momentary pleasure, it almost as invariably gradually relapsed into deep thought; indeed, his position—from what is termed the mere showing of the case—was evidently an impracticable one.

For a considerable time his visitors, of their own accord, appeared around him in a formal circle, of which he was the ornamental centre, and then all of a sudden—like the change in a kaleidoscope—the party broke into little groups, and he stood almost alone: nay, in the mere act of bowing, at one moment the scene, as it were instinctively, represented monarchy—and the next, as if the visitors had suddenly and uncomfortably recollected something, a republic.

Nevertheless, throughout the whole of the rooms, there existed that striking anomaly which characterises the French nation—a crowd without pressure. In conversing with one of the

principal aides-de-camp I asked him which was the room in which Napoleon had passed his last night (I did not say *slept*) before he took leave for ever of Paris. In reply he was obliging enough to take me into a private chamber, when, pointing to the ceiling above our heads, he said to me—"Le voilà!"[1]

On returning to the suite of rooms which, constructed in 1718 for the Count d'Evreux, had since been the residence of Madame de Pompadour, mistress of Louis XV., of the Marquis de Marigny, of M. Beaujon (a great banker), of the Government Printing-office, of Murat, of Napoleon, of the Emperor of Russia, of Napoleon again, of the Duke of Wellington, of the Duke de Berri, of the Duke de Bordeaux, and now of Prince Louis Napoleon, President of the Republic, I stood for some time close to two of the bearded party called Red Republicans, and, having thus rapidly glanced at all I desired, I retired into the entrance-hall, where I received my hat from one richly-dressed servant, just as another liveried menial of Democracy, with a magnificent voice, was calling out very lustily, and with becoming importance—"La voiture de Madame la Comtesse de . . . . !!"[2]

[1] This is it!

[2] The Countess of . . . . . 's carriage stops the way!

As the strange political history of the building I was leaving flitted across my mind,

"Here," said I to myself, "we go up, up, up,
Here we go down, down, down;
Here we go backwards and forwards,
And here we go round, round, round!"

MARCHÉ DU VIEUX LINGE.[1]

"WHAT do you lack? What do you lack?" —"Qu'est-ce que vous cherchez, Monsieur?"[2] said a young woman to me very sweetly: "Qu'est-ce que vous désirez?"[3] repeated one of my own age, rather hoarsely, "qu'est-ce qu'il vous faut?"[4] "Dites donc, Monsieur!" said another.

What I really wanted was to be allowed to walk through the busy hive I had entered unmolested, but that I soon found was utterly impossible. I had evidently come to buy something, and innumerable mouths of all ages, on my right and on my left, one after another, and occasionally half a dozen together, were anxiously inquiring of me what that something was: "Qu'est-ce que c'est que Monsieur désire?"[5]

The ancient Temple of Paris, built in 1222, originally contained—besides the Palace of the Grand Prior of the Order of Knights Templars

[1] Rag-market. [2] What are you looking for?
[3] What do you desire? [4] What do you want?
[5] What does the gentleman desire?

of Jerusalem, with hotels, gardens, and dwellings in which debtors might seek refuge from arrest—a large tower flanked by four turrets, in which Louis XVI. and his family were not only imprisoned, but from which, on the 21st of January, 1793, he was separated from them for ever, to be murdered on the Place de Louis XV.

In 1805 the tower—every dog has its day—was demolished, and in 1809 Napoleon, whose extraordinary mind in the middle of all his victories conceived the formation at Paris of a rag-market! converted a portion of the ancient Temple into the present "Marché du Vieux Linge," which consists of an establishment of 1888 little low shops, about the size of an English four-post bedstead, covering a space of ground 580 feet in length by 246 in breadth, divided by a cruciform path, in the centre of which, isolated from the hive, is a bureau full of Argus-eyed windows looking in all directions. Besides the four divisions I have mentioned, this rectangular space, covered by an immense wooden roof, is subdivided lengthways into thirty-six alleys or paths, barely broad enough for two persons to walk together; and breadthways into thirteen passages of the same narrow dimensions. Each little shop is usually composed

of two large sea-chests, which at night contain its property and by day form its counter.

From the name which this market bears I had fully expected to find within it nothing but a sort of rag-fair, instead of which, its little shops contain an infinite variety of cheap millinery, linen, clothes, boots, shoes, and iron-work, old and new.

As, like Gulliver, I strolled through the streets of this Lilliputian city, which appeared to be almost exclusively inhabited by females, I was pleased to find as much propriety and politeness within it as could exist in the Rue St. Honoré; and accordingly, although everybody was bargaining for rags, &c., with more or less energy, I heard "*Oui*, Madame!" "*Non*, Madame!" resounding from various directions.

In one tiny shop as I passed it I observed a lusty paysanne, with a good deal of agony in her countenance, sitting with her sturdy right leg cocked out and up as if it had been of wood. "Ça vous va *très* bien, Madame!"[1] observed the lady of the shop, who had just succeeded in forcing her customer's big foot into a little narrow shoe, at which, with well-feigned admiration, she kept bowing her head with delight.

As I was sauntering through the next alley

[1] It fits you beautifully!

I saw a woman all of a sudden dart out of a shop and whip a diminutive, new, bright blue satin cap on the head of an infant in the arms of a very short countrywoman, who for some time had been demurely waddling on before me, and who, indeed, was so stout that there had been hardly space enough for me to pass her. The poor good mother had no more intention of buying a little bright blue satin cap than I had, but her child looked so beautiful in it that she evidently had not heart enough to take it off, and I left her firmly fascinated to the spot, which I have no doubt she never quitted until she had been persuaded to buy the cap.

Again, a milliner had inveigled in a shop, about the size of a sea-steward's cabin, a young lady who, as I passed, was in the dangerous attitude of looking into a large glass, while the woman, with a delightful smile on her face, was gracefully tying under her victim's chin the strings of a new bonnet.

For a considerable time I wandered between shops full of old iron, locks, thousands of old keys, warming-pans, saws, saucepans, rat-traps; then through a region of old and new slippers, shoes, half-boots, boots, and jack-boots. Then I got into the latitude of darned stockings, as clean as new; shirts, old and new; empty

stays that had, once upon a time, evidently been brimful; faded handkerchiefs, washed till the spots had almost disappeared; gloves, blankets, coloured gowns, that had—as if in the river Styx—been washed into the pale ghosts of what they had been. In one of these shops I observed an old woman trying to sell an old sheet to another old woman, whose shrivelled forefinger was unkindly pointing to a great hole in it.

On changing my longitude I found myself amidst new millinery, artificial flowers, fine gold sprigs: "Qu'est-ce qu'il vous faut, Monsieur?" said a pretty milliner, screwing up her mouth, to me as I passed her. Then I came to parasols, and my mind finally rested on a whole world of mattresses.

On entering the little isolated glass "bureau," or office, in the middle of the establishment I had just visited, I found two officers, one of whom, to a question that I put to him, briefly replying, "Je ne sais pas, Monsieur,"[1] walked out. As soon as he was out of sight the other officer, with great politeness, expressed to me his regret that, as a stranger, I should have received an answer "si malhonnête;"[2] he begged me to pardon it, to give myself the trouble to sit down, and to allow him to afford me every information

[1] I don't know, Sir. [2] So uncivil.

in his power. Accordingly, he told me that the 1888 shops committed to his surveillance, and open from sunrise to sunset throughout the year, are let by the week at one franc and forty centimes each, with an extra charge for insurance of five sous a-week, for which the chef of the establishment not only furnishes guards by day and four watchmen by night, but holds himself responsible for theft, which he added had, although a large portion of the goods are left on the counters at night, scarcely ever been committed; indeed, the demand for these shops is so great that there are many respectable people who have been applying for one to the police for upwards of three years.

He added, that the four squares formed by the two cruciform roads, which in each direction bisect the establishment, are—

1. The "Palais Royal," containing modistes, soieries, robes de bal; in short, said he, it contains "tout ce qu'il y a de beau!"[1]

2. Le Carré-Neuf, containing "modistes et lingeries."[2]

3. Le Carré, containing "batteries de cuisine et lingerie."[3]

[1] Milliners, silks, ball dresses, everything that is beautiful.
[2] Milliners and linen.
[3] Kitchen utensils and linen.

4. The Forêt Noir,[1] containing shoes, with old ironmongery of all descriptions.

He informed me that in the establishment many persons had occupied their stalls since they were originally constructed by Napoleon in 1809, and that several had made "fortunes colossales."[2] Lastly, he told me that underneath the "Marché du Vieux Linge," in the centre of which we were sitting, are subterranean vaults which for many ages had been used as prisons.

At a short distance eastward from the market just described is a circular building, erected in 1788, when the Temple was a sanctuary for debtors, called the "Rotonde," composed of arcaded shops overflowing with all sorts of old uniforms, from that of a drummer to a field-marshal. In one I saw piles of old epaulettes, belts, and shakos; in others, knapsacks, pouches, and red tufts; in another, bales of dragoons' old leather-lined trowsers, neatly folded; in another, a medley of military gloves, cocked hats, and gaiters; in another, heaps of blue trousers; in another a quantity of old trunks, also balls, two feet in diameter, of broad woollen list.

With brains almost addled by the variety of old clothes I had been visiting, on leaving the Rotonde I stood for a few moments before the

[1] The Black Forest. [2] Colossal fortunes.

only part of the Temple that now exists, namely, the ancient palace of the Grand Prior; which, built in 1566, was converted in 1814 into a convent belonging to the "Dames Bénédictines de l'Adoration du St. Sacrement." Over the entrance-gate of the ancient chapel of the Temple I observed, deeply engraved, the words "Venite adoremus:" and strangely mixed up with this sacred invitation there appeared on each side, painted in large black letters,

"LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ."

LA CRÈCHE.

In the Rue St. Lazare, over a gateway, No. 148, leading into a small yard, I observed, printed in letters of various sizes, the following inscriptions:—

"Le Roy, Peintre." [1]
"Lᵉ. Ride, Serrurier." [2]
"Fleury, Tourneur sur Bois en tous genres." [3]

Lastly,—

"Crèches St. Louis d'Antin."

On the right of the gateway, on a board, was written, "A louer de suite, grand et petit atelier." [4] On the left was affixed a little red box, bearing the word "tronc," [5] and in white letters below,—

"Pour les pauvres petits enfants." [6]

In the yard I saw the staircase of the crèche I had come to visit, and accordingly, ascending

[1] Le Roy, Painter. [2] L. Ride, Lockmaker.
[3] Fleury, Turner of Wood of all sorts.
[4] To let, a large and a small workshop.
[5] Money-box.
[6] For the poor little children.

it, after two little turns, hardly worth recording, I found myself in the first of a suite of three small rooms lighted by ten windows, several of which were closed only by Venetian blinds. The rooms were full of iron cradles, and the cradles were full of babies, and the babies were evidently brimful of something or other, for they were as silent and as quiet as if they were dead. At the end, on the wall of the first room, was a statue of our Saviour on the cross. In the second, dressed in coarse black gowns, on the shoulders of which hung a white napkin, covering the head, stood two Sœurs de la Charité; and as one, wearing a long black rosary terminating in a black cross, on which there appeared a figure of Christ in silver, was very young and pretty, I addressed myself to the other, a nice, warm, comfortable, honest-faced, ruddy woman, of about forty-five, who was leaning against a desk, over which was affixed a statue of the Virgin and Child, with the following inscription :—

"Ils trouverent l'enfant couché dans une creche, et, oubrant leurs tresors, lui offrirent des dons." [1]

In each of the twelve arrondissements of Paris is established a "crèche," or house of reception for enfants, under the following regulations :—

[1] They found the child lying in a manger, and opening their treasures they offered him gifts.

1. That the mother be poor.
2. That she works out of her own house.
3. That she conducts herself well.
4. That her infant is not sick.
5. That it has been vaccinated.
6. That its age does not exceed two years.

Each crèche is governed by a Conseil d'Administration, composed of two or three priests, three or four gentlemen, and two or three ladies; a committee of ladies, composed of Madame la Présidente, six vice-presidents, Madame la Trésorière, the President of the Medical Committee, and about forty or fifty Ladies Inspectresses; a Medical Committee, composed of three or four physicians and an oculist; and, lastly, a Lady Treasurer. These twelve little petticoat legislatures are under the direction of a central committee or parliament, which from time to time frame and issue general regulations for the government of the whole.

Every crèche is open from half-past five in the morning till half-past eight at night every day, excepting fête-days, for the reception of all who have been recommended by the ladies vice-presidents, and infants examined by one of the physicians of the crèche. The mother is required to bring her child in a clean state, to furnish linen for the day, and, if she can afford

it, to pay twenty centimes (2*d.*) per diem for its management. She is required to suckle it when she brings it; to come and repeat the dose twice during the day, and again at night, when she takes the thing ("la creatura") away; for under no circumstances is it permitted to sleep in the crèche.

The kind sister, having very good-humouredly explained to me these preliminaries, conducted me into room No. 1, in the centre of which there was what she called a "pouponnière," or pound, in which those little errant infants that can stand are allowed to scramble round a small circular enclosure, composed of a rail, just high enough for them to hold. Within it were seven or eight, all dressed in red caps, little blue frocks covered with white spots, and very clean white pinafores, in winter exchanged for coloured ones with sleeves. Every child on its arrival in the morning is stripped of its own clothes, which are hung up in a closet, and instead thereof it wears throughout the day the costume, or, as my sœur termed it, "l'uniforme de la crèche," as described. At night it is again washed and re-dressed in its own clothes.

Around the pouponnière, against the walls of the room, there stood shaded by white curtains fourteen little iron bedsteads, 2 feet 8 inches

high, on each of which was appended a black plate of iron, bearing, in white letters, the name of the charitable person who had given it (the bedstead, not the baby) to the crèche. The bedding consists of two clean mattresses, both filled with oat-chaff, a soft white pillow, blankets, but no sheets.

In every one of these cradle bedsteads, in each of the three rooms, I found, as, in passing along with the sœur, I peeped into it, an infant in a pink cap fast asleep. One, as I gently withdrew its curtains, suddenly twisted round, as if I had stuck a long pin through it. Another lay quite exhausted, with its little toothless mouth wide open, and with a fly on its nose. One had flushed cheeks like roses. Another, only twenty-five days old, looked flabby, and breathed very quickly. Another was sleeping with a fist on its left eye. Another had his right arm extended, with its tiny empty hand wide open. Some were lying on their sides, some on their backs. One, with its eyes open, was sucking the whole of its hand. Another was crumpled up with its head under the clothes, and its little wrong end on the pillow. One slept with its elbow up; one, with its hand under its cap, was pinching and pulling at its own ear. Of one nothing was to be seen but the back of its pink nightcap.

In each room, close to the windows, which were all wide open, stood a row of white basins, with two small sponges in each. In the middle of the room hung a thermometer. Outside the windows of the three chambers, in a balcony 30 feet long and 4 feet broad, covered with a chequered awning, and wired at the sides, I found a number of infants in "uniforme," enjoying the fresh air.

The sœur, now taking hold of a bunch of polished keys, which, beneath the black rosary, had been dangling by her side, led me to the door of a cupboard, quite full of bottles of nauseous-looking medicine of various sorts. She then showed me the "lingerie," a large wardrobe, replete with blue and white clothes, neatly folded, and beautifully clean; a passage, in which the clothes belonging to the children were hanging for the day; a small kitchen, about 10 feet square, containing in the middle a hot plate, not a yard square, with a number of little pans hanging on the walls; and, lastly, a little room, containing two rows of exceedingly small, low, rush-bottomed chairs, all possessing a certain strong family likeness, which need not more accurately be described.

As we were walking through the establishment, I observed, attending to the children,

three or four young women, dressed in blue gowns, with white handkerchiefs covering their heads, and ending in a corner down their backs. Each of these "berceuses" is required to take charge of six infants not weaned, or twelve that are weaned, or twenty that can eat and run alone. The youngest, besides the natural nourishment their mothers are required to give to them, are kept quiet (*i. e.* full) during the day by means of what the sœur called a "biberon," Anglicè, a bottle with a zinc top. The weaned are collected together into a pouponnière, where they are filled with soup and bread.

Among a long list of very sensible regulations, by which the crèches of Paris are conducted, and which the sœur was good enough to explain to me, the following are submitted for the consideration, not only of such of my young readers as may lately have happened to set up a baby, but of any one who secretly believes that some of these days he, she, or both, may perhaps have one or possibly two:—

No flowers are admitted into the crèche.

No bonbons—no cakes—no painted toys to suck.

The curtains of cradles should never be entirely closed.

Every baby should enjoy "pieds chauds, ventre libre, tête fraîche."[1]

It should never be lifted by one arm.

It should be caressed, but—(the following regulation applies only to the *baby*)—seldom kissed.

It should not be awakened when asleep.

It should be seldom scolded—never beaten.

If an infant begins to squall, the best way to quiet it—"calmer ses cris"—is to play to it gently on an accordion.

Lastly, its mother, however poor, should teach it "à être aimable, aimant, poli, bon, reconnaissant."[2]

The good sœur, now taking me to her desk, showed me a book, containing the daily report of the physician, whose statements, open to the public, may thus be verified or complained of; also one, ruled like an almanac, containing the addresses of the sixty children (the present number of inmates), to whose names she is required to make a cross every day they come; another book, for the lady inspectresses of the day (there are no less than sixty of them), stating, in a report which they then sign, the number of children received; another, detailing not only

[1] Warm feet, an unconfined stomach, and a cool head.

[2] To be amiable, loving, polite, good, grateful.

the number of children admitted per annum, but a little history of each, *i. e.* their names, residences, dates of admission and departure; deaths, if any; their parents, with the profession of each. An account-book, very clearly written, of receipts and expenses. Lastly, a list of the contents of the crèche. In this inventory the furniture of the rooms is described as follows:—

Room No. 1. "Un Christ, un bénitier, un tronc."

Room 2. "Une vierge, une horloge, et un autre tronc."[1]

Lastly, the sœur gave me the following blank printed formula, which the ladies inspectresses (among them are twenty-three baronnes, one comtesse, and one marquise) are daily required to fill up:—

Questionnaire sur la Tenue de la Crèche pour M^mes. les Inspectrices.[2]

Mesdames les Inspectrices sont priées de donner un rapport dans le courant de chaque mois. Ce rapport contient les

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[2] *List of Questions on the State of the Crèche for the Lady Inspectresses.*

The Lady Inspectresses are requested to give a report in the course of each month. This report contains the answers to

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[1] A Christ, a holy-water pot, and a money-box. A Virgin, a clock, and another money-box.

réponses aux questions ; et si Madame l'Inspectrice juge à propos d'y mettre quelques observations, le Comité les examinera très attentivement.

Jour et heure de la visite :

1. L'escalier est-il propre ?
2. Combien de degrés marque le thermomètre ?
3. Les salles ont-elles de l'odeur ?
4. Sont-elles bien rangées ?
5. Reste-t-il des vêtements accrochés au mur ?
6. Les couches sèchent-elles autour des poêles ?
7. Les lits sont-ils propres ?
8. Les paillassons sont-ils mouillés ?
9. La cuisine est-elle propre ?
10. Les potages sont-ils bien faits ?
11. Les berceuses sont-elles propres sur elles ?
12. Sont-elles toutes à leur poste ?

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the questions ; and if the Lady Inspectress thinks proper to add any observations to it, the Committee will examine them very attentively.

The day and hour of the visit :

1. Is the staircase clean ?
2. At how many degrees does the thermometer stand ?
3. Is there any bad smell in the rooms ?
4. Are they well arranged ?
5. Are there any clothes left hanging up on the wall ?
6. Are the children's napkins drying around the stoves ?
7. Are the beds clean ?
8. Are the straw mats wet ?
9. Is the kitchen clean ?
10. Are the broths well made ?
11. Are the nurses neat and clean in their persons ?
12. Are they all at their posts ?

13. S'occupent-elles bien des enfants?
14. Ne reçoivent-elles pas de visites particulières?
15. Ne travaillent-elles pas pour elles?
16. Parlent-elles durement ou grossièrement aux enfants?
17. Mangent-elles dans les salles des aliments qui ont de l'odeur?
18. Répondent-elles avec politesse aux Inspectrices et aux visiteurs?
19. Surveillent-elles les enfants lorsqu'ils sont aux lieux d'aisances?
20. Ne laissent-elles pas traîner des épingles à terre ou sur les berceaux?
21. Les enfants sont-ils bien propres?
22. La surveillante est-elle à son poste?
23. La lingerie est-elle en ordre?
24. Les registres sont-ils bien tenus?
25. Les mères sont-elles contentes des soins que la Crèche donne à leurs enfants?

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13. Do they attend carefully to the children?
14. Do they not receive private visits?
15. Do they not work for themselves?
16. Do they speak harshly or coarsely to the children?
17. Do they in the rooms eat any food with a strong smell?
18. Do they answer with politeness the lady patronesses and visiters?
19. Do they watch the children when they are on their chairs?
20. Do they not drop pins on the floor or on the cradles?
21. Are the children perfectly clean?
22. Is the Superintendent at her post?
23. Is the linen in good order?
24. Are the registers carefully kept?
25. Are the mothers satisfied with the care and attention bestowed on their children at the Crèche?

INSTITUTION NATIONALE DES SOURDS-MUETS.[1]

This charitable institution (situated in the Rue de St. Jacques), for the reception of deaf and dumb children, from eight to fifteen years of age, whose parents have not the means of educating them, is open to public inspection on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, from three to five o'clock, and accordingly, on calling on the latter day at the hour appointed, I was politely received, and cheerfully conducted by one of its principal superintendents into a sort of garden, in which I found, under the charge of the "surveillant en chef," himself deaf and dumb, 116 fine, healthy-looking deaf and dumb boys, dressed in blouses, amusing themselves at gymnastic exercises, at bowls, and at a Frenchified description of leapfrog.

A happier, ruddier, and more joyous set of countenances I have seldom beheld, and I was returning to several of them a small portion of the smile or grin with which they had greeted

[1] National Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

me, when all of a sudden a drum beat, on which, just as if they had heard its roll, they all instantly desisted from their games, fell into line, and by beat of drum, with which their feet kept perfect time, they marched away, following the drummer-boy, who was also deaf and dumb.

"They cannot be perfectly *deaf*," I said, "if they hear that drum?"

In reply my guide informed me its roll had no effect on their ears, but created an immediate vibration in their chests, which, although in describing it he had put his hand thereon, he termed "dans l'estomac."

As we were following the young soldiers, "Where are the sixty little girls?" said I.

Stopping shortly, he replied, very gravely, "Visitors are never allowed to see *them*."

"Why?" I asked.

"Monsieur," he replied, "parce qu'elles ont des yeux. Elles ne sont pas comme des aveugles. Il n'y a que les prêtres qui peuvent y entrer!" [1]

On entering the Salle des Exercices, which I found full of empty benches, and in which I was introduced to an exceedingly intelligent-looking deaf and dumb professor, wearing a long black

[1] Sir, because they have eyes. They are not like the blind. No persons but priests are allowed to go to them.

beard, I was shown a fine picture of the original founder of the establishment, the Abbé de l'Epée, embracing the young deaf and dumb Count de Toulouse, whom he had educated. There was, moreover, a bust of the founder, as also one of the Abbé de Sicard, who, on the death of the Abbé de l'Epée, in 1796, undertook the management of the establishment, which, during the revolution of 1789, had been transferred from a convent of Celestines to the buildings of the Séminaire de St. Magloire, where it now exists.

After proceeding along a passage, my guide opened the door of a large room, which I found nearly full of the boys I had found playing, now as busily engaged in tailoring, under a person for whose benefit, in return for his instruction, they were sewing and stitching with great alacrity.

On my asking this professor of the needle and shears whether his pupils understood him when he spoke to them, he good-humouredly replied, "We have no occasion for many words; they see by my *eyes* if I am not satisfied." I next entered a room in which about twenty boys were engaged in lithography, the details of which they executed very creditably. Several of their drawings on paper, afterwards to be trans-

ferred to stone, were very beautiful, and, while they were thus engaged, others at the end of the room were working the lithographic presses.

In the next room we entered I found seated on stools, hammering, grinning, laughing, and altogether looking as merry as grigs, twenty-two young shoemakers, among whom I recognised the drummer. To this boy, while the professor was gravely explaining to me his own duties, I made a slight military movement with my wrists and elbows, at which he instantly grinned, and the boys all — for all had watched me from the moment I entered—grinned too; the professor smiled, my guide smiled, and I left them happy and hammering, as I had found them, to enter a room in which, under a deaf and dumb instructor, I found a number of boys employed in turning.

In the drawing room are eight double benches, on which successively every boy in the establishment takes his seat, for, although in other studies they are allowed to a certain degree to follow the bias of their own inclinations, yet all are taught to draw, for the purpose of enabling them with facility to delineate the signs and the alphabet by which they are enabled mutually to communicate their ideas to each other. The disposition of their time is as fol-

lows:—throughout the year they rise at five, in order at half-past to be at their studies, at which they remain till seven, when they breakfast, and at half-past seven enter the various workshops, in which they continue till ten, when they are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, and history till twelve.

From noon until half-past they have their dinner, or, as my guide called it, their "grand déjeûné."[1] They then play for half an hour till one, when they go, on alternate days, to writing for an hour, till two. They are employed in reading, &c., till four, when they have half an hour allowed them for a "petit repas"[2] and play. From half-past four, for two hours and a half, they are again in the workshops, and from half-past six at study till half-past seven, when they go to supper; after which they are again allowed recreation till half-past eight, when they all go to bed.

In a long room supported in the middle by a set of plain stone columns, lighted by windows on each side, also at both ends, and with a floor of oak, waxed, polished, and as slippery as glass, I found sixty plain iron bedsteads, each of which, besides comfortable bedding, had an exceedingly clean counterpane. At the foot of every bed

[1] Great breakfast. [2] Slight refreshment.

was suspended the name of its temporary tenant, and between each bedstead a small "table de nuit." At one end of this airy hall there stood a large, luxurious bed, in which, blinded by curtains, and deaf and dumb, reposes and snores the "Surveillant:"[1] at the other end, in a smaller bed, lies, curtainless, the "Garçon de Salle."[2] Between the two, on little iron pedestals, I observed, standing erect, six glass tumblers, half full of oil, to give a feeble light at night. The lofty windows on both sides, as also at each end, were wide open, and at each end of the hall was a large orifice in brass for the admission of hot air in winter.

Adjoining to this healthy, well-ventilated dormitory, I found an admirable long washing-room, containing along its two sides a leaden trough, above which protruded from the wall sixty water-cocks, and above them a pole, on which hung, touching each other, sixty towels. In the corner was a large tap, which on being turned by my guide, there instantly rushed very violently from each of the sixty smaller ones, along the walls of the room, a little stream, by which arrangement every boy enjoys exclusively his place, towel, stream, and, moreover, his proportion of that commonwealth the public

[1] The superintendent. [2] The hall servant.

trough. In the middle of the room was a long table, or dresser, beneath which in pigeon-hole shelves were their dressing-boxes.

On entering the chapel I saw above a plain homely altar—surrounded by rails, and on which there were only six candles—a fine and appropriate picture of Jesus Christ giving words to the dumb and hearing to the deaf. There was also an affecting picture, drawn by Peyson, a deaf and dumb artist, of the demise of the good Abbé de l'Epée, around whose death-bed there appears the Abbé Sicard, and a young man, Antoine Dubois, now ninety-four years of age, who was a pupil of the Abbé de l'Epée, under whose will he continues to enjoy the benefits of the institution.

In the middle of the chapel there stood in rows twenty oak benches for the boys, and above them a gallery for the girls scientifically arranged so as to allow them to see the altar without being able to look at the boys. The service is conducted in the ordinary manner,—that is to say, the priest, sometimes facing his deaf and dumb congregation, and sometimes turning his back upon them, chants and sings to them just as if they all heard him.

Although, in an establishment open to the public three days a week, visiters are, as I have

stated, not allowed to intrude into the department allotted to the girls, and although every judicious precaution seems to be taken to shield the whole of the young inmates from evil, all are very properly allowed to go to their parents whenever they may apply for them; moreover, on Thursdays and Saturdays they are taken out to enjoy a walk through the gay noisy streets of Paris, which to their senses must appear as silent as the grave.

From the chapel I was conducted into the cleanest and most airy dining-room that can possibly be conceived. On each side of this hall, the floor of which was flagged very neatly in squares placed diagonally, were a series of lofty windows, most of them wide open, and in the middle three long tables of conglomerated red and yellow marble, beneath which, on a narrow wooden shelf, were arranged the napkin and *silver* mug of each boy; besides which, I observed, lying close to one of the common benches which surrounded these three tables, a very large basket brim-full of *silver* spoons and *silver* four-pronged forks, marked with the letters "S. and M."—a just satire, I whispered to myself, on the inconsistency of feeding with plate deaf and dumb boys, whose certificate for admission into the establishment must be "utter

destitution!" At each end of the hall are arranged crossways three tables in a row for the masters and professors—all deaf and dumb.

I was now conducted into the open air to a sanded promenade or terrace for the boys, broad enough and handsome enough for a palace, overlooking a large walled well-stocked kitchen-garden, full of fruit, at which they are permitted only to look. From the end of this terrace was a flight of steps descending into a large space shaded by trees, the playground and gymnasium in which I had found the boys.

From the dining-room I secretly prophesied that I should be—and I was—conducted into the kitchen, which, in keeping with the rest of the establishment, was light and airy. In it, as is usual in all the public establishments of Paris, I found the application of heat so scientifically arranged that within one hot plate, only eight feet in length by five in breadth, the smoke of which was carried down below, the whole diurnal cookery for governor, professors, boys, girls, and servants was easily performed.

In this well-arranged charity the deaf and dumb inmates of both sexes are instructed by means of two different languages, namely, by alphabet, and by what is significantly termed

"signes mimiques."[1] In their various studies, where accuracy of expression is required, the former only is permitted: for the purposes of rapid conversation the latter is not only taught, but is generally used. The one slowly but surely reaches its point, while the other dashes towards it with a genius and impetuosity which are highly interesting to witness.

For instance, as I was descending a winding staircase, conversing with my guide, I observed a fine healthy merry boy rapidly but inquisitively, as he passed us, touch with the fore-finger of his right hand his eyes and mouth. It was to ask if the chief superintendent (he who sees all and talks all) was coming. Another boy, in running fast by us, interrogatively made with his right hand two slight undulating motions. I asked my guide what that meant.

"He asked me," he replied, "whether you were not a foreigner ('d'outre-mer'),[2] which he represented by figuring with his hand the waves of the sea. You might have perceived as I was talking to you I repeated his 'signe mimique,' by which I informed him that you *were* 'd'outre-mer.'"

In taking leave of this interesting establishment I stood for a few moments in the entrance

[1] Mimic signs. [2] From beyond the sea.

square to look at an object of great curiosity,—an enormous elm (orme), 246 years of age and 90 feet in height, which had been planted by Sully, minister of Henry IV. For about fifty feet its tall straight stem has, in accordance with the fashion of the day, been lopped, but the remaining forty feet of branches, the bark, and fabric, show no signs of age; indeed, it is considered to be the finest tree in the neighbourhood of Paris.

On re-entering the Rue de St. Jacques I met a procession of children, from three to five years of age, preceding a crooked, withered woman, who from old age was apparently able to hobble on just about as fast as they had learned to walk. One little fellow, without a hat, and with black shaggy hair, had on the bosom of his frock a snip of scarlet riband, from which dangled an eight-pointed cross of some sort, the ancient order of sugar-plums I suppose. As I was looking at them we were overtaken by a line of schoolboys, dressed, as is usual in Paris, in tight blue coats edged with red, with a jiggamaree ornament embroidered on their collars. All this is well enough; but when I reflected that a boy's stomach is the engine that is to propel him to advancement in the army, navy, law, church,—in fact, in every profession of life,—I

could not but lament the foolish French practice of allowing the rising generation to pinch in their waists with black patent leather belts, which must surely not only impede the circulation of their young blood, but seriously interfere with the healthy digestion of their food; and, as all the schoolboys in Paris are thus waspified, the distinction, after all, is *nil!*

ROULAGE.

I HAD rumbled along for a considerable time in an omnibus, when the conductor—dressed as usual in a blue coat, embroidered silver collar, blue trousers, with black leather imitation boots, silver plaquet, and a variety of little silver chains dangling across his breast—pulling his string to stop the carriage, made a signal to me to get out, and, as soon as I had obeyed him, pointing to a small office, the carriage drove off.

On entering it I found no one but its superintendent, who in exchange for my ticket gave me another, and he had hardly done so when several people, one after another, came in to wait for the same 'bus I was waiting for. On its arrival it was raining hard, and, although I was pressed for time, I felt that, as those who were in the room were principally ladies, it was hopeless for me to expect to get away, especially as the carriage, excepting one place, was full, and therefore, while most of the expectants

walked towards it, I remained in the office. All of a sudden, however, I heard the superintendent call out "Numéro 1," and, as that was my number, I emerged from my den, ascended the step, and had scarcely filled the vacant place when the vehicle drove on, leaving all the ladies in the street, and, the carriage being now full, the conductor affixed to it, over his head, a board, on which was inscribed the word "complet," a signal to lusty ladies and gentlemen not, as in England, uselessly to run after it.

On sitting down, without looking at anybody, but, on the contrary, fixing my eyes on that part of the woodwork of the roof immediately before my eyes, I, with the forefinger of my right hand, slightly touched the brim of my hat. The effect it produced was that which I had repeatedly observed. The people of Paris, though they are too polite to appear even to notice it, are constantly offended by the devil-may-care way in which an Englishman, pulling his hat over his eyes, takes his place in a public conveyance; whereas, if he will but perform the slight homage to their presence I have described, he will perceive by a variety of little movements that his desire has been not only understood, but appreciated. By performing this small magic ceremony, I observed that the

'busful of people were anxious to befriend me in any way, and although it is not the custom in France to talk in an omnibus, yet even that rule was broken in my favour; indeed, I had scarcely seated myself when a young Frenchman opposite to me spoke to me in English; and, as I wished in return to please *him*, I told him, in reply to his query, that I understood him perfectly, and, to reward him still more, I repeated it in French, that everybody in the 'bus—they were all listening—might hear it. With satisfaction that could scarcely conceal his humility, he told me he could read English *quite* as well as French: "Boat," said he, pronouncing every syllable very slowly, "eye arm vairi opaque een *spaking* de Aingleesh." I told him that, on the contrary, he expressed himself very transparently.

In a Paris 'bus it is, very properly, deemed unpolite to encumber fellow-passengers, especially ladies, with help; and as the carriage has been made broad enough for its purpose, and as to the roof are affixed two brass hand-rails, people enter and exeunt without touching or being touched by any one.

One of the most pleasing of the domestic habits of the French 'bus is, that it is left to everybody's honour to pay his fare. As people keep thronging in, they sit down, and, almost on purpose, look as if they were thinking of

anything but money; the conducteur also looks anywhere but towards them; however, in due time, they are observed to fumble in their pockets or in their reticules, and at last out comes the six sous, which, handed from one to another—from a priest to a peasant, and from an officer to a Sister of Charity—at last reaches him whose duty it is to pay to his employers the number of fares denoted by the finger of the tell-tale clock, which, as I have before stated, is required to toll "ONE" on the entrance of every passenger whose age exceeds four years. Statesmen, warriors, and divines who have not attained that period of life enjoy the privilege of travelling free.

There are in Paris thirty-five establishments, "messageries," for the transport by "roulage" of heavy goods. The largest, in the Rue de Chabronne, I had intended to visit; but as, after leaving my 'bus, I was walking through the Rue de Quatre Fils, happening to see on my left, through a great porte-cochère, one of these establishments, on the spur of the moment I reeled into it.

Under a large shed, covered with packages of all sorts, I found only one crane in a space in which, in London, there would have been seen half a dozen, lifting and dry-nursing all descriptions of goods. The consequence was, that a

vast amount of unnecessary labour, set to music by a deal of unnecessary talking, was being expended in hauling at, and arguing with, heavy packages, hanging in the air, that might have been made to fly in silence to the carts that were waiting to receive them.

There was, however, one feat which in Paris I constantly admired, and which might be introduced into England with great advantage—namely, the mode of packing an enormous amount of weight and bulk on a vehicle of two high wheels, which not only pass easier, but only once, over every obstacle in the road which the low wheels of waggons have twice to encounter and surmount.

Behind and beneath the warehouse, in rear of the platform, I found a number of stables, very fairly ventilated, for the horses of the establishment.

As I was returning home through the Rue de Grenelle St. Germain I observed, a few feet from the outside of the second story of the line of houses on the south side, fourteen wires of the electric telegraph, along which intelligence of every possible description was flying at the rate of 280,000 miles per second. "What a contrast," said I to myself, "to the one-horse carts I have just been admiring!"

HOSPICE DES FEMMES INCURABLES.

On arriving at No. 42, Rue de Sèvres, I saw on my left the vast establishment I had come to visit, namely, the hospital for poor, old, indigent, incurable women.

As it is open to the public every day from one to four, and as the great portal of entrance happened to be unclosed, instead of addressing myself to the concierge, or even looking towards his windows, I walked quickly by them into a large, square, open court, in which I found myself surrounded on all sides by the buildings of the charity.

Immediately before me stood a church, erected expressly and exclusively for the pauper inmates of the institution. On entering it I was surprised to find it exceedingly handsome and highly ornamented. Before a small side altar, on her knees, motionless as a statue, was a Sœur de la Charité, whose attitude and devotion I could not but respect.

At the great altar appeared a workman,

dressed in a blouse, with a ladder, and a Sœur de la Charité assisting him to hang up some roses, gilt festoons, &c. Sometimes the sœur mounted to the very tip-top of the ladder, which was nearly fourteen feet high, to fix some rectangular pieces of crimson velvet, about four feet long by eighteen inches broad, trimmed with gold lace and gold bullion, and containing in the middle a device beautifully embroidered. Then the workman ascended with his arms full of wreaths of artificial roses with large gold leaves; then they hung up some bunches of grapes in gold, and then some in silver.

At this single altar, in four handsome lustres and in two gilt candelabras, I counted eighty-two wax candles, besides eight more, each about eight feet high. There were also candles at the two small altars, especially at that at which the sœur was kneeling. The windows in rear were covered with figures in stained glass. In front of the great altar, which the workman and the Sœur de la Charité were adorning, were endless rows of rush-bottomed chairs, on several of which reposed cushions, so roughly made out of such coarse materials, of so many conflicting colours, that it was evident they had been created only to be soft. A couple of these homely seats were occupied by two poor incurables, who, with the

sœurs, the workman, and myself, were the only persons present in the church.

On coming out into the court of entrance, I saw above my head the largest dial I have ever beheld. The minute-hand was dreadfully infirm, and, like an old, poor, incurable woman, who was traversing beneath, it kept tottering as it went. I asked a man belonging to the establishment, who stood evidently longing to talk to me, why they were decorating the great altar of the church?

"Ah!" he replied, with a shrug, "c'est pour une petite cérémonie!"[1] After a short pause up came and out came what, ever since I entered, had been lying uppermost in his mind, namely—

"Whether Monsieur would approve of his taking him over the establishment?"

I told him he was exactly the person I wanted, and, pleased with the compliment, and still more so with the fact, without further ratification of our treaty he led me off with that sort of indescribable triumph with which an expert angler plays with the salmon he has hooked, to the refectory of Notre Dame, a large, long, brick-floored hall, full of windows. The floor was paved with octagonal red glazed

[1] Ah! it is for a little ceremony!

bricks, and along its whole length were two narrow green dining-tables, studded on each side with rush-bottomed chairs. The number of incurables that can dine in this room is 206.

In his eagerness to take me into the eating-room—which I observed in the various charities at Paris is usually looked upon by the servants as the point of primary importance—my conductor neglected to conduct me through the mazes of the establishment he had proposed to show me according to any fixed plan. I am, therefore, only able to describe what I saw in the order in which he was pleased to show it to me.

The first infirmary we entered was more than 200 feet long; it contained two rows of nice clean-looking beds with white curtains, and at different distances in the fore-ground, in the middle, and in the back-ground of the picture, I observed, circulating among the beds, several sisters of charity, strong, good-looking women, with great benevolence of manner, and, generally speaking, with very pleasing countenances.

As, following my conductor, I was walking slowly through this long ward, from the third bed I heard a little cough, and, looking towards it, I saw, considerably raised on three pillows (all the beds have this number), a fine-looking old woman, with an arched nose, bright eyes,

and with a brilliant-coloured handkerchief wound round her head. Then I passed an old woman taking from a Sœur de la Charité a glass full of what every feature in her face declared to be exceedingly nasty physic. In the next bed another was reading a prayer-book. Then I passed one sitting almost upright, with a buff handkerchief fantastically twisted round her head, and with a pair of spectacles pinching her nose—as schoolboys say—"for fun," for she was doing nothing. Then one seated on a chair at her bedside, with her right foot resting on a cushion.

In the middle of this long room I found against the wall a nice, plain, white statue of the Virgin and Child, a few flowers, a little "sacristie," two small white plaster angels, and a couple of candles. Beyond them, a poor woman lay in her bed fast asleep; in a chair, by her bedside, there sat another knitting.

We next entered a long room paved with octagonal bricks, with windows not only at both sides but also at both ends. It was as light as the open air, and although it contained twenty beds, half of which were occupied, and although it was an exceedingly cold day, I observed with much astonishment that ten of the windows were wide open from top to bottom. On inquiring I was informed that it was because they had just

been cleaning the room. As I was proceeding through it I saw, lying on a small table on my right, a large quarto book, bound in purple leather, with a cross in gold stamped on the top of it. Hoping—and, indeed, believing—it was the Bible, I tried to turn over the leaves, instead of which I opened the lid of a writing-desk. In one of the beds I observed a poor old woman, very ill indeed, intently reading a letter.

In a room for convalescents, containing eight beds, I found all sitting up excepting one, bitterly sobbing about something. In the adjoining room, containing four beds, were two old women. In the upper story of this compartment of the building were nine beds, exceedingly clean, airy, and all empty. Their owners, seated at a table at work, were thin, but healthy. In another room I found, sewing, nine old women, in very clean white caps, around which several had twisted bright scarlet handkerchiefs, exactly in the fashion which had flourished at Paris in 1815.

In a long, rectangular room, containing windows on all four sides, and twenty-six beds, were a variety of aged women, who, fixing their bright hazel eyes upon me, often bowed feebly to me as I passed; and in a garret above I counted eighteen beds as clean as the rest.

As I looked up at the clear blue sky through the window at the summit of the building, I was not a little pleased to think I had got to the end of my job; indeed, I fancied I must have seen very nearly all the incurable old women of this world. My attendant, however, led me down stairs, and then along a passage, until, opening a door, I found myself in a new creation, called "La Salle des Grands Rideaux," composed of four long rooms, or galleries, radiating at right angles from one central point, at which, as soon as I reached it, I found a nice-looking altar, with pots of real flowers before it. For some minutes I stood at this point, admiring the perspective of the four great roads, full of clean beds, which diverged from me towards the east, west, north, and south. The picture was, indeed, most interesting; but as I found it quite impossible to count or even to guess at the number of beds in any one of the four galleries, I inquired of my attendant how many there were?

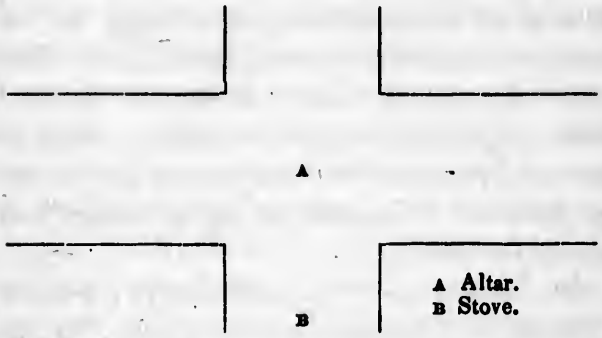
"Ma sœur Anne!" he said gently to a Sister of Charity who happened to be passing at the moment, "ce monsieur voudrait bien compter combien il y a de lits en tout?"[1]

[1] Sister Anne! the gentleman wishes to know how many beds there are in all.

The good sister, addressing me with great kindness, said she would most readily give me whatever information I desired.

Pointing to the names of each of the rooms, which I had not before observed were written on the walls of each, exactly in the position and in the manner in which the streets of Paris are designated, she informed me that the number of beds in each of the four halls was as follows :—

In Ste. Julie	. . . .	26 beds.
Ste. Ludevine	. . . .	22 „
Ste. Thérèse	. . . .	22 „
Ste. Catherine	. . . .	22 „
Total	. . . .	92



I may here observe that every chamber and dining room in the establishment is called after some saint, whose name is inscribed over the entrance-door.

In each of these four halls a number of old women were strolling about; several hobbling together arm in arm. On one of the beds I observed as I passed it a counterpane of beautiful patchwork. At the head of many was affixed, about a yard over the pillow, a statue of our Saviour on the cross. In others, at about the same place, were little altars, fitted up with great taste.

On proceeding to the first floor of another compartment of the building, I was conducted into the "grand infirmary," composed of four long halls, at right angles, exactly like those just described, excepting that they were occupied by the most infirm of the old women.

"Ma sœur Thérèse!" exclaimed my attendant, of his own accord, "combien y a-t-il de lits dans les quatre appartements?"[1] The sister carefully counted all her fingers—put one of them to her lips—then, turning her head a little aside, reflected—then looked up one ward—then up another—then reflected again—at last she kindly told me there were in all 131.

In this ward I saw a great number of the "Sœurs de la Charité," benevolently employed in nursing, waiting-upon, and watching over poor fellow-creatures, to whose expiring wants

[1] Sister Therese! how many beds are there in these four apartments?

they were so devotedly attentive, that I passed almost all without their being even aware of the presence of a stranger in the room. On several pillows I beheld faces sometimes pale as death, sometimes fearfully flushed as if the spark of life was making one last convulsive effort to shine before it became extinct for ever! In one bed I heard a poor creature breathing very hard; immediately over her head was the face of a sœur of whom I could see nothing but her black bent back.

I had now as I thought finished my mournful job, and I would willingly have ruminated for a few moments on what I had beheld, but my relentless conductor led me to the ground floor, into another set of four long halls, of the same shape and dimensions. Instead, however, of forming open roads, each hall, leaving a narrow passage in common, was parcelled off into little compartments, giving to each of ninety-two old women a tiny room, in which she could end her days with the inestimable enjoyment of a dulce domum. Accordingly, peeping out of one of these rooms, I beheld, with great satisfaction, glaring at me, the yellow, oblong eyes of a tabby cat, the only one I had seen in the establishment.

"We have now finished?" said I to my conductor.

"No," he replied, with great unkindness; "there exists in the story above us another set of four halls, divided into rooms similar to those before us."

"Bless me!!" said I to myself, "all the incurable old women in creation must surely be here!" However, I did not like to give up, so, resolutely sighing out the word "Allons!" I followed him up stairs, where I found exactly what he had described, and nothing more.

In descending into the great court,—the excessive freshness and freedom of which I perceived I had before completely neglected to appreciate,—after passing the church, we entered a lofty sacristy, lighted by seven windows, full of altar ornaments packed in milliners' long pasteboard boxes. From them we went into the kitchen, as usual composed of one hot plate, containing six boilers, surrounded on all sides with shining, healthy-faced copper saucepans. From them we proceeded to some shady walks in two gardens, to which it was evident very little attention had been paid, but the inmates were no doubt too old to enjoy them.

My conductor, who, like an evil companion, kept on leading me I knew not where, now brought me to a door on which was inscribed

"Lingerie Générale,"[1] composed of six long chambers running into each other, full of shelves up to the ceiling, filled with strata of coarse linen, which looked and smelt beautifully clean and fresh. The waxed floor was not only as slippery as ice, but as clean as the sheets, pillow-cases, and towels ranged above it; indeed, I quite fell in love with the nice toothless old sœur who had charge of the establishment, and whom I perceived gliding or rather skating along the floor, on two pieces of quilted green baize, cut rather bigger than her shoes. On her kindly proposing to show me the contents of her shelves, seeing there was on the floor a spare pair of these baizes, I stepped upon them.

"Oh! ne vous donnez pas la peine, Monsieur!"[2] I answered I would not dirty her floor for the whole world. So we glided and slided together, thinking of and talking about nothing but linen, until we came to the sixth room, at the end of which I saw, sitting remarkably still on a very low chair, a little Sister of Charity that appeared to be scarcely three feet high. On walking up to her, I found her to be a doll. Her cap and white stomacher, most beautifully worked, formed a striking contrast with her coarse

[1] Linen Department.

[2] Oh! do not give yourself the trouble, Sir.

black gown, and with three black crosses suspended from her neck. In her right hand was a prayer-book, and on her lap a little empty green boat. Pointing to it—for I did not know how to call it — I asked the good sœur what it was for. To my great satisfaction she answered, "Pour les pauvres!"[1]

She then led me into a small room called "le Pliage," in which I found, busily occupied in arranging and folding clean linen, three workwomen in ordinary clothes and frilled caps, and two Sisters of Charity, one of whom, a tall, slight, elegant-looking, very young person, appeared to me to be transcendently beautiful. My eyes, however, through life have so repeatedly deceived me; I have so often on quitting desert regions fancied every gnarled tree and patch of stunted pasture I beheld to be "transcendently beautiful;" that, having for nearly two hours gazed very attentively upon nothing but incurable old women of every possible description, I think it more than possible my erring vision, on suddenly beholding a young woman, altogether over-estimated the intrinsic value of her appearance; and accordingly that her "transcendent beauty" might correctly be denominated mere fancy.

[1] For the poor!

" Tutto il bello che voi avete
È un' idéa che in noi si fa!"

My conductor, with a significant bow which seemed in some way or other to be indescribably connected, although very distantly, with my pocket and his own, now informed me "I had seen all." There immediately flashed across my memory the following lines :—

" As I was going to St. Ives,
I met seven wives;
Each wife had seven sacks;
Each sack had seven cats;
Each cat had seven kits.
Kits, cats, sacks, and wives—
How many were there going to St. Ives?"

"How many incurable old women have I seen?" said I to him.

"He could not," he replied, "tell me exactly, but I could easily inform myself at the bureau;" so, after settling accounts with my friend, whose hand had scarcely left mine when he vanished I hardly know where, I walked into the office, where I was very obligingly informed that the number of aged inmates in the various buildings I had visited was 595; that on an average about 60 die off per annum; that there are, as assistants in the establishment, 36 Sœurs de la Charité and 18 "garçons." Of the former I feel it

impossible to speak too highly. During my short residence in Paris, into whatever abode of poverty and misery I entered, whether for helpless infancy, for those suffering under sickness, or from imbecile old age, there I found them intently occupied in doing good to their fellow-creatures. To say that all cannot be perfect is but to repeat the threadbare axiom of human nature. I deem it, however, only just to these good people to say that, in reply to several inquiries I made respecting them, of persons who I well know would willingly have scoffed at the high principles which guided the earthly career of these Sisters of Charity, I was invariably informed that the breath of slander, even in Paris, has not ventured to impeach the purity of their conduct. If this be true they are indeed objects of admiration and respect.

As my watch told me I should just have time enough to visit the Artesian well nearly a mile off, I was walking towards it about as fast as I could, when I suddenly stopped for a few seconds at the corner of la Rue Mayet, spell-bound by a picture, superscribed by the name of "M^me^. Perez," and subscribed by the appellation, "Sage Femme."[1]

On attentively studying this painting, it ap-

[1] Midwife.

peared to be as follows:—On rather a handsome chair was seated a lady dressed in a cap, with flowers for each cheek, and in a blue gown, the body of which being half thrown aside disclosed the lady's bare neck and arms, from one of which, in a most beautiful arch, there was, into a quart basin beneath, flowing a stream of blood, from which a maid on her knees, in order to hold the basin, was averting her eyes and face. During the whole of this operation the arm of the lady in the cap and flowers and blue gown was firmly grasped by "Mme. Perez," the "Sage Femme," a tall and exceedingly fashionable-looking young lady, dressed in a black gown, without any cap, and with long curls. The "wisdom" of the woman, the resignation of the lady, and the modesty of the maid, mixed all up together, formed as interesting a subject as poet could imagine, or as artist could desire to execute.

THE ARTESIAN WELL.

In driving through the gay, beautiful streets, squares, and boulevards of Paris, a stranger has every reason to believe that the capital he is admiring is singularly endowed from the laboratory of Nature not only with the purest description of air, but with a superabundant supply of water, which from upwards of a hundred different fountains is to be seen, like fireworks of various names, furiously rushing, rising, streaming upwards, breaking, and then, in myriads of small particles, slowly descending in prismatic radiance to the earth from whence they sprang. Nevertheless, notwithstanding this magnificent outward demonstration, Paris is very poorly supplied with water; indeed, while the fountains of the city are gambolling, dancing, and revelling in the way I have described, lean horses and jaded donkeys, with drooping heads, are drawing carts full of this simple necessary of life, amounting in cost to four million francs per annum. A considerable number of houses, from top to bottom,

are supplied with water from large barrels on wheels, which no sooner arrive at their doors than the donkey-driver, going to the rear, is seen to pull out a plug, from which there instantly flows into a bright tin pail, which but a moment before he had placed at a considerable distance off, a stream of water that looks exactly like a very long semi-parabola of glass. As soon as one pail is full, with scarcely the loss of a drop it is replaced by another, and when that is filled and the plug stopped, both, suspended, fore and aft, across one shoulder on a short stick, are carried across the foot pavement, and up stairs to their destination, often the highest story of the house. With this uncomfortable fact sticking fast in the gizzard of my mind, I own I never passed a fountain in Paris without comparing it to the immense ring which in certain countries so often glitters on a very dirty forefinger, or to the flashy waistcoat and gaudy stock which are in every region occasionally to be seen blooming together over a rumpled shirt.

> "Verily,
> I swear 'tis better to be lowly born,
> And range with humble livers in content,
> Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief,
> And wear a golden sorrow."

As the rocky strata on which Paris stands are to a great depth barren of springs, immense sums

have at different periods been expended in bringing water to the city.

In 1613 Louis XIII. laid the first stone of a magnificent aqueduct, 18,200 yards long, from Arcueil to the Château d'Eau, near the Observatoire, and which crosses the valley of Arcueil upon 25 arches, 72 feet high; this aqueduct was repaired in 1777, since which period the municipal authorities of Paris, at a considerable cost, have enabled it to supply the city with 36,000 hogsheads per day.

From the Canal de l'Ourcq, 24 leagues in length, and which cost 25,000,000 francs, about 260,820 cubic mètres of water per day are consumed for the purposes of the navigation, for the lockage of the two canals St. Denis and St. Martin, and for the supply of the public fountains, markets, and houses of the capital. In 1809 an immense reservoir, 740 yards long by 77 broad, called the "Bassin de la Villette," was constructed outside the Barrière de Pantin to receive the water from the northern extremity of the Canal de l'Ourcq. From this reservoir there is an aqueduct 10,300 yards in length, called l'Aqueduc de Ceinture, which, bounding Paris on the north, supplies by five branches—1. The Château d'Eau, Boulevart St. Martin, la Place des Vosges, le Marché des

Innocents; 2. The Fauxbourgs Montmartre and Poissonnière, with the Palais National; 3. The Chaussée d'Antin, the Quartier des Capucines, and the Marché St. Honoré; 4. The Champs Elysées, the Tuileries, the Invalides, and the Ecole Militaire; 5. The splendid fountains in the Place de la Concorde.

From the suburb of Belleville, built on a hill abounding in springs, there is conducted into two large reservoirs (one of which, situated at the Barrière de Menilmontant, receives 432 hogsheads per day) a considerable supply of water. From the heights of Romainville, Bruyères, and also from Menilmontant, flow per day into a reservoir about 648 hogsheads of water. From the Seine pipes are also laid across the plain of St. Denis for the supply of Batignolles and Montmartre. At the corner of the Rue St. Paul, in a building a portion of which was formerly a royal residence, is an establishment belonging to a company for distributing the water of the Seine, raised by a steam-engine, and filtered through charcoal. There are in Paris, at Montmartre, Belleville, and Passy, eight great reservoirs; besides which the city has lately voted a million of francs for the construction of a very large one near Buc, capable of containing 1,000,000 cubic mètres of water.

Of the water which flows into the large reservoirs enumerated, a considerable portion has, under Providence, been summoned by science to arise from a dark subterranean depth, exceeding, by 100 feet, five times the height of the cross on the summit of St. Paul's church in London!

Although I was aware that there exists in the locality in which this feat has been performed but little to behold, I felt, on arriving at the gate of Grenelle, that sort of satisfaction which every pilgrim enjoys in reaching the shrine he has long desired to worship. On ringing the bell, the gate was quickly opened by a very young lady in curls; and on my stating I had come—I was so tired that I must have looked as if I had walked from Jerusalem—to see the Artesian well, she replied, with evident satisfaction, that she would be happy to show it to me, and accordingly, without putting on her bonnet, or granting me the smallest opening to remonstrate, she conducted me, tripping by my side, to the foot of a weather-beaten scaffolding, 112 feet high, containing a rude ladder-staircase, and encircling three iron pipes. My first object was to get myself quietly divorced; and as soon as this important measure—which, after all, only cost me a few civil words, two or three bows, and tenpence—was consummated, I enjoyed for some

moments reflections which, like the water passing up the central tube before me, arose from beneath the ground on which I stood.

On the first day of the year 1834, M. Mulot, after having entered into the contract which eventually immortalised his name, commenced the work that had been intrusted to him, of endeavouring to tap the subterranean supply of water which it had been calculated must exist about 1200 feet beneath the dry, deep, rocky strata upon which the gay city of Paris has been constructed.

During the operation of piercing through successive beds of flint and chalk, the borer several times broke, and the fragment, by dropping to the bottom of the excavation,—deserting as it were to the enemy,—suddenly became the most serious opponent of the power in whose service it had been enlisted. Indeed, on the occasion of one of these accidents, it required, at a depth of no less than 1335 feet, fourteen months' incessant labour to recover it!

After working for rather more than seven years without any apparent encouragement, on or about the 20th February there was drawn up a small amount of greenish-coloured sand, indicating that the borer was approaching water. At two o'clock on the 26th of February, 1841,

there arose through the tube a tiny thread of the element which had been the object of such ardent and long-protracted hopes; and the welcome omen of success had scarcely diffused joy and gladness among those who witnessed it, when, as if the trumpet of victory had been sounded, there arose from a depth of 1800 feet a column of warm water of 83¾° of Fahrenheit, which, bursting through the machinery that had called it into existence, rushed upwards with a fury it appeared to be almost incapable to control.

The height to which through an iron pipe it rises above the earth is, as has been stated, 112 feet; and thus not only is Paris gifted with an everlasting supply of water amounting, at the surface, to 660 gallons per minute, and at the summit of the pipe to 316, but the latter quantity, in virtue of its elevation, and in obedience to the laws of hydrostatics, which it is sworn to obey, can be made to ascend to the various floors, including the uppermost, on which, one above another, the inhabitants of Paris reside.

The concealed tube or passage, through which, by the magic influence of science, this valuable supply of water is now constantly arising from the deep, dark caverns in which it has been collected, into the lightsome painted chambers of the most beautiful metropolis on the surface of the

globe, has been lined throughout with galvanised iron. Its diameter is, at the bottom, about 7 inches, and at the top 21 inches.

The water, when I tasted it, was not only warm, but strongly impregnated with iron. As a dog grows savage in proportion to the length of time it has been chained to a barrel, so does the temperature of imprisoned water increase with its subterranean depth; and accordingly it has been calculated by M. Arago and by M. Walferdin that the heat of the water of an Artesian well which, previous to the revolution of 1848, it had been proposed to bore in the Jardin des Plantes to a depth of 3000 feet (nearly nine times the height of the cross on the top of St. Paul's), would amount to about 100° of Fahrenheit, sufficient not only to cheer the tropical birds and monkeys, the hothouses and greenhouses of the establishment, but to give warm baths to the inhabitants of Paris.

As the Artesian well of Grenelle is within the precincts of the abattoir or slaughter-house for cattle of that name, I felt desirous to look over it, particularly as the hour (it was past six o'clock) was one at which it is rarely visited by strangers.

Without repeating details which, I am aware, are not very acceptable to most people, I will

briefly state, for the information of the few who take an interest in the subject, that, although the establishment is not as showy as the abattoirs of Montmartre and of Popincourt, it is essentially the same.

On entering the several bouveries, in which there was plenty of straw, with an abundance of cool fresh air, I found the bullocks that next day were to be slaughtered tranquilly, nay, happily, occupied in eating up plenty of good hay. The sheep, most of whom were also lying down with their knees tucked under them, appeared perfectly quiet and undisturbed; and although certainly a few odd strange sounds occasionally assailed their ears, they munched, looked at me only one moment, and then, with their lower jaws moving sideways—thoughtless of to-morrow as those for whom they were to be slaughtered—they went munching on.

HÔTEL DES MONNAIES.

In ancient times the Royal Mint of France existed somewhere in the Royal Palace of the "Ile de la Cité;" it was next domiciled in a part of the metropolis which still bears the name of "Rue de la Monnaie;" and was finally established on the site of the Hôtel de Conti in its present structure, the foundation stone of which was laid on the 30th of April, 1768, by the Abbé Terray, comptroller-general of the finances, under whose direction it was completed in 1775.

This vast building, including no less than eight courts, is situated on the Quai Conti, between the Pont Neuf and the Pont des Arts, and consequently nearly opposite to the museum of the Louvre. Its principal façade, which looks upon the Seine, is composed of three stories, 360 feet in length and 78 feet in height, containing 27 windows in each. In the centre is a projecting mass of five arcades on the ground floor, forming a basement for six columns of the

Ionic order, supporting an entablature and an altar, ornamented with festoons and six statues.

The front facing the Rue Guénégaud is 348 feet in length. Two pavilions rise at its extremities, and a third in the centre, surmounted by a square cupola. On the altar are to be seen four statues, representing a "happy family," namely, fire, air, earth, and water.

The establishment of the Hôtel des Monnaies is composed—1st, of the laboratory, workshops, and machinery of the mint, for permission to see which it is only necessary for a foreigner to address a letter by post to the "Président de la Commission des Monnaies;" and 2ndly, of a museum of coins, &c., open to the inhabitants of France, and to strangers, on Tuesdays and Fridays, from twelve to three, besides which, on their merely producing their passports, the museum most liberally again opens its doors to foreigners on Mondays and Thursdays during the same hours.

On arriving at the Hôtel at a few minutes before noon, with my passport, I found assembled there about half a dozen other persons, each of whom I observed had dangling in his hand a printed authority, and accordingly, as soon as twelve strokes of the clock announced to us all that our brother traveller the sun had

finished one half of his daily work before we had begun ours, and, indeed, before many people in Paris had had their breakfast, the door of the museum was opened, and in we all walked.

In a suite of rooms, the principal one of which is called the Musée Monétaire, I found admirably arranged a most interesting series of copper, silver, and gold coins, detailing chronologically the principal events of the world in general, and of France in particular. There were, also, most valuable specimens of the coins of different countries which had been current in various ages, but at which the stranger now gazes with astonishment. For instance, there was Mexican money, composed simply of square lumps of gold, their value being that of the weight stamped upon them; Turkish money, of almost pure gold; specimens of rude money of the United States of America; of some money roughly stamped by Napoleon during the siege of Cattaro, &c. &c.

These moneys and historical coins were beautifully arranged in glass cases, lying on a series of low narrow tables in each room; and as every apartment was brimful of light, the study, to any one competent to appreciate it, must be highly gratifying: for instance, in brown copper history I observed a series of the most remark-

able events, chronologically arranged in cases as follows:—

1. From Charlemagne to Francis I.
2. Reigns of Henry II. and Charles IX.
3. To Henry III. and Henry IV.
4. To Louis XIII.
5. Ditto.
6. Supplement to ditto.
7. To Louis XIV.
8. Suite to ditto.
9, 10, 11, 12. Ditto.
13. Louis XV.
14. Ditto.
15. Louis XVI.
16. Louis XVI. and Republic.
17. Republic.
18. Louis XVIII.
19. Charles X.
20. Particular Medals of Louis XVIII. and Charles X.
21. Do. of Louis Philippe I.
22. Do. (The largest in this lot is one of Louis Philippe I., Roi des Français.)
23. Particular Medals of Louis Philippe.
24. Ditto.
25. Ditto, down to case 34.

In glancing over these historical medals, as well as those in the succeeding rooms, there were some which for a few moments particularly attracted my attention; for instance, in Table No. 17, which concludes the history of the French Republic, the details of which, even when represented to me in cold copper, I found it difficult to recal to mind without one or two involuntary shudders, I observed on the last medal of the lot inscribed, of all words in the dictionary of this world,—

"INNOCENCE
RECONNUE."[1]

Again, on the largest medal of the twelve tables full, commemorative of the history of that poor exiled monarch who died last year at Claremont, there had been inscribed by him those fatal words, which he had vainly hoped would have raised him to distinction,—

"LOUIS PHILIPPE I., ROI DES FRANÇAIS."[2]

And yet, after having tried seventeen cabinets, and after having escaped from nine deliberate attempts upon his life, with only five francs in his pocket he fled from the Palace of the Tuileries; muffled up, disguised with spectacles, and, under the assumed name of M. Lebrun, he hurried through France; and with an English passport, and under the appellation of "Mr. William Smith," he, queen, children, and grandchildren, finally fled from "the French *People*" to seek protection from the Sovereign of "GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND."

As, gazing at his features embossed on the large round medal, I recalled to mind his miserable career, I could not help saying to myself, "Oh, Louis Philippe, when every male inha-

[1] Innocence acknowledged.

[2] Louis Philippe I., King of the French.

bitant of France was nobly priding himself upon being a Frenchman, how could *you*, as a king, surrender your royal title to a country which, after you had disowned it, as if in retributive scorn, disowned and for ever discarded you!"

In another room, full of medals commemorative of "the Emperor," who, with all his faults, was twice over

> "Deserted at his utmost need
> By those his former bounty fed,"

there is inscribed on the concluding one of the series,—

"A LA FIDÉLITÉ."[1]

On one medal I remarked, beautifully embossed, a portion of the terrestrial globe, above which hung two wreaths of laurel and the word "FRANCE." To the westward appeared the sun shining upon the world, with the sarcastic inscription—

"BONHEUR AU CONTINENT."[2]

In another room, "Galerie métallique des grands hommes Français,"[3] was inscribed over a table, on and close to which were two large series of beautiful medals illustrative of the campaigns and reign of Napoleon.

[1] To Fidelity.

[2] Happiness for the Continent.

[3] Metallic Gallery of the great men of France.

An adjoining table contained medals entitled "Suite des Campagnes et du Règne de l'Empereur."[1] Above it on the left stood, most admirably executed, a colossal figure in white marble of Napoleon, a strong likeness, but, as a matter of course, purposely flattered. Beneath, on a plain bronze cushion, lay uncovered the celebrated brass cast taken from the very plaster of Paris which in a liquid state had been poured over the pale features of Napoleon immediately after his death; and as there was at all events no flattery in *this* representation, I gazed upon it for some time with intense interest, for it may truly be said every portion of the countenance of this extraordinary man was of itself unusual. The features were so remarkably regular, that the nose, neither leaning a hair's breadth to the right or to the left, appeared with mathematical precision to bisect the face. The upper lip, although it had evidently become slightly swelled after death, was unusually short, the cheek-bones very high; the breadth behind the temples was also astonishing; in short, although the forehead was not nearly so much developed as in the bust above it, and although a slight cast of anguish appeared to flit over the whole countenance, I could not

[1] Conclusion of the campaigns and reign of the Emperor.

help feeling how much more striking and handsome was the real image of his death than the much-admired marble representation of the living man.

On leaving this beautiful museum of coins I proceeded to that department of the Hôtel des Monnaies which contains the laboratory, workshops, and machinery of the Mint.

On entering a large rectangular room, the ceiling or rather roof of which is composed principally of glass windows, through which was streaming a profusion of light, I saw steadily labouring before me, without the smallest apparent desire either to hurry or rest, two large sturdy steam-machines, of 32-horse power. At every pulsation each of these mountains in labour produced, I observed, an exceedingly little mouse, or, to speak without metaphor, at each stroke they punched out what only appeared to be a small copper button.

Near the engine I perceived, strewed on the ground, a quantity of thin, white, metallic bars, about two feet long; and lying about in various directions were baskets full of very large, round, white, dull, stupid-looking ploughmen's buttons, which, in fact, were five-franc pieces. The bars were of silver of the exact thickness of a five-franc piece, rather more than twice its

breadth, and rather more than twelve times its length. From each bar, therefore, were formed twenty-four pieces of a total current value of 120 francs.

As fast as these large basketfuls of white buttons were punched into life they were carried off to an adjoining table, to be—like jockeys starting for the Derby—weighed. Those that caused the scale in which they were tossed to preponderate were again chucked into a basket, while every one that proved to be too light was sent back to the foundry to undergo the uncomfortable operations of being re-melted, re-cast into bars, re-rolled to the proper thickness, re-punched by one of the steam-engines,—in short, by main predestined force, utterly impossible to resist, to be born again as a button.

As I proceeded through the great hall I came to a table covered with a heap of those large silver buttons which had caused the weighing scale to preponderate. The workmen to whom they had been handed over, taking them up one by one, scrubbed each, rubbed each, or filed each,—in fact, teazed it in all sorts of ways until it became exactly of the proper weight, when off it and its comrades were despatched to be coined.

While I was witnessing this operation, which

reminded me a good deal of the way in which all our great statesmen, divines, lawyers, generals, and admirals, were dealt with, when boys at school, there passed me in a wheelbarrow a quantity of what appeared to be brass busks for ladies' stays, —thin plates of gold, going to be punched.

On reaching that part of the building in which the operation of coining is performed, I came first of all to a machine the strong arm of which was slowly, without intermission, ascending and descending. Beside it stood an attendant whose sole and simple duty was every now and then to feed or drop into a small upright pipe a handful of very small copper buttons, which, just as the head of a man that is guillotined falls neatly into the canvas bag placed on purpose to receive it, kept dropping out through a spout into a little sack, into which they arrived coined on both sides, also beautifully milled round the edges. The rate at which they fell I counted to be one per second. There were in the room before me thirteen of these machines. The largest and stoutest, which stood eight feet high, were for coining five-franc pieces; the rest, only five feet, were for smaller gold and copper money.

At the time I visited the Mint it had refrained for about a fortnight to coin silver, in consequence of the National Assembly not having

decided as to the new coinage; they had, however, been stamping about a million of francs in gold per day, and a trifling quantity of small copper money, the form and impression on which are to be altered as soon as the Assembly can devise the means of overcoming the inconvenience that would arise from the necessity of calling in all the old copper of the monarchy. In fact, like the population of France, a republic of bags of buttons, gold, silver, and copper, are quietly waiting to know, if possible, which way the political cat of their destiny next intends to jump.

The Hôtel des Monnaies, which has the exclusive privilege of coining medals, gained by the monopoly, in 1848, the sum of 25,637 francs.

In that year it coined—

Gold medals	563
Silver	76,029
Platina	2
Copper or bronze	17,118
	93,712

Besides the above the Mint has coined—

Medals of Saints	212,000

At the hôtel are also performed the various operations for assaying articles of jewellery, of gold and silver, which, until duly stamped, are not allowed to be offered for sale.

On quitting the Hôtel des Monnaies I found my mind so uncomfortably full of a confused mass of rumbling, indigestible, windy recollections of all I had witnessed; of gold busks; silver bars; of conjuring machines, which stood swallowing buttons, and handing out bullion; of long histories in copper, of battles, conquests, revolutions; of military government, civil government, glory, and all of a sudden no government at all; in short, of a series of chronological events,—

> "Never ending, still beginning,
> Fighting still, and still destroying,"—

that, to change the subject, turning to my right, I stood with my face to a dead wall, to look at a quantity of cheap prints and pictures hanging on strings upon it; and as among them was one the subject of which I had often before observed, and had wished to obtain, I managed, without rudely pushing any of my fellow gapers, to get before it. As soon, however, as I began to copy what I wanted, so many eyes were fixed upon me, that, shutting up my little book, I went away. In a few minutes the crowd I had left, having been satiated, were replaced by another set of idlers; accordingly, as a stranger to them all, I walked up to the old man that owned the pictures, and who, like a spider watching his

net, was sitting concealed in a little wooden shanty just big enough to hold his chair, and, describing to him the one I wished to look at, I gave him half a franc for permission to turn him out of his habitation, and to occupy his chair; in short, for a few moments to reign in his stead. The proprietor was quite delighted with the reckless liberality of my proposal; and accordingly I had scarcely been seated a minute when I saw him at the door with the print in question, entitled as follows:—

"TABLEAU DES PRINCIPAUX
GRANDS HOMMES

Qui se sont illustrés dans toutes
Les Parties du Monde

PAR LEURS BELLES ACTIONS, LEUR
GÉNIE, OU LEUR COURAGE."[1]

Beneath this heading was of course a large picture of the Temple of Fame, upon the pediment of which there appeared inscribed—

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[1] TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL
GREAT MEN

Who have made themselves illustrious in all
Parts of the World

BY THEIR GREAT ACTIONS, THEIR
GENIUS, OR THEIR COURAGE.

On both sides of this Temple was an alleged portrait or likeness, with a short history, of each of the following list, which had tickled my fancy, not so much for the names it contained, as for those it *omitted*:—

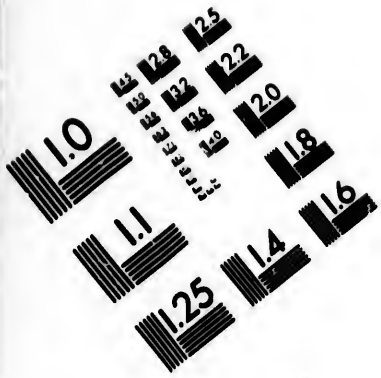
Moses.
Solomon.
Romulus.
Confucius.
Thémistocle.
Léonidas.
Cyrus.
Péricles.
Socrate.
Alexandre.
Annibal.
Constantin le Grand
Bélisaire.
Kosrou le Grand.
Mahomet.
Omar 1er.
Arame.
Charlemagne.
Haroun.
Guillaume le Conquérant.
Saladin.
Richard Cœur de Lion.
Genkiskan.
Louis IX.
Guillaume Tell.
Edward III.
Duguesclin.
Tamerlan.
Charles le Téméraire.
Christophe Colomb.
Gonsalve de Cordoue.
Ferdinand V.
Gama.
Léon X.
Bayard.
Gustave Wasa.
François I.
Jules II.
Charles Quint.
Sixte V.
Henry II.
Cromwell.
Turenne.
Condé.
Louis XIV.
Pierre le Grand.
Charles XII.
Cook.
Washington.
Napoleon Buonaparte.

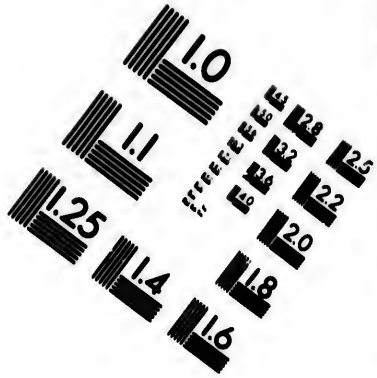
[1] To illustrious men.

WASHING BOATS.

On the south wall of the line of "Quais" that overlook the Seine are neatly arranged for sale a great quantity of secondhand books, ticketed in batches, from two sous a volume to a franc, a franc and a half, two francs, and occasionally more. I had bought and sent to my lodging a few of them, and was sauntering along the banks of the Seine on the Quai de la Mégisserie, when I observed beneath me in the river, hauled alongside of the wharf and of each other, several barges laden with charcoal; and as in each of these boats was a gang of men whose profession it is to unload them, I walked down to look at them. Their faces, clothes, and hands, were of course all professionally begrimed with black. On their heads were immense broad-brimmed wideawake hats, several of which, to my astonishment, were ornamented with a long ostrich feather, full of the black dust of charcoal.

"Are there many of you that wear feathers like that?" said I to one of them.





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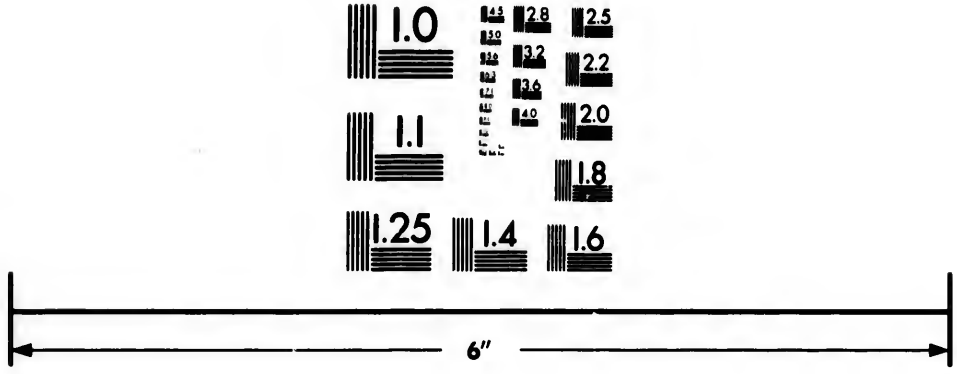

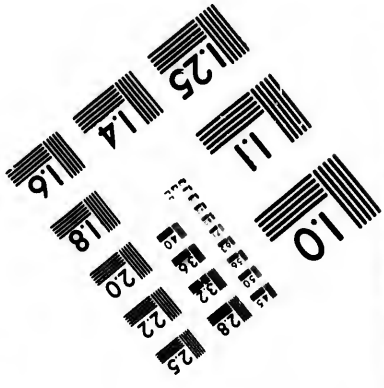

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"Mais oui, Monsieur!"[1] replied the republican, quietly spitting into the water.

"What would our London coalwhippers say to such a fine hat?" I muttered to myself as I walked away.

Along the banks of the river, moored close to the quay, were several long, covered boats, full of women washing clothes. On stepping into one, the chef, a short intelligent-looking man of about forty, walking up to me, inquired very civilly what I wanted? and as soon as I told him, with the greatest kindness and politeness he said he would have much pleasure in showing me everything.

On each side or gunwale, 104 yards long and about two feet above the water, was a table fifteen inches broad, before which, under cover of a flat zinc roof, containing in the centre a series of glass frames, I found, every one separated from her neighbour by a small compartment, 320 women, in the act, *flagrante delicto*, of belabouring, beating, and scrubbing to death clothes of all descriptions. Each pays eight sous (fourpence) a-day for permission to wash with cold water only from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night; her implements of torture, such as brushes for scrubbing, and flat boards like

[1] Oh yes!

battledores for beating, she finds for herself. For permission to boil her clothes (if she wishes to do so) the cost is two sous a bundle. The charge for washing for a single hour is one sou and a half.

The 320 women were all dressed in clean caps. Besides the narrow tables on the gunwales, was a parallel and broader one within the boat, on which they completed their work; and accordingly, they were to be seen, first, with their faces towards the city, dipping their linen into the Seine, rapidly running beside them, and then lustily beating it on the narrow board; and afterwards with their backs to the metropolis, smoothing and laying out their clothes on the opposite boards of their cell, within each of which was just room enough for an industrious, lusty woman to turn herself round. In that portion of the Seine which flows through Paris there are no less than twenty of these boats, large and small, in which the linen of the poor and some of that of the wealthier classes is pummelled till it is clean.

As the chef was conducting me to a portion of the boat in which was a little steam-boiler for heating water, one of the 320 women suddenly stopped in the act of belabouring an aged shirt, and, with it in one hand, and with her wooden

battledore uplifted in the other, she made to me a very short, shrewd remark, indirectly expressive of thirst. "C'est une malhonnêteté," said the chef to her, with a very angry countenance, "de vous adresser comme ça à un étranger!"[1]

The woman, with great humility and volubility, assured him she did not mean the slightest harm. He told her she ought to be ashamed of herself, that it was not her first offence, that she was much too fond of talking, that she talked to everybody. "Si le bon Dieu viendrait abord," said he to her, shaking his hand close to her face, "vous lui parleriez!"[2]

The chef, kindly accompanying me to the gunwale of his boat, now took off his hat and gave me his "adieu;" and as it was raining and hailing hard, I ran across the street into a little wine-shop, the counter of which was covered with very small tumblers. Close beside me stood a gentleman who, to save his new hat from the rain, had economically put over it a white pocket-handkerchief, the ends of which were amusingly contrasted with the black beard under which they were tied. During the few minutes I was in this cabaret, men in blouses and

[1] It is very uncivil of you to speak to a stranger like that!

[2] If the Almighty were to come on board, you would speak to Him!

women in white caps and occasionally in gold earrings kept dropping in to drink a glass, and sometimes two, of bright red wine (worth about fifteen sous a bottle, containing eight glasses), for each of which they paid two sous; and as soon as the amount purchased was tossed off, the customer, sometimes wiping and sometimes licking his or her healthy lips, walked out of the door, which, even during the storm, was always wide open.

What a difference between this simple refreshment and the horrid interior of our fine London gin-palaces, in which, in an atmosphere stinking of gin, young girls, old women, "ladies" with parasols and silk bags; men of all ages, from shabby-genteel attire down to jackets out at elbows, and with a bit of shirt inquisitively poking out of trousers behind, are to be seen entering through a swinging door, constructed on purpose to conceal them, to drink, at a zinc table slopped by the unsteady hands ranged in front of it, a liquid, the first effects of which may be seen in the ghastly countenances and collapsed attitudes of a row of drunkards seated on a bench opposite to the counter, in order to recover their senses sufficiently to enable them to walk "*home.*"

The poisonous consequences of a system which, by enfeebling the stomach, enervating the mind,

debilitating the frame, and eventually ruining the happiness, character, and prospects of hundreds of thousands of people, may roughly be estimated by the dreadful fact (*vide* our Parliamentary returns) that there is annually consumed by the lower classes of Great Britain and Ireland, in beer, spirits, and tobacco, the enormous sum of fifty-seven millions sterling, and in spirits alone thirty millions!

On leaving the cabaret I had occasion to call at a shop, on the counter of which were lying a number of extremely dear but very good British tooth-brushes. The owner, a Scotchman, told me he sold a great number of that price and quality; "and yet," said he, with a slight smile, "one house in Paris sent to England last year a thousand dozen of cheap bad ones!"

THE PLACE DE GRÈVE.

AMONG the various colours and the innumerable lights and shadows composing those pictures which the painter is in the habit of exhibiting to the eye, and the moralist to the mind, of man, there exists no contrast more striking than that which distinguishes the present and past tenses of the history of Paris. In the metropolis of France the surface of society is so smooth and unruffled, there exists everywhere such highly polished politeness, such gaiety of heart, such hospitality to strangers, so many amusements, and such a variety of apparently innocent amusements, that I often felt it almost impossible to believe that the place on which I stood basking in the sunshine I have described had been the scene of, and the people around me the actors in, a series of tragedies exhibiting the most furious passions and the most fearful results. The Place de Grève is, in the history of Paris, one of the most revolting localities the stranger could be induced to visit. For many centuries it was the

spot on which criminals were executed; and besides having been thus appropriated to scenes of horror, its pavement has been stained with the blood of the victims of almost every revolution that has occurred. On the 17th of March, 1848, it was the scene of a frightful mutiny in favour of the Provisional Government; and on the 16th of the following month an attempt to overturn that Government was foiled here by the steady attitude of the National Guard.

I was desirous to visit the apartments in the Hôtel de Ville, and having, in reply to a written application in the form recommended by Galignani, obtained from the Prefect of the Seine the usual authority granted to strangers to do so, I got with it into an omnibus, in which I proceeded until the conducteur—who remembers everybody's wishes—after pulling his string to apprise the coachman, told me, as soon as the vehicle had quite stopped, that I had reached the point of my destination; and accordingly, on descending I saw immediately before me the magnificent façade of the Hôtel de Ville, which formed one entire side of a large long paved space of no shape at all.

In rumbling side-foremost through Paris in an omnibus, one is so constantly disturbed by an endless variety of little tantalizing peeps at objects passing and being passed; there enter

and depart so many people whose costume and countenances urgently require a few moments' observation; there are such a variety of little jolts; and lastly, in crawling towards the door behind, one is so exceedingly anxious not to tread upon anybody's toes, sit in anybody's lap, or fall into anybody's arms, that after the vehicle had driven away I invariably found it desirable to give to the feathers of my mind a few minutes to become smooth again. Instead, therefore, of walking straight to the Hôtel de Ville, for some minutes I stood still, exactly where, as an utter stranger, I had been dropped, amusing myself in looking at the merry little world upon which I had descended. Almost close beside me was a small crowd, composed of happy people of all ages, listening to a man singing. Before him stood his wife, very attentively watching his mouth, and fiddling to it as it sang as follows:—

LE SOLDAT RÉPUBLICAIN.[1]

Air—du "Retour en France."

Avec ardeur je veux servir la France.
Oh! chers parents dont j'emporte l'amour,

---

[1] THE REPUBLICAN SOLDIER.

Air—"The Return to France."

With ardour I will serve France.
Oh! dear parents, whose love I carry with me,

Consolez-vous du temps de mon absence,
Bien fier je veux vous revenir un jour.
Alors la croix de mon noble courage
Peut-être bien brillera sur mon sein.
On me dira, revenant au village,
Honneur à toi, soldat républicain ![1]

The rest of the open space was animated by an endless variety of objects. There were the red tufts, bright cap-plates, light-grey great-coats, and loose scarlet trousers of soldiers sauntering about everywhere, excepting at their guard-room, round which a large number stood swarming together like bees. There were blouses of dark and of light blue, beards of various shapes, women's caps, of various dimensions, two dogs of different breeds; different coloured carriages, and occasionally very gaudy carts, appeared, slowly passed, and then vanished. But what most attracted my attention was the extraordinary contrast between the magnificent façade of the Hôtel de Ville and the irregular architecture and colouring of the buildings which bounded the opposite sides of the odd-shaped

[1] Console yourselves during my absence,
With pride shall I return to you some day.
Then the cross of my noble courage
Will perhaps shine brightly on my breast.
It will be said to me, on returning to my village,
Honour to thee, republican soldier!

space before me. Not only were the houses of all sorts of forms, heights, and hues, but it was evident the inhabitants had been contending with each other in painting upon the outside walls of the strata at which they respectively lived, in bright colours, their names, their trades, pictures of pots and kettles, and sometimes full-length portraits of great heroes, &c. &c. For instance, I observed announced on one floor "Baths" in light blue; a "Café" (the whole house) in bright yellow; the lower stories of the "Commerce de Vins" in light-green; an omnibus establishment, bright scarlet; above that, in different colours, "Maison Poulin," "Bureau de Garçons Mds.;" a restaurateur, four stories high; a dentist, two stories. In another direction, at a considerable distance, "Mds. de Vin," in yellow; "Remplacements Militaires," in yellow on bright blue; above that a grand tableau of a charge of cavalry with drawn sabres, the leading dragoon in the act of cutting down a man who, with uplifted arms, is piteously begging him on no account to do so. On the top of all, on a wall painted jet black—

"A l'hôtel de ville
grande
Teinturier pour Deuil:"[1]

[1] At the sign of the Hôtel de Ville—Dyer for mourning.

the whole surmounted by different-shaped chimneys, some of the pots of which were red, some yellow, some of long grey zinc, purposely bent into various angular forms.

After admiring for a few minutes the gaudy, gay, cheerful locality in which the 'bus had dropped me, I felt anxious to inform myself what it was called, but, instead of being gratified I almost shuddered when, in reply to my question, a clean, quiet, happy-looking woman at my side said to me, "Monsieur, c'est la *Place de Grève*." Never had I before witnessed what, with reference to its past history, might be more truly termed a painted sepulchre!

On entering the great portal of the Hôtel de Ville, the finest of the municipal buildings of Paris, the residence of the Préfêt, and containing the various offices of his department, I found myself almost immediately lost in a complication of magnificent staircases, landing-places, corridors enriched with gorgeous sculpture, ending in grand arterial and in very little venous passages. Not seeing any one, and not knowing how or where to proceed, I opened a door which happened to be on my right, entered, and I had only got as far in my simple history as "S'il vous plaît, Monsieur!"[1]

[1] If you please, Sir!

when the gentleman to whom I had addressed myself, apparently knowing what I wanted before I had explained it, said, very civilly, but very shortly—

"Montez au premier!"[1]

Poor man! I have no doubt that, as almost every stranger in Paris who visits the Hôtel de Ville loses his way in the intricacies I have described, he is bored to death by inquisitive Englishmen throughout every day in the year poking in their faces at his door, and saying to him, "Monsieur, s'il vous plaît!"

On ascending to the next landing-place I found an official, who, on receiving my order of admission, ushered me with a bow into an antechamber ornamented with gilt leather hangings, in imitation of the ancient furniture of Italy and Flanders, and leading into a suite of apartments infinitely more handsome than I had expected to see.

Of these magnificent rooms, the state apartments of the Prefect, the first is the "Salle d'Introduction;" its walls are of red damask, ornamented by a frieze painted by Court. From the ceiling hang handsome gilt lustres. This room contains a bronze statue of Henry IV. in his youth, and an equestrian one of the same, a

[1] Go to the story above!

copy of that on the Pont Neuf, by Lemot, also in bronze.

The walls, as also the chairs, of the second, called the "Salle de Jeu," are covered with light-blue satin; the ceiling and frieze are richly gilt and painted. In this apartment there are no tables.

The third, the "Salle de Bal," is a magnificent hall, about 90 feet long by 45 broad, 22 high, divided by pilasters into three compartments; the chairs, sofas, and ottomans in which are covered with crimson damask, with bullions of gold about nine inches long. The whole is lighted by fourteen superb lustres, also by thirty-six gilt candelabras against the wall, each holding nine candles, besides two candelabras on chimney-pieces, containing twenty-four more. In fact, my mind shuddered and my eyes almost smarted as I counted candles enough to vitiate the air, ruin the lungs, and destroy the eyesight, not only of the dancers, but of the spectators of the dance of death.

On the ceiling I observed a large allegorical painting by Pirot, representing Paris environed by the Muses and the attributes of art; in the background appeared an assembly of the most eminent men in France. The whole is surrounded by ten hexagonal compartments, con-

taining allegorical figures of Theology, Medicine, Mechanics, Agriculture, Law, Commerce, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Justice, and Geometry. In the first section of this splendid chamber the compartments of the ceiling are charged with the signs of the Zodiac, and allegorical representations of Night and Day. Those of the extreme section contain Genii holding scrolls, on which are inscribed the names of celebrated artists. The two central compartments represent Truth and Genius. Over the doors are medallions of Louis XIV. and Louis Philippe, the latter of which have been seriously damaged. The walls are beautifully painted in arabesque, and in the centre is a circular divan, in which stands a gilt pedestal of bronze supporting the figures of Agriculture, Commerce, and the Fine Arts.

All over the world dancing requires refreshment, and accordingly, after the magnificent red ball-room comes, quite naturally, the "salon de café," a beautiful room, hung with yellow silk embroidered with white. Lastly, there appears, as a "pièce de résistance" to the gorgeous feast which the eye has just enjoyed, a substantial dining-room, the walls of which are painted in imitation of oak; the uncarpeted floor being of the real wood, waxed, rubbed, and

slipperified as usual. The frieze is appropriately ornamented with subjects belonging to the chase, to the fisheries, &c.; beneath are spacious kitchens, sufficient to provide a banquet for one thousand persons. On returning through this splendid suite of rooms, the floors of which, excepting the last, are all covered with handsome thick crimson carpet, over which hang the series of gilt chandeliers I have described, I found, by pacing them, that they are altogether about 270 feet in length.

Opposite the antechamber of entrance and the passage leading thereto, is a door, through which I passed into the ancient "salon du roi," in which, when the present Hôtel de Ville was a royal residence, the several Kings of France used to dine.

On the first story is the "Salle de l'Horloge," formerly called the "Salle du Trône," occupying the whole length of the central portion of the building. The walls of this magnificent apartment are adorned with velvet hangings trimmed with gold; the vast fireplaces, ornamented with recumbent figures in white marble of the same date as the staircase, are surmounted by mantelpieces, on which in those on the right is a splendid allegorical painting of the Republic by Hesse; while on the opposite one appear, richly

executed, the arms of the city, gules a ship argent. The square compartments of the ceiling are charged with armorial bearings. This splendid room has, like the fatal "Place de Grêve" beneath it, witnessed many of the most fearful acts of the Revolution with which France has been afflicted. From the central window of the Grande Salle, Louis XVI., with the cap of liberty on that head which shortly afterwards dropped lifeless on the scaffold, went through the mockery of addressing "the people." The room in which Robespierre held his council and in which he attempted to destroy himself is shown, as also the window at which, in 1830, General Lafayette, embracing Louis Philippe, presented him to "the people," from whom—from army, fortifications of Paris, and all—in 1848 he fled to save his life!

On descending the beautiful staircase, and on returning again to the Place de Grève, I paced along the western and northern fronts, which I found to be respectively about 420 and 270 feet in breadth. The south front next to the Seine looks upon a pleasing garden. On the north workmen were busily employed in demolishing houses for the purpose of extending the Place de Grève, which now forms an esplanade only on the western side; this expense will be

exclusive of the fifteen millions of francs lately expended in additions and in embellishments to the building, which, as if nourished by the bloodshed and devastation it has witnessed, has gradually increased in size and grandeur ever since 1357, when the municipality of Paris, or Corps de Ville (whose meetings had formerly been held, first in a house called "la Maison de la Marchandise," situated in the Vallée de la Misère, west of the Grand Châtelet, and afterwards in a residence called "Parlouer aux Bourgeois," in the vicinity of the Place St. Michel), purchased for the sum of 2880 livres de Paris "la Maison de la Grève," which had formerly belonged to Philip Augustus, and had frequently been a royal residence.

I had crossed the Pont Neuf, and, tired and weary, was walking slowly towards the fashionable west end of Paris, when the owner of a blacking-shop with a slight bow politely pointed out to me that my boots were very dusty, and accordingly, thanking him for the hint, I ascended his tribune, or exalted seat, which magnificently overlooked the crowd of foot passengers passing to and fro beneath.

I was scarcely seated when he put into my hand a newspaper, and, leaving me on scarlet plush, and with a large looking-glass behind me

to study its contents in an attitude and position strange enough to form half-a-dozen magnificent leading articles in the "Times," he set to work with a brush in each hand to put me to rights.

As the sun was very hot the application of the wet blacking was rather refreshing, and the polishing process, which almost instantly ensued, was, I should say, something like being shampooed; but what seemed to me infinitely more delightful than all was, to observe that, during the whole of the time I sat in this description of exalted pillory, not a single individual of the hundreds that passed for a moment looked at me.

The bench was arranged so that six persons, each seated on scarlet plush, and each with a looking-glass at his back, and each with a newspaper in his hand, could be polished off at once!

ENTREPRISE DES POMPES FUNEBRES.

In walking along the Rue St. Honoré I observed the outside of the large Church of St. Roch to be in mourning; and as I had a few minutes to spare, I walked in. The organ, and some magnificent deep voices, which appeared to be reverberating together from every portion of the ceiling above me and of the walls around me, were assisting in the performance of high mass for one whose earthly remains were in a coffin before, but at some distance from, the great altar, hung with black cloth covered with white fig-shaped spots, representing tears; the steps, and everything near and around them, were covered with black; there was moreover a large congregation of priests, all clothed in black and silver.

While this scene of woe and of deep-sounding lamentations was going on at the great altar, I perceived a small but dense crowd of people engaged at one of the little ones, from which there also proceeded chanting and prayer, which

occasionally clashed and occasionally amicably mingled with the loud swelling sounds of the organ and its mournful accompaniments.

I was observing the performance of this double service, looking sometimes towards the little altar, and then at the horizontal backs of the large crowd of men and women who with bent bodies were joining in the last sad requiem to the dead, when I saw a slight movement among the small crowd, which began to approach me, following a bride white all over; in short, at one end of the church they had been most joyfully marrying a couple, while in the middle they were as mournfully burying a man. It was on the 1st of May, and, as nearly as I could calculate, the Queen of England and Prince Albert were at that moment within the Crystal Palace opening the Exhibition of the Industry of all Nations. In front of the bride there strutted, with as much pride as if she had wholly and solely belonged to him, a tall man in a cocked-hat, splendid uniform coat, and black breeches, carrying in his right hand a very tall staff, with which he occasionally tapped the stone pavement of the church, to admonish the toes of bystanders to get out of his way. I had observed him only a minute before close to the coffin, from which he must have hurried to honour and clear a road

for the bride and bridegroom to their carriage. While they were escaping, as people in such a predicament usually do, from a little side door of the church, I walked towards the great portal, close to which I observed standing, or rather tottering, an old man, holding in his right hand a brush, wet with holy water, which most people as they passed him touched with a finger or two, and then, with the same, crossed their faces; and although the exertion of holding a damp brush is not great, the poor fellow seemed as if it was altogether too much for him; in fact, he appeared completely worn out, and all but dead and—as all people dying in Paris are entombed within twenty-four hours of their demise—buried. As soon as I got into the fresh air I saw before me in the street several mourning-carriages and the hearse, a sort of open barouche surmounted with black ostrich feathers and black trappings, heavily laden with silver lace. The horses were hidden in black clothes covered with silver stars, and traversed and bound with silver lace. The coachman, dressed in clothes of black and argent, wore a black cocked-hat, ornamented with silver lace. The large entrance door and front wall of the church were completely covered with black cloth, silver lace, and rich similar bullion six inches long. Lastly, above

the three doors, namely, the large centre one and small one on each side of it—from one of which there had just flown the beautiful white bridal butterfly, who in the chrysalis state had been brought before the little altar—there was inscribed in large letters,

"LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EGALITÉ."

In the afternoon, as I was returning home very tired, in passing the Church of St. Roch I perceived two dingy black vans, into which some men dressed in rusty clothes were stuffing all the dark costly finery which, on the interior walls, steps of altar, and exterior of the church, had been displayed at the morning ceremony I had witnessed. After watching the operation for some minutes, I asked a man in a cocked-hat, very vigorously assisting, where all the black bales he was loading were going. "Monsieur," he replied, "tout appartient aux Pompes Funèbres!"[1] moreover, in reply to my further inquiries he was good enough to add—as with the sleeve of his dingy coat he wiped a stratum of perspiration from the small portion of his face that remained uncovered with hair—that the office was at the top of the Rue Miromenil, just beyond the residence of the British ambassador; and as

[1] Sir, it all belongs to the Funeral-pomp Association!

I was anxious to get to the bottom of my subject, I determined, instead of going to my dinner, to walk there.

"I shall now," said I to myself, "see, I suppose, a black world!" and yet I own I was not quite prepared after a weary walk to find, on turning out of the Rue St. Honoré into the one he had named, that the very water running in the gutters down the street was black! "Very odd! isn't it?" thought I; however, as I never allowed my mind to remain in Paris one moment in ignorance of anything anybody passing me was acquainted with, I asked a shopman who was crossing from his door what might be the cause of the colour of the bubbling fluid to which I pointed. "Monsieur, ça vient d'un teinturier à côté un peu plus haut;"[1] and accordingly tracing it truly enough to that source, I continued to ascend the street, until on the left I saw before me in large letters "Service Général des Inhumations et Pompes Funèbres de la Ville de Paris."[2]

Beneath an arch was the "Bureau," which I had scarcely entered, when I perceived from the face of the person to whom I addressed myself

[1] Sir, it comes from a dyer a little higher up!

[2] General Burial and Funeral-Pomp Association of the City of Paris.

that I was very particularly welcome. "What was my wish? What would be my orders?" As soon, however, as I replied that as a stranger I only wanted to know what were the charges for different descriptions of funerals, the clerk, with a countenance sickening almost unto death, politely referred me to his superior, who as politely told me I could only get the information I wanted from the "chef" of the establishment. He happened to be in the yard, and received me with great civility; but although there can exist, one would think, no objection whatever to telling the living what is charged for burying their dead, yet, as soon as this stout gentleman found I was really a nonentity in creation, that is to say, that I possessed nobody I desired to bury, he told me frankly he did not wish to give the information I desired; he, however, readily allowed me to walk through his establishment.

On entering the first stable I found in it no less than one hundred and thirty horses, all black. Above their heads and mangers were affixed upon the wall the names of each. I expected that among them I should, of course, find "Pluto," "Minos," "Charon," "Cerberus," or other such appropriate appellations; however, in France the sound of the drum seems more or less to influence everything, and, ac-

cordingly, almost the first funeral horse I came to was called "Pistol," the next "Eagle," then stood munching "Pollux," and, at last, appropriately came "Victoire!" The stable was not ventilated, the horses were only three feet apart, leaving scarcely room to pass with safety between the heels of the two rows attached to opposite walls; they nevertheless—no doubt from the quantity of walking exercise they professionally enjoyed—all looked sleek and healthy. After going through the remainder of the stables, I crossed the Rue Miromenil into a yard full of mysterious uncomfortable-looking planks, tressels, and ladders, beyond which was a large building like a barn, replete with republican hearses of all conceivable and inconceivable forms, from one apparently made of silver, and as fine as the state coach of the Lord Mayor of London, down to a rattletrap bier on wheels, with side rails barely high enough to prevent a coffin from being jolted out.

ÉCOLE POLYTECHNIQUE.

By a decree of the National Assembly, dated 11th March, 1794, there was established in Paris a Board of Public Works, the central school of which, by a subsequent decree, dated 1st September, 1795, took the name of Ecole Polytechnique. Its object, as its name partly defines, is to shelter every branch of science; and accordingly, from this noble institution, into which about 300 élèves, from sixteen to twenty years of age, are received for two years, and occasionally for three, there are continually flowing streams of useful knowledge, of greater or less magnitude, into the following channels:—

1. The military corps of Engineers,
2. The military corps of Artillery,

} whose school of application is at Metz.

3. The "Marine," or naval service.
4. The corps of Maritime Engineers, whose school is at Lorient.
5. The Artillery of the Marine, whose school is at Metz.

6. The "Ecole d'Etat Major," at Paris.
7. The Ecole des Mines,
8. The Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées,
} whose schools of application are at Paris.
9. The School of "Poudres et Salpêtres."[1]
10. The System of Telegraphs, under the direction of the Minister of the Interior.
11. The National Manufactures of Tobacco, composed of ten manufactories, dependent on the central one at 63, Quai d'Orsay, at Paris.
12. The Department of Finances, under the Minister of Finance.

After looking for a short time at the new front, containing a bas-relief appropriately representing an amicable combination of implements of war and machines of peace, I entered the gate of the Ecole Polytechnique, and, on producing my order, was introduced to an officer, who was good enough, in reply to a few queries, to give me the following preliminary information.

The establishment is governed and regulated by—

Military.

1 General.	4 Serjeant Majors.
1 Colonel.	6 Drummers.
6 Captains.	1 Soldier for the infirmary.
6 Adjutants.	

[1] Gunpowder and saltpetre.

Civil.

1 Director-in-chief of the Studies. 6 Professors.
1 Administrateur, who has sole charge of the arrangements of the school and buildings.
1 Treasurer. 1 Assistant ditto.
1 Commis du Matériel, in charge of linen, furniture, and billiards. 1 Assistant ditto.
1 Commis de Vivres, in charge of the provisions.
3 Commis des Bureaux, for the accounts, and for correspondence.
1 Médecin, of the rank of chirurgien-major.
1 Assistant ditto. 15 Garçons, servants.

For board, lodging, and education, the élèves pay, for the first year, 1500 francs (60*l.*); for the second, 1000 (40*l.*). The expenses of about twenty young men of distinguished talents, but who have no money, are every year defrayed by Government. Their studies commence at six in the morning, and end at nine at night; between those hours they breakfast at eight, dine at two, from half-past two to five are allowed recreation, sup at nine, and at half-past nine go to bed. They are not permitted to go out of the establishment except on Wednesdays, from two till ten, and on Sundays, when they may be

absent from eight in the morning till ten at night.

Before 1830 they possessed a church, but since that period have had none. "How do they manage," said I, "without one?" —

"Oh!" replied the officer, with an appropriate shrug, "on n'y va pas!"[1]

"So much," said I to myself, "for abolishing what are termed the musty evils of an established church."

On entering the "Cabinet de Physique," I saw before me all sorts of philosophical instruments, with an electric machine of the newest description. Among them were several tables, on which the élèves are required to make, as well as to witness, a variety of experiments.

In the "salle" of fortification and artillery, among an assortment of shot, shells, models of fortresses and boats, I remarked a model showing the modern system of defence adopted in the forts lately constructed round Paris; also a section of the new musket used by the chasseurs de Vincennes, which is capable of producing such fearful effects. The invention principally consists of a short barrel, containing inside a slight spiral groove, down which is forced, instead of a round ball, a piece of lead cast in

[1] Why, they don't go to one!

the combined form of a cone and cylinder; the cylindrical end (in the lower portion of which there exists a small iron cup or thimble) is inserted first. At the extremity of the ramrod is a conical hole, which, exactly fitting that of the lead, thrusts it down without compressing it. By the force of the discharge the iron cup expands the side of the bullet, which entering into the groove of the barrel receives from it a rotary motion, and the centre of gravity of the ball, in consequence of the vacuum in its rear, being well forward, its pointed end always goes foremost. By this simple alteration of the old principle, this new French musket has a range of 1000 yards, equal to that of a nine-pounder cannon with two degrees of elevation.

In the department of chemistry I found, opening into a yard shaded by trees, ten small laboratories, in each of which were eight furnaces, with two élèves working at each. Adjoining is an amphitheatre of chemistry, capable of holding 300 students, composed of lofty benches, gradually lowering towards the professor's large circular table, which I observed covered with the objects upon which he was lecturing. Behind him, on the wall opposite to his audience, was a large black board, and, in a room adjoining, laboratories, in which we found

his assistants preparing the experiments he was about to explain. After passing through three fencing-rooms, in which several of the students were displaying great dexterity, and a "salle de danse," empty and fiddleless, I came to eight rooms, each containing a pianoforte, before most of which was seated a professor in rusty clothes playing: behind one, looking at white music-paper about two feet from his nose, was standing in an easy negligent attitude, with eyes and mouth wide open, a student singing. On each side of a very long passage, I passed twenty-eight "salles d'étude,"[1] with one window in each. Above, in a gallery of the same length, were ranged the black belts, bayonets, and muskets of the students, who, on first joining the école, are exercised for three months daily, and after that twice a week during the months of June and July only.

In the "Cabinet des Modèles d'Architecture"[2] are some very beautiful models of arches of various descriptions, staircases, steam-engines, cranes, also of an ancient temple. After looking into two amphitheatres "d'analise physique,"[3] I passed through two small gritty "yards of recreation," into a capital billiard-room, ad-

[1] Halls of study. [2] Museum of architectural models.
[3] Physical analysis.

joining which was a room entitled "Coiffeur," for hair-cutting.

I now proceeded to the dormitories, composed of forty-two exceedingly clean, light, airy sleeping apartments, each containing from seven to ten iron bedsteads, with neat check side-curtains. Above every white pillow there hung horizontally a brass-handled sword, over which was a shelf bearing a wooden cocked-hat box.

In four long dining-halls, surrounded by wooden benches, were five marble tables, at each of which sat from eight to ten students, and in the middle of every table, instead of an épergne with artificial flowers, &c., was a tin circular basin, into which the students as they were eating chucked their scraps. In the vestibule were three cocks, and troughs for washing dirty hands and hungry faces. The kitchen, which, though exceedingly small, by admirable arrangements was quite large enough for its purpose, contained four great caldrons.

I was now led to the penal department, consisting of fourteen prisons, ten feet square, containing each a table, a stool, and a window boarded up to the upper panes. In these cells refractory students are subjected to solitary confinement from four to a period not exceeding fifteen days.

In a detached building of twelve windows in front, and three stories high, is the infirmary, or hospital. In the upper portion, which only contained six patients, I was conducted into two apartments, with one floor, if possible, more dangerously slippery than the other, containing in shelves and pigeon-holes "lingerie," beautifully clean and neat, and a woman as clean, as neat, and with a mind as strongly imbued with soap, as the linen over which she presided. She told me with great pride that every pigeon-hole (they were each one foot ten inches square) had its élève—or, rather, said she, correcting herself, it contained the *linen* of each élève, every article of which, she showed me, was marked with his number. She added, they were allowed clean sheets once a fortnight in winter, and once in three weeks during summer.

In a small, gritty entrance-yard the élèves receive their friends, who are not allowed, when visiting them, to enter any farther. Opposite, but within the walls of this admirable, useful, and well-organised establishment, is a magnificent house, the quarters of the general commanding.

Twice a month, by order of the Government, there is an inspection, "en grande tenue," of the general, colonel, captains, and adjutants; and the

élèves, about once a week in like manner, are inspected by the general.

After going through the various studies I have enumerated a certain number of the students are sent to the Ecole Nationale des Ponts et Chaussées to pass through another and a higher course of studies, which I will now briefly describe.

ÉCOLE NATIONALE DES PONTS ET CHAUSSÉES.[1]

ABOVE my head, and over a lofty gate, in la Rue des Saints Pères, I saw drooping and dripping—for it was raining hard—a tricolor flag, and under it, in gold letters, "ECOLE NATIONALE DES PONTS ET CHAUSSÉES." On each side was inscribed in letters of black paint—

"PROPRIÉTÉ NATIONALE.[2]
LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EGALITÉ."

After passing the lodge of the concierge, and crossing a large open court, I ascended by a small staircase to the room of the principal inspector, whom I found ready to attend me, and who informed me—as I was aware—that he had, through the Director, received a special order from the Minister of Public Works to give me whatever information I desired.

Commencing at the upper story, in which was his own apartment, he conducted me to a pas-

[1] National School for Bridges and Roads.
[2] National Property.

sage, in which are eight small rooms of study, each containing ten desks.

Around the walls of every room, in wooden frames, three feet high, covered with glass, were arranged drawings relating to the particular course of study of each, in order that the students, when not otherwise occupied, might have an opportunity of regarding them. These rooms and the whole establishment are warmed by hot water (not steam), according to the system now generally adopted in all the government buildings in Paris.

At the end of the passage we came to a door, on which was written "Office de Service." Here reside two retired officers of artillery, who form the "Police" of the establishment, who restrain any irregularity, and who thus divest the professors and director of all responsibility on that subject. In the wall is a "boîte aux lettres," or box for letters, written by the students, all of which, whether for the purpose of science or addressed merely to their friends, are, as an indulgence, franked to their respective destinations by the "Ministre des Travaux Publics."[1]

On public occasions the élèves wear a uniform, slightly embroidered on the collar; at their studies

[1] Minister of Public Works.

they may dress as they like. They are, however, strictly forbidden to wear the uniform of the Ecole Polytechnique, and are not allowed to smoke or play at cards.

We now proceeded to a vestibule where was a spacious oak table, from the middle of which protruded and arose a large stove. In the adjoining library—a fine solid room, containing 16,000 volumes and 3000 brochures, warmed by two stoves, and having at one end, on a small platform, the elevated desk of the librarian—were four tables covered with books and inkstands, lying on loose green cloth. At each table were ten chairs, five on each side. In this reading-room, open from twelve to five and from seven to ten, absolute silence must prevail. "Le silence le plus absolu y est de rigueur." A third library contains, in cabinets, lettered, numbered, and closely packed in shelves only a few inches asunder, 3000 valuable drawings of railways, bridges of stone, wood, and iron, and other engineering subjects. Attached to these three rooms is a small one, a peaceful retreat for the librarian.

On descending to the ground floor I entered a laboratory, in which twelve students at a time, each at his severely burned table, and with a compartment of shelves of his own, covered

with bottles, and containing his "Pharmacie," analyse their limes, cements, &c.

I was now led into a very handsome stone promenade, communicating with a small and a large amphitheatre. In the former I found thirty scholars, on benches, one above another. In front of them was a large black board, at the foot of which, in an elbow-chair, before a rectangular oak table, sat the professor.

In the grand amphitheatre, which, by a similar arrangement, can contain two hundred students, each bench, divided into twelve separate seats, is numbered in front by a brass shining plate. On the wall, close to the black board, hangs in a glass case a tell-tale list of the names of the occupiers of each seat, so that the professor, without moving anything but his head, or without a word of inquiry, can by a glance at once inform himself of the name of any one who disturbs him. Behind, in the small private room of the professor, I found a similar black board, exactly of the same dimensions, "pour s'amuser."[1] In these amphitheatres, besides mathematical and geometrical demonstrations, the students are instructed in geology, mineralogy, political economy, architecture, surveying, levelling, irrigation, draining, the construction of roads,

[1] To amuse himself with.

canals, bridges, and in the German and English languages.

On opening a door on the left, over which was inscribed "Galerie des Modèles,"[1] I entered a lofty long hall, containing models of machinery of almost every description, of different sorts of bridges, lighthouses, of the principal aqueducts of France and of foreign countries, also plans of the best modes of irrigation. There were likewise, admirably arranged and lighted, fragments of the most important portions of the interior of steam-engines: among these I observed a locomotive engine, sawed and separated into two pieces, so as to enable the students, as it were by dissection, to anatomise the reality of these powerful bodies. Adjoining were plans explaining the construction of atmospheric railways; a very interesting model of the "Pont au double" near Notre Dame in Paris, which, although of a span of 115 yards, with a rise in the arch of only ten feet, is composed of nothing but a conglomeration of broken stones and cement.

Among the drawings are some showing an infinity of purposely confused details, exhibited as a style which, instead of being imitated, should be shunned. I here inspected a variety

[1] Gallery of models.

of plans, elevations, and sections by the students, many admirably and beautifully executed.

Beyond this interesting gallery I entered one devoted entirely to harbours and canals, containing, besides various models of both, dredging machines, bridges of boats, &c. Above is a gallery full of theodolites, spirit-levels, and a variety of other mathematical instruments, the cost of which in Paris I observed to be less than half the prices in England.

Lastly, I was conducted into a hall full of specimens of mineralogy, previous to leaving which I ascertained from the superior that, for the elucidation of the details I had witnessed, there are employed fifteen professors; that the Government liberally gives to each student 150 francs a month during the three years which form the course of his education in this valuable establishment; besides which, there exists in "la Rue des Coutures St. Gervais" a private one on a similar plan, entitled "Ecole des Arts et Manufactures,"[1] for the education of young persons (above sixteen years, and possessing a certain knowledge of algebra, geometry, and mathematical drawing) who are desirous, by the aid of science, to be made competent to practise as civil engineers, as builders, or as directors of factories.

[1] School of Arts and Manufactures.

LES CASERNES.[1]

As the momentum or force with which a cannon shot strikes anything that opposes its progress does not depend *solely* on its weight, or *solely* on its velocity, but on the product of both, so does the real power of an army depend not solely on its numbers, or solely on its military knowledge, but on the combined powers of both; and thus, just as a small shot can, by greater velocity, be made to strike a heavier blow than a much larger one propelled with little velocity, it is evident that, although in point of numbers the army and militia in Great Britain, Ireland, and the Channel Islands, as compared with the Garde Nationale and army of France and Algeria, are in the proportion of one to thirty-nine, superior acquirements in the smaller body *might* compensate for its deficiency in physical force. With this reasoning in my mind, I felt anxious, during my short residence in Paris, to

[1] The barracks.

ascertain, as accurately as I could, the precise point of military knowledge the French army has attained; and yet, although in Paris almost everything belonging to the public, with the utmost liberality, is thrown open to the inspection of the inhabitants of Paris in general, and of strangers in particular, I found that to all ordinary applications to visit the barracks the answer of the general commanding invariably was, "Personne n'est permis de visiter les casernes,"[1] the only reason being, that the soldiers, very naturally and very properly, do not like to be treated, as they say, "like wild beasts." I found it necessary, therefore, to obtain a special order from the Minister at War, authorizing me to visit the various military institutions within, and in the neighbourhood of, Paris.

With it in my pocket, I proceeded towards the Ecole Militaire; but on passing the entrance-gate to the temporary barracks, one story high, for 7000 men, lately constructed on both sides of the Esplanade des Invalides, I determined to test the validity of my firman, and accordingly, on being stopped by the sentinel as I was going into the barrack-yard, I told him I wished to speak to the commanding officer. To my surprise, he informed me all the officers lived at

[1] Nobody is allowed to visit our barracks!

Paris, and that no one of them was in the barracks excepting the adjutant!

"I will, then," said I, "call upon him."

"Non, Monsieur!" said the sentinel, "personne ne peut entrer!"[1]

He would, however, send for the adjutant, and accordingly the serjeant of the guard, whom he called, despatched one of the men on duty to the quarters of this officer, who, very shortly coming to the gate, on reading my order, politely told me I was at liberty to enter, and he, moreover, desired one of the guard to take me wherever I wished.

My guide, who was an exceedingly intelligent fine young soldier, appeared, before I had said half a dozen words to him, to understand exactly what I wanted, and accordingly he led me into a barrack-room (they are all alike) numbered to contain 108 men, but in which were 75 beds, the amount of men in one company. On entering it I found several of the soldiers singing, others lying on their beds reading, and, as I walked among them, looking, possibly, as if I was not altogether unaccustomed to them, I attracted very little observation. Round the room, which had a brick floor,—no ceiling but the rafters of the roof,—and which was lighted and venti-

[1] No, Sir! nobody is allowed to enter!

lated longitudinally by windows on both sides,—were arranged, at intervals of 18 inches asunder, a series of iron bedsteads, for each of which, on a slightly-inclined plane, 18 inches above the ground, were supplied a straw palliasse,—a good wool mattress,—a straw bolster,—a wool pillow,—a blanket,—a pair of sheets, changed once a fortnight in summer, and three weeks in winter,—and over all a neat clean counterpane of a brownish-red colour. During the day, on every alternate bedstead, is placed two sets of bedding, and thus one half of the bedsteads form soft sofas on which the men may rest, and the other half hard, healthy ones, on which they may sit. Over the head of each bed is a shelf for the soldier's kit, including a round tin soup-pan, with cover, holding about five pints English; beneath a row of pegs for his side-arms, and bag for his brushes. At the bottom of the range of beds, every here and there, was a stand for arms, numbered and ticketed. Opposite to the door, at the end of the room, there hung, shining like burnished gold, a drum.

On asking one of the men in the room what was the sum total of the "charge" or weight which a French soldier of the line carried, I was instantly surrounded by a quantity of comrades in mustachios, who appeared to vie with each

other in explaining to me that it was nominally 60 lbs. (French), but in reality never so much. "The musket and bayonet," said one, "weighs from 9 lbs. to 10 lbs." His circle of comrades nodded assent.

"Our knapsack full," said another, "from 20 lbs. to 30 lbs.; our cooking utensils about 4lbs."

I asked what articles the knapsack contained. In reply, several voices said, "We are allowed to carry what we like!"

"For instance" ("par exemple"), said one, "we may carry two or three pairs of pantaloons."

The knapsack, however, which is inspected every two or three months, contains usually two pairs of shoes, one pair of drawers, a pair of pantaloons, three shirts, two collars, two pairs of gloves, two pairs of white gaiters, three pocket-handkerchiefs, and one bonnet-de-nuit.

"What!" said I, with a smile, "does a French soldier require a *nightcap* to sleep in?"

"Mais oui!"[1] replied several voices.

Passing the door of several similar rooms, I now proceeded to the canteen, open from day-break till half-past nine at night. In it I found a room in which, at one small table, dine the serjeant-major and serjeants, and at two long ones the remaining sous-officiers, above

[1] Oh yes!

the rank of corporals, who live in barracks with the men. In the corner were neatly arranged, on a small counter, glasses, bottles of wine and spirits, for sale.

Every regiment of 1500 men (*i. e.* three battalions of 500) is allowed to have four cantiniers, who, as they require female assistance, *must* be married. Four washerwomen are also allowed to live in barracks; but no soldier in the regiment is allowed to marry, unless a cantinière is wanted. I asked my guide whether it was the case, that, beyond the number specified, soldiers' wives were not recognised? He said that in military law they were not recognised, "mais," he added, with a shrug, "il n'y en a pas."[1]

"What!" said I, "are none of the men in these barracks for 6000 soldiers married?"

"Not one!" he replied. "The tambour-major, the maître d'armes, and the chef de cuisine,"[2] he added, correcting himself, "may marry, but no one else!"

In each regiment of 1500 men about fifteen *boys*, of two years of age, are, as "children of the regiment," allowed the same rations as soldiers, until they are eighteen years of age, when they may enlist or depart, as they may prefer; but

[1] But there are none.

[2] Drum-major, fencing-master, and chief cook.

no girls of any age whatever are admitted into barracks.

In the kitchen, a hall, lighted and ventilated on three sides by windows, and paved with round stones like those of a pavé, I found one hot-plate, 14 feet long by 3 feet 4 in. broad, containing eight semi-elliptical "marmites," or coppers, 2 feet by 1 foot 5 in.; each of which, I was astonished to learn, cooked for a company of from seventy-five to ninety men! Round the room was a table, or dresser, of the ordinary height, 2 feet 6 in. broad, and above it a shelf 1 foot broad. On the former were lying, in heaps, bread for soup, cut into slices, and basins of white beans. On the ground tubs of cabbages, with a few potatoes. The meals of each company are prepared by two of its soldiers, changed every day; and the French army is thus composed of regiments, not only of *soldiers*, but of professed *cooks*.

The ration of the French soldier consists of a loaf of 3 lbs. for two days; ½ lb. of meat per day, eaten at two meals of ¼ lb. each, morning and evening; ½ lb. of white long bread for soup; one to two sous worth of vegetables; and lastly the soup in which the meat is boiled.

"How much wine have you?" said I to my young guide.

"None!" he replied, with a toss of his head, "à la fontaine!"[1] adding, "in summer, when it is very hot, we are allowed one small glass of wine per day."

"Has the soldier any other allowance?" I asked.

"Oh yes!" he replied, with a grin. "He has 'en province' one sou, and in Paris two sous per day, pour s'amuser."[2]

"Happy the soldier that lives on his pay!"

We now proceeded into a small fencing-room, in the middle of which were sunk into the ground three broad boards, separated by wooden platforms, which, in fact, were the remainder of the floor. Upon these three sunken boards, in constant succession, three privates in masks were learning the use of the sword under an experienced maître d'armes, assisted in each regiment by six prévôts, who, besides being exempted from all other duties, receive from the maître "quelque chose."[3] Close to this "salle d'armes" were the boarded-up windows of a prison, in which, as there is no bed, the inmates sleep, from two nights to a month, on the floor. Adjoining is a "salle de police," con-

[1] We go to the pump! [2] To amuse himself with.
[3] A trifle besides.

taining palliasses on the floor, in which men are confined two months, or more.

On returning to the end of the barracks at which I had entered, I found a range of offices, superscribed as follows:—"Salle de Rapport et Accessoires" (for the colonel and adjutant); "Corps de Garde, et Salles de Police" (adjutant and sous-officiers sleep here); "Compagnies hors Rang" (soldiers' tailors and shoemakers, very badly paid); "Sergents-majors et Fourriers." (There is one serjeant-major for each company; the "fourrier" ranks between him and the sergeant.)

In these temporary barracks there were, at the moment I visited them, 5500 men, forming four regiments, namely:—

Two battalions of chasseurs à pied.

Two regiments of the line, composed of very young soldiers.

In France men are drawn by the conscription at twenty, and become soldiers at twenty-one. Volunteers, formerly allowed to enter at eighteen, are now received at seventeen. My intelligent guide was a volunteer of nineteen.

On leaving him, passing round two sides of the Hôtel des Invalides, I proceeded along the Avenue Lowendal to the Place de Fontenoy, in which is the principal iron-railed entrance gate

of the Ecole Militaire, founded by Louis XV., for the education principally of the sons of officers killed in action: transformed into barracks in 1789; afterwards used as the head-quarters of Napoleon; and now again become the principal of the forty casernes, which in Paris, even in the immediate vicinity of the palace of the President, are in every direction to be found swarming alive with soldiers.

On being stopped by the sentinel I told him I wanted to see the commandant. The matter was referred to the sergeant, who informed me that one of his guard must accompany me, and, accordingly, I found myself walking with a soldier by my side across a spacious esplanade towards the quarters of the general. In a sort of corridor I passed two soldiers, with long mustachios and in uniform, sitting astride a bench playing at draughts with bits of stone of different colours, over which, with their chins resting on their hands, they were reflecting as deeply as if they were at chess. On arriving at the General's house, the door was opened by a soldier, who conducted me to another private, with mustachios and dress exactly like him, who was writing, and who told me the General was in Paris, and he wanted me to take my order there to him: however, after

he had read it, he carried it away with him into another room, and after a short absence returned, and told the soldier of the guard who had brought me he was to accompany me wherever I wished.

"And where would you like to go?" said my attendant, as soon as we got outside the door.

I told him I did not at all know; that I wanted to see the casernes, &c.; and that, as he understood what they contained infinitely better than I did, I would follow him.

"Bien, Monsieur!" replied the soldier, with a look not only of great intelligence, but of apparent satisfaction at the confidence I had reposed in him; and stepping suddenly forwards as if I had pronounced to him the word "March!" he led me up a handsome staircase into a noble apartment, from which we walked out upon a sort of spacious balcony, beneath a projecting portico, formed by four lofty Corinthian columns, supporting a pediment, richly sculptured. From this exalted position, which I could not help recollecting had repeatedly been occupied by Napoleon, we had a most magnificent view of the Champ de Mars, a plain of sand, bounded on the east and west by avenues of trees, on the south by the Ecole Militaire, in which I stood, and on the north by the bridge of Iéna, and the Seine.

After reflecting for some little time on the

various important scenes which had occurred on the great open space before me, we retired into the "Salle de Conseil," and other apartments, the past and present appearance of which also formed a striking contrast. On the lofty walls, as hatchments or memorials of departed grandeur, appeared immense gold frames, richly ornamented, but empty; the pictures they had contained were all gone, and the floor, composed of oak, beautifully dovetailed, was liberally strewed with dust and dirt.

As we were descending the staircase my guide explained to me that the casernes of the Ecole Militaire, capable of holding 10,000 men, at present contained only five regiments, namely,—

One of hussars;

The 58th and 41st of the line;

One of chasseurs à pied;

And the 3rd regiment of artillery:

Forming a total of 4356 men.

He then conducted me through two magnificent barrack squares, 690 feet long, separated from each other only by an iron railing. In one were several hundred soldiers (all very young) listening to the soft, pure, beautiful music of their band.

The barrack-rooms, although of different sizes, were much smaller than those I had seen in the

morning. On entering one, I found in it, neatly arranged around the room, nineteen iron bedsteads, 13 inches asunder. Upon them were three boards, altogether 2 feet 2½ in. broad, and 6 feet 3 in. in length, supporting the same amount of bedding I had found in the temporary barracks, with a counterpane, dark drab, with a yellow border. Above each bed, on a high shelf, there appeared the soldier's cap and knapsack; on another, beneath, were, neatly folded, two pairs of scarlet trousers, a uniform coat, and, as ornaments at each side, a yellow epaulette; below the whole were eight iron cramps, for holding bayonet, cartouch-box, &c. The nineteen muskets were on a stand near the door. I took up one; the movement of the lock was excellent. In the middle of the room, suspended from the ceiling, was a tray full of loaves of bread. In every room is constantly a man to watch it. Outside each door was affixed a list of the inmates. In the long passages communicating with the several rooms all the windows were open.

As the arrangements in the rooms of the cavalry and infantry are exactly alike, my guide now led me to a magnificent stable, 245 yards (25 yards more than one-eighth of a mile) long, full of horses, separated from each other

by bails a little higher than their hocks, and from which hung a matting of straw. The horses stood on clean litter, and the ventilation was so perfect that no smell was perceptible. Over each rack was affixed the name and number of the quadruped, and the name of its rider, besides which the number of each horse was cut on his fore foot. On his near thigh was branded the number of his regiment, with the letter H, signifying "Hussar." I may here add that every article of the soldier's dress—shirt, stockings, stock, braces, &c.—is stamped with his number. Excepting with the army at Algiers, there are no entire horses in the French cavalry.

The horses are fed at six in the morning, at eleven, and at eight at night in summer, and half-past six in winter. Those of the hussar regiment were very small. In a large yard I found a rectangular bath, 60 yards long by 40 broad, surrounded by a low wall, and bounded on the outside by a paved walk, along which the soldiers, who were swimming their horses by the halters, walked. In hot weather, this cheap, sensible, and cleanly operation is usually performed at five o'clock in the evening. Lame horses, I was informed, derive much benefit by standing up to their chests for some hours in this bath. As I was leaving the yard, I stopped

to listen to a number of fine, manly voices, most joyously singing together in chorus.

"Ce n'est rien!"[1] said my guide. "It is only the soldiers in prison!" I could not, however, help thinking what a delightful contrast it was to Sterne's captive, sitting, with a rusty nail "notching a little calendar of small sticks all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there."

In the middle of one of the barrack squares, in the open air, surrounded by a narrow earthen parapet, three feet high, was a circular manège, twenty-two yards in diameter, for exercising horses and for horsemanship.

My guide now led me into a kitchen for twelve companies (averaging eighty men each), in which, as usual, most admirably arranged, within the narrow space of twenty-two feet square, I observed twelve semicircular "marmites" or coppers, over which were an iron shade and funnel for carrying away the steam: there was consequently no unpleasant smell or heat. The fires were of wood.

In a yard adjoining I found, in scarlet trousers, a number of hussars, in various attitudes, leaning over stone cisterns, in which they were washing their own white cotton gloves, stockings, hand-

[1] It is nothing!

kerchiefs, and drawers, to save themselves from the regimental charges, which are as follows:—

Two sous a week for washing one shirt; for a pair of drawers two sous more; gloves, a sou a pair.

"If a handkerchief," said my young guide, "is tied to a shirt, it is allowed—as a point of honour—to pass as its tail, and, accordingly, no charge is made for it; but," he added with a good-humoured smile, and a twist at his mustachios, "very few of us possess handkerchiefs!"

My conductor now led me to a door, on entering which, much to my surprise, I saw before me five handsome pier glasses, and eleven marble tables, at one of which was sitting a fine-looking sergeant of hussars, smoking; at others, several soldiers of the line playing at cards. Adjoining to this "café" was a small shop, selling tobacco, brushes,—in short, all the little things in this world that a soldier wants.

After passing through a large park of artillery and of pontoons I entered the gymnasium of the Ecole Militaire, a large open court, containing, besides all sorts of strange-looking hieroglyphics, a long, lofty gibbet, with a ladder at each end, communicating with the beam, from which were hanging fourteen ropes; up which soldiers were hauling themselves until they approached the beam, beneath which they pro-

ceeded horizontally by unhooking the fourteen ropes from one set of rings to another. In another direction one or two soldiers were ascending the lofty wall that surrounded the court by inserting the points of their fingers and toes into slight crevices that had been purposely made by the abstraction of the mortar. In front of another part of the wall men were vibrating, or swinging, by means of ropes attached to the summit. In the centre, under the command of two officers on duty, several men were performing feats which really astonished me. Some, with great agility and in various ways, vaulted on and over a sort of wooden horse; others, kneeling on it, turned over in the air like mountebanks. In another direction, on a pole about six feet from the ground, was seated a soldier, who, without touching it with his hand, raised his foot up to it, and then rose up. From a small movable scaffolding, eight feet high, several soldiers sprang forwards and then backwards on a lump of loose sand beneath. Two or three jumped in this way from the top of the gibbet, fourteen feet high. Just before I entered this gymnasium for the second time, I had happened—within the Ecole Militaire—to meet Colonel Wood, who so gallantly distinguished himself in India on Lord Hardinge's staff; and

as we evidently took much interest in the feats we were witnessing, the two officers on duty called together a number of the men. Eight were made to stoop, with their shoulders resting against each other, and, while they were in this position, three or four of their comrades, one after another, running quickly along a spring board, not only jumped over them, but, making a summerset in the air, landed very cleverly on their feet, and the officers, seeing we were somewhat astonished, increased the number of stoopers from eight to fourteen, over the whole of whom two or three men, following each other in quick succession, making a summerset in the air, and landing lightly on their feet, ran on as if no such parenthesis in their lives had occurred. From one of the officers I ascertained that all the soldiers under thirty years of age within the Ecole Militaire were required to perform gymnastic exercises twice a week for two hours at a time; but that after the age mentioned their attendance ceased to be compulsory.

Having now rapidly passed through the largest of the permanent and temporary barracks in Paris, I determined, as the next step in my inquiry, to ascertain the amount of education given by France to candidates for commissions in her army.

ÉCOLE SPÉCIALE MILITAIRE DE ST. CYR.

FROM Versailles there runs a fine new, straight, glistening railway to St. Cyr; but I had just come from Paris to the former place by rail, and therefore preferred, as a change, proceeding by road. Accordingly, clambering to the top of a 'bus, which, poor little thing, was working in opposition to the St. Cyr railway, I sat looking at the pair of small punchy white horses that belonged to it, until, there proving to be no other passengers from the train, the coachman mounted beside me, and on we all tottled.

The saddle-pads had been born red; but as the rest of the harness, which was equally old, was blackish, and the reins whitish, I asked the driver what was the reason of these differences. He told me that the white untanned leather of France, from its strength, is excellent for reins, but that, as "transpiration"—called at a London city-ball "*per*spiration"—decomposes it, black leather is infinitely better for the back-bands, traces, and breeching.

With a long whip my companion was continually threatening rather than striking his horses; but as it was evidently out of their power to go beyond the first rudiments of a trot, his interminable conversation to me all the way to St. Cyr (two or three leagues) was about once every ten seconds interlarded by three exceedingly long, but distinctly different, drawling exclamations, which in writing can only very imperfectly be described as follows (N. B. The vowels must be pronounced in French patois):—

A . . . . *u*; a . . . . . *i*; u . . . . . *i*.

To tell the truth, the latter was almost invariably followed very quickly by "Cre! cre!" by "Sacre cochon!" "Sacre matin!" and, although the horses were, as I have distinctly stated, milk-white, by "Sacre *bleu!*"

"Voilà qu'ils se reposent jusqu'au chien!"[1] said he to me, pointing with his chin to a poor man, a poor wife, three poor children, and a lean dog, who, lying on their backs, sides, or curled in a ring, were all six fast asleep by the road-side.

As we were jogging along I observed on my right a series of grass parks, separated from each other by high palings, in each of which were

[1] Look at 'em all resting themselves—down to the very dog!

a thorough-bred mare and foal. They were the government parks for breeding horses.

"C'est une jument Irlandaise!"[1] said my comrade, pointing to a fine-looking mare. About 100 yards farther he pointed out to me with his whip an English mare, which, he said—so like an English mother—would not allow man or animal to come near her foal.

On arriving at our destination I walked towards the magnificent buildings and extensive lands I had come to visit.

In the year 1686 Madame de Maintenon prevailed upon Louis XIV. to found, in the obscure little village of St. Cyr, for the education of 250 noble young ladies, the celebrated Maison de St. Cyr, to which, on the death of the King, she herself retired, and in which, in 1719, she actually died. In the revolution of 1793 this female establishment was converted into an hospital for soldiers, in which capacity it continued to be used until 1806, when, by a second transmigration, Madame de Maintenon's establishment for young ladies was converted by Napoleon into "L'Ecole Spéciale Militaire de St. Cyr," to which were immediately removed the young students of the military school of Fontainebleau.

[1] That 's an Irish mare!

On producing my order of admission to the officer commanding, he was good enough to accompany me over a portion of the establishment, and to order one of the captains to take me to the remainder, and, moreover, to give me copies of various lithographed papers he had shown to me.

The precautions which the French nation, under every description of government, and under every species of adversity, political or pecuniary, take to provide their army with officers competent to command, are very remarkable.

The commandant of the establishment of St. Cyr told me he had at present under his charge 500 young men, who, as candidates for commissions in the line, had at the age of eighteen engaged themselves to serve for seven years, if requisite, as private soldiers; that during their residence it had been customary for them to pay for their education, &c., 1000 francs a year, with a trousseau (bounty) of 500 francs for the two years, the usual period of their course of study; that it had lately been recommended in the National Assembly they should be educated gratis; but that, although that proposal had for the present been rejected, several, in consequence of certificates, had lately

been allowed to pay only half the sums named, and a few nothing.

If they conduct themselves well, and succeed in passing their examinations in the course of two years, they are presented with the commission of sous-lieutenant of cavalry, or of the line. If the former, they are required to go for two years more to the military establishment at Saumur; if the latter, they are ordered at once to join their respective regiments. If, during their residence at St. Cyr, they misbehave, for slight misdemeanours they are either drilled during the hours of recreation, in heavy marching order, or are put under the police; for heavier offences they are sent to the military prison at Paris, where they are treated exactly as soldiers; and if they fail altogether to attend to their studies, they are despatched as privates to a regiment in any situation. Without permission of the general, granted only in extreme cases, no friends or even parents of the élèves can see them, except on Sundays, from twelve to two; but, twice a month, if all their work is well done, they are allowed a holiday, from nine in the morning till nine at night, but *never* to sleep out.

As the number of young men averages from 500 to 600, and as their course of education

usually occupies two years, there are annually poured into the army from 250 to 300 officers, as follows:—

Of those who have most distinguished themselves there are yearly sent to the Ecole d'Etat Major, to go through the whole course of that establishment (which will shortly be described), about . . .	20
To the military establishment at Saumur, to go through the Cavalry course of education, as therein prescribed, about	50
To officer regiments of the Line . .	from 180 to 230
Total, from 250 to 300.	

Besides the practical education which will briefly be delineated, the young soldiers of St. Cyr are theoretically instructed in the art of war, legislative administration, topography, fortification, descriptive geometry, mathematics, geography and history, natural philosophy, mechanics, chemistry, and drawing.

The following list of officers and professors, &c., will clearly show the extraordinary pecuniary efforts which the French nation, however low may be its finances, make to impart to candidates for commissions in their army a competent knowledge of the art of war:—

Military.

1 General of Brigade, Commandant.
1 Colonel, Commandant en Second.

1 Colonel, Director of the Studies.

1 Chef de Bataillon, commanding the battalion.

2 Captains, Assistant-Directors of the Studies.

4 Captains, commanding the four divisions, each composed of two companies (or of one eighth of the effective of the whole).

8 Lieutenants, commanding companies.

8 Sous-Lieutenants.

1 Chef d'Escadron of Artillery 1 Captain ditto	For the instruction, of Artillery.
1 Captain of Engineers 2 Lieutenants ditto	For the instruction of Fortification, &c.
1 Captain of Engineers 2 Lieutenants do.	For the instruction of the "Art Militaire."
1 Captain of the Corps d'Etat Major 1 Lieutenant ditto	Topography.

1 Médecin Militaire.

Civil.

2 Surgeons; 1 Director of the Studies (an officer of Engineers, of the rank of Chef de Bataillon); 1 Professor of History; 1 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of Geography; 1 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of German; 2 Assistant ditto;

2 Professors of Mathematics; 4 Assistant ditto; 3 Professors of Drawing; 1 Professor of Belles Lettres; 1 Professor of "Physique;" 2 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of Mechanics; 2 Assistant ditto; 1 Professor of Chemistry; 2 Assistant ditto.

The buildings of St. Cyr are composed of an entrance "cour longue," or long, lofty, covered promenade, parallel to and within which are three handsome courts, named Cour d'Austerlitz, Cour de Marengo, Cour de Rivoli, running consecutively east and west, each surrounded by buildings two stories high; beyond them is a narrow fourth court, of a less glorious but more useful name, called Cour de Cuisine.[1] Of these buildings those of the Cour de Rivoli are occupied solely by employés.

In proceeding over the establishment I was conducted first into an amphitheatre, large enough to hold two companies, containing models of the different systems of fortification. At one end, opposite the benches on which the young candidates for commissions in the Line, one above another, were sitting, was a Professor and an assistant, demonstrating with white chalk on a black board the mode of attacking a fortified place; adjoining was an amphitheatre

[1] Kitchen Court.

of chemistry, amply supplied with the necessary arrangements, and capable of holding 300 students.

In three magnificent lofty halls, lighted at both ends, I found—surrounded by a variety of very beautiful models of fronts of fortifications, têtes-de-pont, modes of encamping a regiment, with several topographical drawings, under glass frames—a series of double desks, on each of which were lying a portfolio and mathematical instruments. Every eight of these are under the charge of a student of the rank of corporal, on whose desk hang the names of the squad over whom he presides.

In the middle of the hall, in an elevated desk, stood the Professor; before him was a list of the names and numbers of the students at work around him; between the windows were black boards for demonstration. At each end of these halls is a small room for the examination of the students by the Assistant Professors, whose duty it is to explain any details which the Professor may have omitted.

In a handsome room of models I observed one —which could be taken to pieces, so as to explain every part of the interior—of the block-houses, surrounded by a ditch, used by the French army in Algeria; others of gabions, fascines, chevaux

de-frise, pallisades, and batteries of various descriptions.

The library comprehends 16,000 volumes of professional and historical works. The chapel, which is neat, contains for the officers a tribune or gallery, beneath which sit the students; before all is an altar, plain and simple.

I was now conducted into a splendid "salle de récréation," in the Cour de Marengo, enlightened lengthways on each side by fifteen windows, from which is a fine healthy view. From them we went into eight magnificent dormitories, each containing in a double row down the middle and a row against each wall 72 beds for an entire company. Above each iron bedstead, on which there is a hair and a wool mattress, was a bureau holding the cap and accoutrements of the student, also a box at the side for his boots, &c. The élèves make their own beds, black their own shoes, soles and all, and, in turns, sweep their rooms, for which purpose under every eighth window there was hanging a broom and a dust-shovel. At the side of the room the bed of each corporal (an élève) was distinguished by a paper hanging at its head containing the names of his squad, eight in number. At the end of these long rooms were arranged a quantity of muskets.

As we were proceeding to a lower stratum

of the building I heard a drum suddenly beat, and almost immediately there appeared, winding down the staircase upon which we were standing, the whole of the élèves. Over their uniforms they had an odd-looking sort of working pinafore of blue cotton, which covered the breast and arms down to the wrists. Each had, swinging in his hand, or tightly compressed under his arm, a large piece of bread. We followed them into their magnificent dining-hall, the tiled floor of which was dotted with fifty oak tables, each surrounded by twelve rush-bottomed stools, upon which the students in groups were hardly seated before a string of garçons appeared, bringing to each table its soup and vegetables. During this operation silence prevailed; but as soon as the tables were all served, the drummer, at the end of the room, gave a roll, which immediately eliciting from the élèves a general roar of applause, down they all sat with their caps on, and they certainly commenced their "spoon exercise" with an alacrity that youth, health, good-humour, and good-fellowship combined, can only produce. Each squad per day is allowed 3½ bottles of wine. Their meals are as follows: at half-past seven they eat a piece of bread; at one they dine; at four they bite and swallow

another bit of bread; and at half-past eight sup. Their ration of wine is usually divided between dinner and supper. Outside the dining-room are spacious washing-rooms, to which each company is marched in the morning by beat of drum.

From the dining-room we instinctively went into the large salle de cuisine, in which within the tiny space of twelve feet in length by nine in breadth the cooking of the whole establishment (which has occasionally consisted of 600 élèves and 100 employés, total 700) is, without hurry or inconvenience, performed! From it we passed through the "salle d'armes," a fine fencing-room, the ceiling of which is supported by columns, into a "cour de récréation," a sandy play-ground with a few trees in each corner, 110 yards broad by 165 in length.

From thence I was conducted into the gymnasium, a most extraordinary place, as high and as large as a church, full, from top to bottom, of all sorts of odd-looking things, among which was a wooden horse without a skin, and another with one. On the outside, in the open air, was another, also replete with objects that looked as if they had been constructed by a mad carpenter. In the surrounding wall, fifteen feet high, were crevices in the mortar, in which, by the insertion of toes and tips

of fingers, the young candidates for commissions in the Line were taught to climb to the top.

Eastward about three hundred yards, I found —in the middle of a spacious well-stocked garden —the Infirmary, or hospital, in which the young men who are sick are carefully watched over by seven Sœurs de la Charité.

In front of the line of buildings surrounding the "Cour de Rivoli," the "Cour de Marengo," the "Cour d'Austerlitz," and the "Cour de Cuisine," are extensive gardens belonging to the General, and, adjoining, a very large, rectangular, open space, called the "Cour de Wagram," used for military drill. Beyond is a large field of uneven ground, called the "Champ de Mars." On the right of all these runs diagonally a practising ground for guns, mortars, and small arms, of nearly a mile in length.

On entering the Champ de Mars, at about two o'clock, I found two companies of the élèves going through various manœuvres in the presence of a Chef de Bataillon, who, in uniform and on horseback, held in his hand the notes of duties for the day; but the words of command were given by the élèves, who are taught—seriatim—to act the parts of all ranks, from a private up to that of the Chef de Ba-

taillon who superintends them. They are also, for an hour or two every day, made first to trace on the ground, and then practically to construct, field-works; and accordingly, some were employed in finishing one, the parapet of which, fourteen feet high, was surrounded by a ditch six feet deep. Among the works they had completed, I observed, with great interest, several ovens for campaigning—"fours de campagne"—very ingeniously constructed beneath the surface of the ground. Adjoining to these they had been taught to construct, for the purpose of cooking, boiling caldrons, &c., "en bivouac," holes, from which little subterranean flues, as if they had been burrowed by a mole, ran for the admittance of air and for the exit of smoke. At the further end existed a small park of nine pieces of artillery, gabions, fascines, several sheds full of spades, pickaxes, &c., a yard containing shot and shells, and a powder magazine.

Beyond the Champ de Mars, in the long practising ground I have described, I found a butt and three batteries, one of which, with four embrasures, 550 yards from the butt, had been lately made by the élèves.

We now walked up to a party of them in heavy marching order (with their knapsacks on their backs), employed in practising with the new

muskets and with fixed bayonets at a target, distant 330 yards. Some fired at it erect; others, by bending down on their right knee, and then placing their left elbow on the left thigh, obtained a rest apparently of great use. The recoil of the musket in the hands of these young men was very violent indeed; and yet, by the report the officer superintending them showed me, it appeared they had, at the distance above named, struck the target (6 feet 6 inches high by 9 feet 3 inches, made to represent four men standing together) once in ten times, which, he observed to me, was about the usual average.

Each élève, or candidate for a commission in the Line, during the two years he is at the establishment of St. Cyr, is required to fire per annum, at various distances, twenty-eight balls for muskets, and the same number for carbines, "musquetons" for cavalry, and pistols. A record is kept of every bullet that hits the target, and at the end of the year a prize, consisting of a pair of pistols, is awarded to the best shot; besides which the best thirty are assembled to fire in presence of the General, who gives a second pair of pistols to the best performer before him. During the second year only, each subdivision fire—from distances of 550, 660, and 770 yards —two shells from mortars, one from a howitzer,

and nine shot from cannons, and, as in the case of small-arms, a pair of pistols is awarded to the best marksman.

At a considerable distance off, in the open country, I observed several of the young men very intently occupied in walking together in groups, and then suddenly stopping. On reaching them I was introduced to the officer (the adjutant of artillery) in charge of the party. The object of the instruction was as follows: the officer pointed out to them a tree about 250 yards off, and, calling to them by their *names* (in the French regiments of the line the men are called by their *numbers*), he inquired of each, before all the rest, what he considered was that distance? and recording in the book he held in his hand the answer, he repeated seriatim the same question to every one until all their replies were put down. The precise distance was then measured with a chain by two of the élèves, followed by all the rest. As soon as it was ascertained, the officer, calling around him the whole of his party, announced it to them, and having done so, he read out loud the name, (Monsieur * * *) with the distance he had estimated, and in like manner that of every one present; several had guessed it within ten yards. For the line, who use the common musket, the

extreme distance of this practice is 440 yards; for the chasseurs à pied, the average range of whose muskets is supposed to be 1100 yards, the distances practised are up to 1320 yards.

While the British army, from motives of false economy, has since the war ending in 1815 been gradually sinking in its equipment, and, in exercising, to a state of inferiority for which no difference in "pluck" or physical strength can possibly compensate, the French army has been, and is, devoting extraordinary attention to ball-firing.

By all high military authorities on the Continent it is considered that the new French musket will, by paralysing old routine manœuvres and tactics, make great alterations in the art of war.

Heavy columns can no longer, as hitherto, remain at 600 or 700 yards. Charges by cavalry or with bayonet will consequently be more difficult and rare. Light artillery (six-pounders, for instance) will no longer be serviceable at the distance at which they will be kept by the new musket; and accordingly, the contest in future must be between the superior skill and arrangements, in all ways, of musket-*firing*.

The French attach great importance to this art; and as their new musket, which in *theory*

we are, I believe, partially about to adopt, requires the careful study and *practice* which they are devoting to it, it is evident that, if the British soldier, who is at present but a very poor shot, is to continue to be deprived of the ammunition necessary for his instruction, our troops will, by a new element in war, be felled from a distance, without power to return the blow.

In the mean while, the French officers do not hesitate to foretell that the fate of battles will henceforward, in a great degree, depend upon the question of which of the two armies engaged has attained the greatest degree of perfection in *ball*-firing in general, and in the scientific application of the new musket in particular. And it is because *they* practise a great deal that it is desirable we should be much more liberal in our consumption of ammunition for this purpose than we have been or are.

In the British service, the half-yearly allowance for ball-practice, totally inadequate as it is, if not demanded within certain periods, is irrecoverable. There are many of our barracks where, for want of an appropriate place for practice, it cannot be used; and after all, very few, indeed, furnish a site for a 500-yards range.

On returning to the Ecole the General commanding was good enough to give me litho-

graphed copies of the minutest details of the different courses of studies within and without the school, of the several companies of each division, of all the interior regulations by which they were governed, of the punishments awarded for different offences; and besides this liberal, high-minded treatment of a stranger and a foreigner, the officer who had had the irksome trouble of going with me over the whole establishment insisted on accompanying me to the railway-station, at which, as soon as I had arrived, with great politeness he took off his hat, and, unconsciously paying an infinitely greater compliment to himself than to me, he gave me his "adieu!"

On returning to Versailles, I again, from the great esplanade, observed for a moment the outside of the palace, a picturesque and rather heterogeneous mixture of lightning-conductors, blue slates, new chimneys, old windows, white and red walls, gilt iron railings, and statues. In the evening I dined with the British Ambassador, at his delightful and hospitable country residence at Versailles.

ÉCOLE D'ÉTAT MAJOR.

On entering a small door adjoining to a very large porte-cochère, I saw before me two spacious yards full of young men, apparently officers, in uniform, sitting with their coats unbuttoned in various attitudes, each busy with a pencil in his right hand, their left arms being all employed in nursing or supporting a large rectangular drawing-board, on which, from their respective stations, they were sketching the various architectural appearances of the complicated buildings before them. Some were stooping, with their faces only a few inches from their boards; others, erectly, with their right arms stretched out, were measuring by their pencils the particular angle of the lines they were copying; two or three had a leg cocked up on the other knee to help to support the board; one wore spectacles, and the nose of one, apparently for want of a short-sighted pair, kept almost rubbing itself against its board, as if, like the pencil close beside it, it were delineating a chimney, a window, or a long

crooked zinc pipe. The colonel commanding was also in the yard, and, on my producing to him my order from the Ministre de la Guerre to see the establishment, with great kindness and politeness he said he would take me over it himself.

Previous to 1815 the French had no special system of education for staff-officers, but before the army of occupation had left their territory, the Minister of War, Marshal Gouvion Saint Cyr, framed and presented to the legislature, on the 10th of March, 1818, the draft of a law for the establishment not only of a college or "école" for the education of staff-officers, but which was to possess the exclusive privilege of supplying to the army *all* it required; and thus, instead of allowing every general, as a little piece of private patronage, to select as an officer of the staff of the army in which he has to serve his own silly son, nephew, or perhaps, unsight, unseen, the near relation of some pretty woman who had pestered him for the appointment—in short, instead of staff officers being snatched up from here and from there, to serve temporarily and disconnected as before—they were henceforward to form a permanent, most important, and most valuable branch of the army, under the appellation of "Le Corps Royal d'Etat Major."

This new establishment, sanctioned and committed to the charge of General Desprez, an officer of engineers, who in his youth had highly distinguished himself in the Ecole Polytechnique, and had subsequently served on the staff with great success, rapidly reached the perfection in which it now exists, and which has caused it to be imitated, more or less, by most of the great continental powers of Europe.

In time of peace the "Corps d'Etat Major" of France is composed of 30 Colonels, 30 Lieut.-Colonels, 100 Chefs de Bataillon, 300 Captains, 100 Lieutenants,—forming a total of 560 officers (the whole corps of British Royal Engineers contains only 307); besides which there can be called forth at any time 100 lieutenants, who, having gone through the course of studies at the "Ecole," are employing themselves as will be described. The inspecting generals of infantry and cavalry are required, in the course of their annual inspections, to examine all captains and lieutenants of the Etat Major employed on the staff in the theory and practice of manœuvres; also in their own special service, by making them execute military reconnaissances, never giving them more than forty-eight hours to make both their plans and their written report.

The following list of the costly establishment of the "Ecole d'Etat Major" very significantly explains the importance which France attaches to the education of staff officers for her armies:

The "Ecole d'Etat Major" is commanded in chief by a Maréchal de Camp, assisted by—

One Colonel of the "Corps d'Etat Major," director of the studies.

One Chef d'Escadron of the same corps, charged with the superintendence of the interior, and with the instruction relating to manœuvres, exercises, and military regulations.

Three Captains of the same corps, assistants to the Chef d'Escadron, besides which, one of them is especially charged with the instruction of the theory and practice of horse management and horsemanship; the two others in directing topographical surveys.

One Medical Officer, of at least the rank of Chirurgien-Major.

The Military Professors consist of—

One Captain, or Chef d'Escadron, of the Etat Major, Professor of Descriptive Geometry.

One ditto, ditto, Professor of Astronomy, of Physical Geography, and of Statistics.

One ditto, ditto, Professor of Géodésie and of Topography.

One Captain, or Chef de Bataillon, of the Corps of Engineers, Professor of Fortification.

One ditto, ditto, of the Artillery, for the instruction of that branch of the service.

One Military Superintendent, Professor of Legislation and of Military Administration.

One Captain, or Chef d'Escadron, of the Corps d'Etat Major, Professor of the Art of War ("d'Art Militaire").

Four Captains of the Corps d'Etat Major, as Assistant-Professors of Descriptive Geography, of Geography and Statistics, of Topography, and of the Art of War.

The Civil Establishment consists of—

One Professor of Drawing.

One Assistant ditto.

Two Professors of the German Language.

One Treasurer, Secretary, and Librarian.

One Assistant-Treasurer.

One Sentinel Porter.

Lastly, for the purpose of firmly cementing together the whole of the above elements into one solid mass,—

One Drummer.

The education of the "Ecole," already almost sufficiently explained by the titles of the professors, may very briefly be detailed as follows:—

Mathematics.—Arithmetic, algebra, logarithms, geometry.

Descriptive Geometry. — Construction of straight lines, curves, and tangents; with the various lines separating light and shade; principles of perspective.

Trigonometry and Topography.—Use of the plain table, compass, spirit level, principles of reconnaissance.

Cosmography.—Movement, diurnal, of the earth, of the sun, moon, planets, satellites, comets, and stars.

Geography.—Detailed description of the surface of the globe, also of the various governments and populations.

Natural Philosophy.—A slight course of.

Chemistry.—Ditto.

Artillery.—Description of the implements of war of the ancients; of those of every sort now in use; of the armament of different branches of the army; fabrication of gunpowder; construction of gabions, fascines, platforms, &c.; principles of firing artillery; general idea of the employment of artillery in the attack and defence of fortified places.

Field Fortification.—Explanation of the various profiles of field-works; application of abatis, palissades, fraises, chevaux-de-frise, trous de

loup, &c.; general principles of tracing out works, such as redans, lunettes, tête-de-ponts, redouts, star-works, barbet batteries, &c.

Permanent Fortification.—Description of the systems of Vauban, Cormantaigne, &c.; also of the new French system.

Assault and Defence of Places.—Description of lines of circumvallation and contravallation; of approach; of open and covered sap; description of an attack from the opening of the trenches to the passage of the ditch.

Military Administration.—Interior administration of companies' pay, subsistence, forage, fuel, clothing, linen, shoes, arms, equipment, harness, shoeing, service on the march, lodging, infirmary, hospitals, field hospitals, military accounts, military justice.

Art Militaire.—The organization, tactics, and manœuvres of infantry, offensive and defensive. Ditto of cavalry. Explanation and use of outpost duties; of rounds and patrols; of the conduct of detachments near the enemy; duties o the different fractions of a detachment under various circumstances; of topographical reconnaissances; of armed reconnaissances; of the means necessary for reconnaissances; guides, spies, deserters, prisoners, travellers, &c.; of convoys, their destination, rules to be observed on their

march, mode of parking them or defending them; special rules for the convoy of prisoners; of the attack of convoys. Defence and attack of villages, of woods, of defiles, according to their respective characters; of ambuscades, and also of surprises, different modes of preparing and carrying them into effect under various circumstances; of foraging by force, &c.; of cantonments, rules to be observed; choice of the best positions for encampments, for the bivouac of infantry, cavalry, and artillery. Rules of castrametation for troops of all arms, under canvas, or, in barracks, billets, &c.

Manœuvres.—Of every description.

French Literature, Latin, and German Language.—Grammar, prose, poetry of each; rhetoric; different descriptions of public speaking.

Fencing.—In the usual way.

Swimming.—Ditto.

Horsemanship.—To each student are given ninety-four lessons, consisting, besides riding, of lectures on the anatomy of the horse, of his principal diseases, of his treatment, food, water, ventilation of stables; on shoeing; on rest; work; precautions to be taken on a march, and in a campaign; on the purchase of horses; and lastly, how to proceed in cases of false warranty.

After conversing some time with the Colonel and commandant of the establishment, I followed

him into one of the halls of study, in which I found ten or twelve fine intelligent-looking young men, employed in drawing plans of fortification, the works of a siege, breaches, flying bridges, and reconnaissances of country 2200 yards (one mile and a quarter) broad, by 3300 yards (about two miles) long, taken by themselves by compass only; and as these reconnaissances had all been laid down on the same scale. the colonel, on placing two or three of them together, pointed out to me how accurately they coincided, so as to form altogether, for a general officer, a continuous carte-du-pays. Those engaged in plan-drawing were originating their own delineations from plaster models of the different features of a country. He was also good enough to show me a plan of Toulouse, with a written report thereon, by one student; a plan of Besançon, with an historical military memoir, by another; a plan of Dieppe by another. He informed me that three times a-week the students learn landscape-drawing, of which he laid before me some specimens of extraordinary talent. In another room he was kind enough to show me plans by the students of the principal sieges in Spain, with drawings by them of artillery of all descriptions.

In the mathematical hall I found around a black board a horseshoe table containing twenty-

five desks; and in the library, to which government every year gives a certain sum, 8000 volumes on professional subjects.

The hospital was what Mr. ****, M.P., in advocating economy, contemptuously calls a "sine*cur*,"—Anglicè, it did not contain a single student; indeed, the colonel told me that any one who occupies it more than thirty-five days is considered to have lost his year's study; and as this led to the subject of discipline, I ascertained that the punishments of the students consist of,—

1. A simple order of arrest by any officer of the establishment, which, while it confines them to their room, does not exempt them from study.

2. An "arrêt de rigueur," with or without a sentinel, which confines them in their rooms from study.

3. Confinement in a military prison, to which the culprit is conducted by the officer on duty for the week, who brings back to the field-marshal commandant a receipt from the jailer for his person.

The students are required strictly to attend to the orders respecting their dress, composed of a "grande tenue,"[1] the uniform of the

[1] Full dress.

"Corps d'Etat Major," minus the embroidery and aiguillette; a "petite tenue,"[1] consisting simply of a uniform coat, epaulettes, hat, and sword; and a "tenue de travail,"[2] of a uniform coat without epaulettes. The form, shape, and colour of every article of their clothing is strictly regulated by martial law; for instance, the dimensions of their hats—totally irrespective of the different amount of brains within each—are decreed to be as follows:—

		Millemètres.
Height	Before	140
	Behind	205
Arch	Before	030
	Behind	025
Length		125
Breadth		070
Diameter of the loop		080
Breadth of the twist of the loop		042

Lastly, the students are required, in the "Ecole" and out of it, to salute all officers of rank superior to their own; and to assemble, whenever called upon to do so, by beat of drum. Every day they are allowed to be absent from the Ecole from five in the evening till eleven at night, excepting on Saturday, when they may be out till midnight; and four times a month they are permitted to be out all night, but—what sounds reasonable enough—not two nights

[1] Undress. [2] Working dress.

consecutively. If at the yearly examination they do not attain a certain sum total of proficiency, they are summarily discarded from the "Ecole *d'Etat Major*," and at once appointed to regiments in the army.

I was now conducted into a stable containing fifty horses, maintained for the instruction of the students. As is usual in the French service, the name of each was appended over his manger: among them I observed a mare entitled "*La Milady*," and a slight, long-legged horse, called "*Le Gentlemann*." From the stables the colonel led me into an unusually large and lofty riding-school, 264 feet in diameter, around which, followed by a groom on horseback, there was cantering, at the rate of very nearly three miles an hour, a thin, old, erect gentleman—he was a stranger, and had no connection with the establishment—who, with a red ribbon in his button-hole, with hands bent like the paws of a dancing bear, and with the points of his toes gently resting in his stirrups, was taking, as medicine, his daily dose of horse exercise.

The dormitories are composed of moderate-sized rooms; containing sometimes one, and sometimes two, beds.

Lastly, I was conducted into a good garden.

The hours of labour are in summer eleven,

and in winter nine, every day in the week except Sundays and fête-days. Of the year, eight months are devoted to studies within the "Ecole," three to exterior reconnaissances and actual surveys under officers of engineers, and one for the examination in two divisions of all the students.

The period of residence at the "Ecole" is two years. The number of students is fifty, of whom twenty-five every year, after passing their examinations in the various studies enumerated (which in the aggregate are considered as a preliminary portion of their education), are, with the rank only they held at the "Ecole," namely that of sous-lieutenant, employed *for two years* as "aide-majors" (assistant-adjutants) in a regiment of cavalry. They then, with the rank of lieutenant, are required to serve for *two years more* as aide-majors in a regiment of infantry; and afterwards, occasionally but not always, are sent for a year in the same capacity, first to the artillery, and then to the engineers, which completes the course of military education which France deems it advisable to give to its "Corps d'Etat Major," a national nursery for generals whom the country may reasonably deem competent to command under any circumstances the various armies on which the destinies and honour of the nation are supposed to depend. From

the education they have received they are also deemed competent to be placed at the disposition of the French minister for foreign affairs, to be attached to embassies, or employed in diplomatic missions.

As I was walking through the garden, I asked the colonel to be so good as to explain to me who had the patronage of appointing to the "Ecole d'Etat Major" the twenty-five students requisite to replace that number who were annually promoted from it to be, with the rank of lieutenants, aide-majors (assistant adjutants) of cavalry. He told me that no such influence was allowed to interfere with the Ecole d'Etat Major; and accordingly, that, by an order of Government, the yearly deficiency, without any patronage whatever, is supplied by three of the most distinguished scholars of the Ecole Polytechnique, and by twenty-two who in like manner have most distinguished themselves in their progress through the military college of St. Cyr.

This sensible arrangement, which, regardless of expense, gives to the brightest talents the country can produce the best professional education it can devise, accords with the whole military system of the French army, which, among other regulations, has ordained that no one can be appointed to the rank of sous-lieutenant until

he has either served at least two years as a non-commissioned officer (sous-officier) in some corps of the army, or for two years has been an élève of the Ecole Militaire de St. Cyr or Polytechnique, and has, moreover, passed all the examinations thereof.

As I was walking homewards I could not help comparing the system of military education I had witnessed in the Casernes, and in the Ecoles Polytechnique, Ponts et Chaussées, Spéciale Militaire de St. Cyr, and d'Etat Major of France, with the course pursued in my own country; and as this painful subject is of vital importance to every member of our community, it will I trust be deemed not unworthy of a few minutes' patient consideration.

According to the regulations of the British army no young man, whatever interest he may possess, can enter the corps of Royal Engineers, or the Royal Regiment of Artillery, without going through the military academy at Woolwich.

As a school of preparation for the remainder of the army,—the cavalry, infantry, and staff,—there has also existed long ago at Great Marlow, and latterly at Sandhurst, a Royal Military College; and as it and the army have been and are under the same power, it would have been natural to conceive either that the expenses of

the college, if useless, would have been abolished, or, if deemed useful, that by a simple regulation every candidate for a commission would, as in the case of the Woolwich academy, have been required to pass through it; by which arrangement, whatever amount of education from time to time might be deemed necessary would be equally imparted to all our young officers, who, on joining their respective regiments, would be known to possess military knowledge up at least to the point prescribed. Instead, however, of issuing any such regulation —strange to say—it has been, and still is, left to the father, mother, guardian, uncle, grandfather, or grandmother of every young man who enters the army, to determine, according to his or her ignorance or prejudices, whether he shall accept this national course of education or not! and accordingly it is an indisputable fact that a large proportion of the ensigns of the British army have joined their respective regiments without having received any military education whatever.

Now, instead of correcting this anomaly by the simple establishment of one general system, there has lately been adopted a medium course, which, by many very faithful admirers of the power from whence it has emanated, is con-

sidered to be a very serious mistake; and as I most reluctantly own that I concur in this opinion, I will endeavour to explain the objections urged against the following order, the portions of which that are considered to be very loosely worded, are printed in italics:—

MEMORANDUM of the points upon which Mr. ——— will have to be examined when selected by the Commander-in-Chief for a Commission in the Army.

In order *to have some certainty that the applicants for commissions in her Majesty's service have been educated as gentlemen*, it is directed that each of them shall be examined by *persons* appointed by the Commander-in-Chief for that purpose, *particularly* on the following points, before they can be recommended for commissions:—

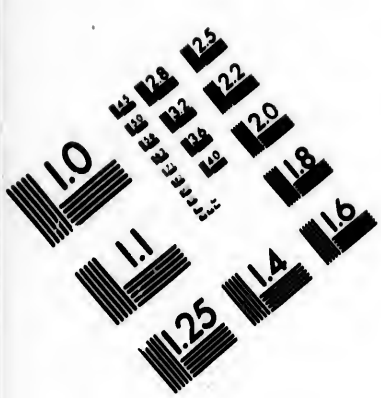
1. The candidate must be able to *read* English *correctly*, and write it from dictation.

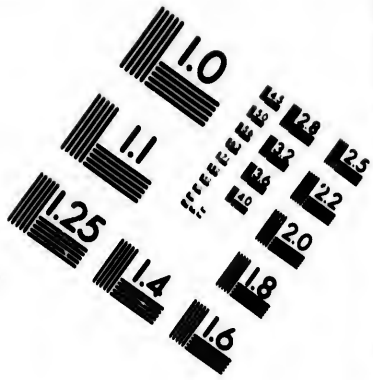
2. In arithmetic, he must be acquainted with the first four rules (simple and compound) *and proportion.*

3. In languages, he must be able to construe any part of Cæsar's 'Commentaries' (exclusive of the portion ascribed to Hirtius), and parse; or, *if he should not have received a classical education*, he must translate into English a given passage from *a* French or German author, *as he may himself prefer*, and parse.

4. In history, he must be able to answer *such questions as may be put to him by the examiners.*

5. In geography, he must possess a knowledge of the general divisions of the world; the name of the capital of each nation in Europe; the principal rivers, seaports, and military posts in Great Britain and Ireland; *her Majesty's dominions in every part of the world.*





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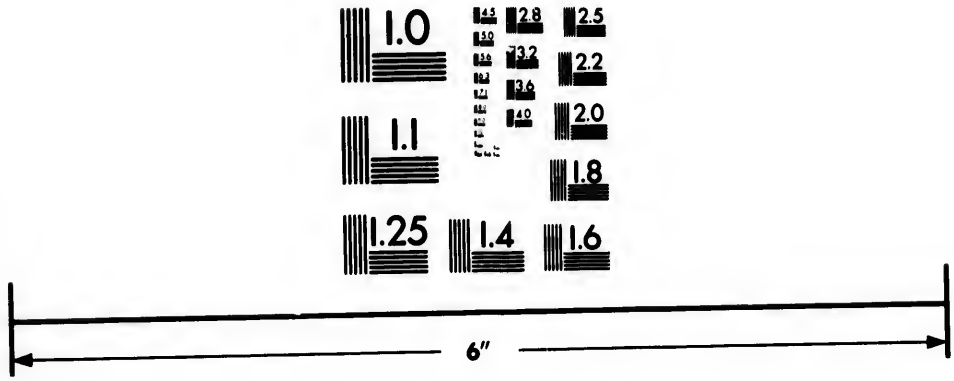

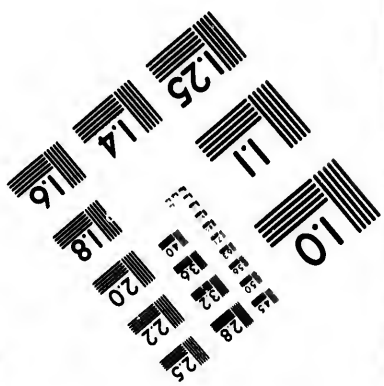

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6. In fortification, he must be able to trace upon *paper*, in presence of the examiners, a front of fortification, according to Vauban's first system. If this is done correctly by the candidate, it will be received *as evidence*, at the same time, of his *having acquired* SOME *knowledge of drawing*.

7. If the candidate be a member of the Church of England, he will have to produce a certificate of having been confirmed. If not a member of the Church of England, he will be required to produce a certificate from a *minister or priest*, stating that he has been well instructed in the principles of the religion in which he has been brought up.

8. A medical examination will take place to ascertain that the candidate is in every point of view fit for military service.

Now, without stopping to notice any of the paragraphs in italics—which (especially in requirement No. 4) are evidently so indefinite that if the "*person*" appointed as examiner should happen to be a little bilious or out of humour on the particular morning, he may make the examination so severe as to reject any candidate he pleases—it may be at once stated that the main objection to the above regulations is, that, without imparting to a candidate for a commission military information of *any* practical value, they materially injure the raw material from which the British army has hitherto been supplied, by forcing every candidate for a commission to leave our great public schools in order

to obtain, in what is commonly called a "cramming establishment," on Shooter's Hill, Hammersmith, or some of the purlieus of London, exactly the amount of mathematics, plan-drawing, French, and German, that will enable him to pass the examination, or, as it is technically termed by the advertisers, "bring him up to the mark."

Let us for a moment fairly weigh what is lost and what is gained by this arrangement. Although in our public schools education is unfortunately almost confined to a well-grounded knowledge of those two ancient dead languages on which our own is founded, yet there can be no doubt they offer to candidates for the army advantages of an inestimable nature. In their playgrounds and in their rooms courage is universally admired, cowardice or meanness universally despised; manly feelings, noble sentiments, and generous conduct are fostered and encouraged; the spoiled child of rank, whose face had formerly always been most obsequiously smoothed *down*wards, by the rough hand of the school is rubbed *up*wards, until his admiration of himself, of his family, and of the extraordinary talents of his maiden aunt, are exchanged for a correcter estimate, which eventually makes him a better, a wiser, and a happier man. In short, the unwritten code of honour, which like

a halo shines around the playgrounds of our public schools, ever has done, and ever will do, all that can be performed to make those who have the good fortune to exist under it GENTLEMEN.

Now when a fine, handsome, high-minded young nobleman is torn away from advantages of this nature to be "crammed" at a solitary house, in what position does he find himself? Instead of the delightful society he has enjoyed, he finds himself the guest of a needy man, whose silly wife, and whose three or four plump daughters, are as proud of him as if he had descended among them from the sun. They show him off at church, have him to tea, and afraid to rebuke him, think themselves highly honoured by almost everything he says and does. His companions are probably half a dozen different shaped lads, from various ranks in life. *They* perhaps also spoil him, and even if they do not, the association is altogether on so small a scale, the education is in its character of so low a caste—one in which the sons of schoolmasters, surveyors, and the lower orders of professions are almost sure to excel—that, although it may ensure him passing his examination, his young mind becomes unavoidably injured by the three-cornered ideas on all subjects which have been stuffed into it.

And now, if this be true (alas! will any one that has revelled in the playground of an English public school deny it?), is it not extraordinary to reflect that this alteration in the qualification for a commission from the society and education of a gentleman to that which would be appropriate to a clerk, to a young civil engineer, or to a superior class of mechanic, has been concocted to prevent the very evil it is creating; in short, the young nobleman (*vide* the "Memorandum") is to be transplanted from Eton to Shooter's Hill, "in order to have some certainty that the applicants for commissions in Her Majesty's Service *have been educated as* GENTLEMEN!!"

Again, it is generally considered that the Memorandum, dated Horse Guards, 4th July, 1851, detailing the examination for the rank of captain, is not only far too severe to be required from all officers, but will lead to great hardships and inconveniences. A man may be an excellent officer; may have served for many years with great gallantry and distinction; he may, moreover, possess sound sense, judgment, and zeal; and yet be *quite* unequal—especially if his services have been in remote colonies—to undergo the examination required, and which, after all, has but very little to do with his regimental duties, namely:—

"The first *six* books of Euclid. Geometry; geometry on the ground. Algebra, comprising addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, the extraction of the square root, and the solution of simple equations. Plane trigonometry, comprehending the solutions of plane triangles in the three principal cases, with applications to the determinations of heights and distances; examples to be worked logarithmically. Mensuration, including the determination of the areas of plane figures, rectilinear and circular, with the volumes and surfaces of solids, &c. &c."

And thus, while in France, under a regular and continuous system of military education, *the soldiers, the officers, and the staff* of the army, in the various schools I have described, and afterwards in extensive encampments, are studiously learning grand manœuvres and evolutions, siege duties, ball-firing, as well as the minutest details of field exercise, the promotion of our officers, to whom no such advantages are allowed, will occasionally be stopped because they are unable to pass through a severe examination in geometry!—just as if, according to Mr. Cobden's theory, disputes between nations were hereafter to be settled by logic instead of by bullets and cold steel.

"*I really can't understand this fifth book of Euclid!*" said many years ago a Woolwich cadet to that celebrated mathematician and philosopher, John Bonnycastle.

"*I don't wonder at it, boy,*" was the reply; "*I can hardly understand it* MYSELF!"

The British nation may pride itself on its wealth, and the British army on its logic, and yet before our faces Mr. Hobbs picks our locks, while Mr. Colt's revolvers, the French musket, and the superior sailing of the yacht "America," undeniably promise to kill and outstrip us by land and by sea.

There certainly seems to be a fatality hanging over the protection of our country which, like a channel fog, renders everything connected with it invisible.

Considering the abject respect which Truth meets with in England from persons of all politics, it is certainly inexplicable that on the single subject of the defences of the whole property of the nation, figures and facts have no specific gravity whatever! On every other question they are not only scrupulously weighed, but in every possible variety of combination they are, by all ranks of people, most ingeniously weighed over and over and over again.

On the subject of the Catholic religion, of corn-laws, game-laws, poor-laws, free trade, &c. &c. &c., meetings can be convened at almost any notice, at almost any time, and at almost any place; petitions can be plentifully signed;

the subject, year after year, can be brought forward in the House of Commons, debated, twisted, turned over in every possible way; and yet no sooner have 650 gentlemen tired themselves and everybody else almost to death by talking about it, than—just as if it rose out of the ground in which it had been buried—it majestically reappears in the House of Lords, where all its "facts and figures" are reweighed, and every argument rediscussed. On the publication of their lordships' speeches the subject is again debated throughout the country, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*.

But besides this unwearied investigation of great subjects, every newspaper in the United Kingdom professes to weigh, with accuracy and impartiality, the minutest transactions, not only of Great Britain but of every other country in the world. The reasons for and against everything that occurs therein are analysed; indeed, whenever a common railway or the most uninteresting description of private accident occurs, the community are never satisfied, until by a coroner's inquest, or by some other official inquiry, they have been informed of what are popularly called "*the facts* of the case;" and yet, if any one ventures to submit to the people of England,—

1st. *Figures* showing that, in point of numbers, the army of Great Britain is to that of France, in the proportion of *rather less than* an inch to a yard.

2nd. *Facts* showing the superior military education of the army of France as compared with that of the army of Great Britain,—every eye is averted from the figures, every ear is hermetically closed against the facts! And thus, while every item of property within the British dominions is, as it is termed, "*ensured* from loss," the kingdom itself, almost by acclamation, is allowed, day after day, month after month, and year after year, to exist unprotected, save by that Almighty Power by which it has hi therto been maintained.

LA GRANDE CHAUMIÈRE.

In Galignani's detailed account of the variety of balls which in every quarter of Paris are to be found suited to all classes of society, I read as follows:—

"Grande Chaumière, No. 96, Boulevart du Mont Parnasse, is the habitual resort of students and *étudiantes*, a title familiarly given to those members of the softer sex who worship Minerva under the garb of her youthful followers of the Quartier Latin. The garden of the Chaumière is laid out in shady walks—

'Time out of mind the favourite haunts of love.'

The dancing here is rather more *lively* than at the place already described, and might possibly elicit an austere shake of the head of a sombre moralist, who might also think the walks above alluded to somewhat too shady."

"Where am I to conduct you?" turning himself round on his box to receive my orders, said the countenance, but not the lips, of the driver of a citadine in which I had all of a sudden seated myself at nine o'clock at night.

"A la Grande Chaumière!" I replied.

"Très-bien, Monsieur!" said the man, who, suiting, as he thought, his action to the word, gave the poor horse a hard cut with his whip.

We went I hardly knew where, turning and twisting for about half an hour; at last, when close to the Barrière d'Enfer, the carriage stopped, and I was informed we had arrived at the point of my destination.

As soon as I had paid my driver I saw before me, illuminated with lamps, two lodges, at one of which I was required, as usual, to leave my stick, and at the other, before which a sentinel was pacing, to pay a trifle for admission.

These preliminaries having been concluded, I walked slowly along a broad sanded path, lighted by variegated lamps, and bounded on each side by great cubical green wooden boxes, containing very large orange-trees. As I proceeded I heard before me a band playing, and occasionally a strange rumbling noise like thunder. On my right I indistinctly saw the figures of several people, principally ladies, joyously whirling in a circle on whirligig horses; at last, after passing under a bower, I came all at once on the grand esplanade, on which, under the canopy of heaven, in an open-air ball-room, beneath a magnificent chandelier of thirty large cut-glass lamps, with fifteen more of the same form round the

magic circle, I perceived the heads of about thirty or forty couple of happy people, waltzing in time to a band of fourteen instruments seated on an elevated covered platform, sheltered by a boarded roof through which passed the stems of two large umbrageous trees, besides which, by other trees the remainder of the esplanade was also overshadowed.

Around the railing which enclosed the dancers were seated in chairs a crowd of young people, more or less hot, who had either taken part in the dance or were waiting to do so, also a number of colder and older ones acting the part only of spectators. At each end of the dancing ellipse there stood erect, in uniform, low cocked hat, and a straight sword, pointing like a lightning conductor to the ground, a sergent de ville attentively watching, by order of the police, the movements of the dancers. On the outside of the persons seated in chairs, sauntering, talking, and listening to the music, was a moving crowd, among whom were conspicuous the white belts, shining swordhandles, and scarlet epaulettes of several soldiers.

Immediately facing the band, and on the left of the entrance, there appeared, surrounded by a border full of pots containing beautiful flowers, an elevated refreshment platform, brilliantly

lighted and full of tables, from which people, luxuriously sipping coffee, punch, lemonade, &c., were looking, over the heads of the walking and sitting company, at the young, dancing beneath lamps and the green branches of horse-chesnut trees in flower. As they sat, the mysterious rumbling sound, occasionally for a moment overpowered, and then dying away, harmoniously blended with the music.

Whenever the dancing, merely to give a short interval of rest to the players, suddenly ceased, everybody appeared instinctively to stroll into a labyrinth of little intricate dark paths, shaded by trees and bounded by perpendicular embankments about two feet high. Here and there, like angels' visits, "few and far between," there twinkled, rather than shone, a little lamp. Here and there was ingeniously carved out of the happy chaos a small dark circular space, containing sometimes two or three plain, unassuming rush-bottomed stools, for people to sit and talk on, and sometimes, in addition to these simple luxuries, a little table. In this chiaroscuro picture there was occasionally a sort of dreamy appearance of waiters, in white aprons, hurrying forwards with white coffee-cups in trays.

As I happened not to be wearing a gold-edged cocked hat, gaudy epaulettes, shining buttons,

but on the contrary was dressed from hat to foot in dark apparel, I glided through this scene I believe almost unobserved, and yet, as I was not altogether unobserving, I must do it and the Grande Chaumière the justice to say, that neither in the dancing nor in the labyrinths did I witness anything to complain of. A great many very young people were, with a great deal of animation, emphasis, and gesture, certainly endeavouring to explain to each other a great many things, probably of no very great importance, but I can faithfully declare that I saw no quarrelling nor misconduct of any sort.

As at the last blast and scraping stroke of the band the rumbling noise I have alluded to invariably began to increase and to recur at shorter intervals, I resolved to worm my way to the point from which it invariably proceeded, and accordingly, returning to the dancing esplanade, I proceeded from it along a broad path, on the right of which I passed an inclined billiard-table, covered with green cloth, lighted by three bright lamps, and surrounded by a crowd of people who were playing for prizes—little china ornaments very alluringly displayed. Proceeding in my course, I soon arrived at the foot of a sort of square scaffolding, containing a small winding staircase, which, on ascending, led me to dimi-

nutive platforms one above another, in succession, like a Swiss cottage. On reaching the summit I found myself on a level with a platform surrounded by trellis-work, about thirty feet square, at the edge of which I perceived a sentinel in uniform standing by the side of an old woman seated before a little table, who, as soon as I came up to her, said to me very civilly—

"Cinq sous, Monsieur, s'il vous plaît." [1]

I had long been yearning to pay something to somebody, and, accordingly, with great pleasure I put into her withered hand the twopence halfpenny she desired. On the little elevated platform, over which the sentinel and this old woman, like Mars and Venus, presided, I perceived, arranged in three lines, eighteen very easy padded arm-chairs each on four iron wheels. In one a young gentleman had just seated a young lady; and he had scarcely taken possession of another chair himself, when, as if I were detaining them, as indeed I unconsciously was, two men in blouses, pointing to a third chair, energetically beckoned to me to advance. I did so; and one of the men had scarcely passed a leather strap across my stomach when we all three were slowly pushed along our respective set of parallel rails to the edge of a Montagne Russe, down

[1] Five sous, Sir, if you please.

which, with an astounding thundering noise, and between lamps that seemed to flash as we passed them, we rushed, until, on reaching the bottom, leaving their rails, the three chairs ran over some loose tan, until, eventually, they slightly bumped against a wall padded with a woolsack. The instant this occurred, without allowing me a moment's reflection on what I had been doing, or rather on what I had done, four or five men rushed towards us, unhooked our three straps, handed us out of our chairs, and then, passing through a gate, in less than two minutes from the time I had been launched from the platform, we were all—just as if nothing had happened—quietly sauntering among the crowd.

On returning to the band I stood for two or three minutes close to one of the sergents de ville (Anglicè, policemen) watching the dancers, which gave me an opportunity of observing that the ladies were waltzing not only in bonnets, but in their cloaks of silk, and occasionally of velvet, which of course made them look hot and clumsy. On the right, at about thirty yards from the circle in which, in the open air, they were enjoying themselves, I found a large, long, low, boarded, unlighted ball-room, with a series of looking-glasses opposite the windows. In it,

although it was almost dark, four young, foolish people, were dancing.

There now began to blister up in my mind a desire to know how the chair on which I had so lately been precipitated from the platform was ever to get back to it? and as I felt myself incompetent to determine the problem, I asked one of these young dancers, who at the moment with his partner on his arm was resting from his labour, to be so good as to explain it; and no sooner did he tell me of what the power consisted than I determined I would not leave the gardens until I had searched it out. Accordingly, returning towards the series of platforms by which I had ascended, I looked about me in all directions, until, passing under an arch which supported the summit of the artificial Montagne Russe, I saw on my right a dark-looking cell, containing about a dozen old chairs; beyond it I heard a slight but unceasing noise, and, proceeding towards it, I found, attached firmly by a wooden yolk to the outer extremity of a triangle of beams, one of which was revolving perpendicularly, a thin, powerful horse, with blindfolded eyes, and with his head drawn by a strap sideways. Within a little track hollowed out by his own feet, he was slowly walking round and round a square log-house, just large enough

for his circle. As long as the band was playing he enjoyed comparative rest; as soon as it ceased he knew that he would be set to work. The sound of human feet ascending the series of platforms warned him that his labour was approaching. The merry voice of happiness above him told him that he must soon suffer; and whenever the heavy chairs rolled like thunder over his head, he knew but too well that he would be obliged by main force to pull them all up again. In short, when the company were happy, he worked; as the evening advanced, his labour increased; and it was exactly in proportion as the strength and spirits of the visiters flagged, that he enjoyed longer and longer intervals of rest. From the top of a tall post a small lamp shone upon him, but he was blindfolded and could not see it; its flickering light, however, piercing the dark, lofty, mysterious-looking space above him, faintly shone on a variety of beams one over another.

As I was looking at the poor creature his pace gradually slackened till it stopped, "A*i*!" exclaimed a voice above us. The animal did not obey it. "A-i-*i*!"—he continued to stand still. "A-i-i-*e*!"—he immediately leant heavily forwards and put the machinery into motion. "Aiie, *sa*cre!" exclaimed the voice, on which

he immediately quickened his pace; and he was working, I thought, very steadily, when suddenly the little lamp feebly illumined the form of a man who, entering close to where I stood, hastily walked towards the horse. He had no whip, but he went up, walked alongside of, and did something to him—I suppose he pricked him, for the poor jaded creature instantly increased his pace, and for a few steps, straining his hind fetlocks, hurried rapidly round his doom.

I had now been at the Grande Chaumière nearly an hour, and as I had seen all that—and, as regards its horse, rather more than—I desired, I returned to the esplanade, retraced my steps along the illumined path, until, reaching the two lodges, I redeemed my stick and with it walked out.

On coming outside the gate the driver of a citadine asked me where he could conduct me? and as at the moment I was thinking I should much like to see a specimen of the lowest description of the balls of Paris, I desired him to drive to one which, on my naming it to him, he told me was in the immediate neighbourhood. Accordingly, in a few minutes he deposited me close to a very large house, two stories high, with twelve windows in front, all glaring with

internal light. On the walls of the uppermost story there appeared in large letters

"A LA VILLE DE TONNÈRE;"[1]

and beneath, "Salons de 1200 couverts pour noces et banquets."[2]

On entering I saw on the ground-floor, in different places, the words "Café," "Restaurateur," "Billiards," and at the bottom of a staircase a little bureau, at which I paid for admission a few sous. On reaching its summit I entered a large room, lighted by four chandeliers and sixteen single gas-burners surrounded by upright glass shades, containing seventy little tables, ranged around it, so as to leave in the centre ample space for dancing. Over the windows, which were all open, was a scarlet frame from which hung, waving occasionally in the air, exceedingly clean white muslin curtains. The walls painted in oak were varnished, the floor had been watered. Above, in an orchestra, were, under the command of a thin, intelligent, bald-headed master, with mustachios like a rat, a band of seven musicians, and one dog with a white napkin tied round his body. Around the

[1] The city of Tonnère.

[2] Accommodation for 1200 persons—for marriages and parties.

tables, each of which was covered with a white linen cloth, were ranged a number of people, looking at others dancing. I seated myself at one, and by the utterance of the two words "Garçon, café!" I found no one took the slightest notice of me. Among the spectators who, like myself, were sipping either wine or coffee, I observed two soldiers of the garde républicaine, and two of cavalry; the elegant bright brass helmets, with polished steel fronts, of the latter were lying on the table, their sabres were leaning against the wall. Several of the party were in blouses, three or four in white linen smock-frocks, and the remainder in the dress of the lowest classes of bourgeois.

All the dancers, as well as those seated, had their hats on, excepting one of the two dragoons (he had a horseshoe on his arm), who danced not only without his helmet but without his stock —the reason, I suppose, being that his scarlet trousers, lined all round the bottom, all inside the legs, and also up in front, with stout black leather, made him feel a little warm;—one man wore a tremendous beard. The ladies, many of whom were upwards of forty, were all overladen with clothes which came up to their throats, and which made them get and appear very hot; indeed, it made me feel hot too, even to look at them.

"Voulez-vous, Monsieur," said to me a waiter in a white apron, as he passed me with a small tray in his hand, "Voulez-vous, Monsieur, que je vous cherche une dame?"[1] Pointing to my little oak stick on the table, I shook my head very infirmly and said "Non!"

The dancing was rough, and much more inelegant than I expected to see in France. There was a vast deal of rude joy demonstrated by kicking out violently sideways, sometimes with one leg and then with the other. The improprieties, of which I had heard much, and which I had been assured were such that no Englishwoman of any description could witness them, consisted—

1. Of the gentleman in waltzing not only swinging his partner enough to pull her arms off, but also sometimes actually swinging her legs off—the ground.

2. Of the gentleman in waltzing invariably placing one hand on his partner's thickly wadded shoulders, and the other on her gown at too great a distance below her waist.

3. Of the gentleman occasionally ending waltzing by giving his partner, during a period of about six seconds, a downright, or rather upright, good, jolly, unmistakable hug.

[1] Would you like me, Sir, to get you a partner?

4. After the dance was over, of both ladies and gentlemen sitting together at their tables, refreshing themselves by sipping from soup-plates hot sugared wine; in doing which they occasionally tapped each other's glasses, appearing on the whole to be exceedingly happy, and to pay no attention whatever to the waiter, who, while they were refreshing themselves, was occupied in watering the floor. For every dance each gentleman was required to pay to the chancellor of the exchequer, who collected it from him then and there, the sum of four sous. (N.B. It was to obtain this twopence that the waiter had, apparently so kindly, proposed "de me chercher une dame.") The ladies were allowed to exercise gratis.

Having now, as is common in fashionable life, attended two balls in one night, I bade adieu to the merry dance, at a moment when the young farrier without his stock was particularly distinguishing himself.

On descending the staircase and walking along the passage into the avenue, I got into a 'bus that was just starting, and, stopping close to the column on the Place de Vendôme, I got out, without any headache, within twenty yards of my home.

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY.

WHILE I was walking across the Pont de la Concorde, and, indeed, long before I had approached it, I saw at a distance, immediately before me, the magnificent façade of the National Assembly, consisting of a triangular pediment, 100 feet long, supported by twelve Corinthian columns, resting on a broad pavement, approached from the bridge by twenty-nine steps of the whole length of the façade.

The bas-relief is composed of a figure 14 feet high, representing France holding in her right hand the Constitution. Beside her are Force and Justice, with groups of figures, allegorically personifying Peace, Eloquence, Industry, Commerce, Agriculture, the River Seine, the River Marne, the Navy, and the Army. At the foot of the whole is a strong, tall, iron railing, to protect the members of the Assembly from being suddenly, as they were on the 15th May, 1848, ousted from their seats by the mob. As the gates in these railings were closed, and as the long

steps and the exalted broad stone platform beneath the pediment were swarming alive with armed soldiers, who, lolling in various attitudes, or moving slowly one among another, presented a confused mixture of greyish-blue and scarlet cloth, glittering brass ornaments, walnut-wood and cold steel, on reaching the Assembly I inquired for the gate of entrance, and, according to the instructions I received, turning to the left, I walked round the building till I came to a lofty gateway on my right, which conducted me into a large court, where I wandered about, till again, finding myself surrounded by soldiers, I was directed by one of them to rather a small door, on entering which I was requested to leave my little stick, in lieu of which I received a ticket. Ascending a small staircase, I found a doorkeeper, who not only conducted me into the "Tribune du Corps Diplomatique," for which I had a ticket, but who within it sold to me, for a franc, a most valuable plan of the Assembly, showing the particular desk and the name of every one of its members. On taking my seat, I observed to him that he and I were the only persons in the house, which, he explained to me, was from my having come half an hour too soon. I, however, did not regret my mistake, as it gave me an opportunity of quietly looking around me.

The construction and interior arrangements of the building are so simple and so sensibly adapted for its object, that at a single glance it is easily understood. The house is in the horseshoe form. At the heel end, surrounded, in front, by a small empty space, and on each side by two others called the "côté gauche" and "côté droit," is the platform of the President, on which, elevated about six feet above the floor of the house, appear his desk, an ordinary library writing-table, supported in front by four brass legs, and his elbow chair, a size larger than that usual in a library. Behind, on the same platform, but about a foot lower, stand, with their backs against the wall, six common, English-looking mahogany dining-room chairs, with black horse-hair seats; and on the right and left, and about three feet below, a line of eight chairs and desks for secretaries. Beneath, and immediately in front of the President's chair, is the "tribune" or pulpit, from which every member may be required to speak, composed of a very small platform, about three feet above the floor of the house, bounded in front only by a low narrow table, about eight feet long, and about a foot broad, covered with red velvet, which screens and conceals about the lower half of the speaker's person. The remainder of the house, excepting its nar-

row floor, is composed of eleven tiers of seats, rising, like those of an ancient amphitheatre, one above another, and intersected at right angles by twelve narrow passages, radiating, by twenty steps, upwards from the floor to the hexagonal walls of that portion of the house occupied by members. Each tier, which is two steps higher than that beneath, is subdivided into separate desks, behind each of which is a seat with iron elbows, covered with green cloth, by which arrangement 750 members, whose faces more or less converge upon the tribune, are completely separated one from the other.

The interior of the house, which has plenty of light and air, is exceedingly plain. On the wall, at the back of the President's chair, is inscribed, in gold letters,—

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE,
LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ,
FRATERNITÉ."

Round the walls, which have been painted of a dingy light grey, appear arranged, in various ways, sixty-two tricolor flags. The members' desks are, in front, painted oak-colour; behind, covered with green cloth. The ceiling is very coarsely whitewashed; the floor of the house and the President's platform are covered with

crimson carpet. The prevailing colours of the whole therefore are oak, green, and crimson.

The upper surface of each of the members' desks, which are about the breadth of an ordinary dining-room chair, and pretty closely packed, are as like those of schoolboys as can well be imagined; that is to say, they are of common wood, well spotted with ink, with a little lid that opens. The stock in trade of each consists of a tiny round inkstand, about an inch and a half in diameter, let into the desk; a steel pen; half a quire of note paper; an upright slit for holding envelopes, and a hole for wafers. On some of the desks were lying quite naturally "blue books," in quarto.

The ventilation of the house appears to have been very carefully attended to. In the ceiling are nine large circular ventilators; and in a sort of entresol, between the upper and lower galleries, which, divided into various compartments for different descriptions of strangers, extend round the walls nearly the whole of the house, there are eighty more. In the upper windows, occupying a space where there exist only one set of galleries, are twenty panes of glass that can be opened; and in the floor of the house I counted six large air-holes. Lastly, in the walls directly opposite to the speaker, as also

in the walls on his right and left, are three large clocks constantly ticking to each other.

Before any member had made his appearance there entered at the door on the right of the President's platform six or eight well-dressed, closely-shaved persons,—in white neck-cloths, black coats, black waistcoats, black trousers, black gaiters, shiny shoes, and swords with glittering silver hilts,—who, traversing the chamber in all directions, kept dropping on the tables of the members a pamphlet-copy of the bill for debate. Three of these persons had on the left breasts of their black coats a long piece of bright scarlet ribbon, to which was appended a silver medal.

At five minutes before two, three or four members strolled in, with their hats on; then came in two, then three, then seven or eight; until in a very short time the floor of the house was completely covered; besides which several members, who had taken possession of their seats, were already opening their desks, and ferreting within them. Most of the legislators were well dressed, in dark coats and waistcoats, with grey trousers. A very few had waistcoats of dark cheque, but none at all fine. Their countenances, generally speaking, were highly intelligent and intellectual.

Of the two tiers of galleries on the right and left, behind the speaker's platform, the front seats were entirely occupied by ladies; among the remaining benches, principally occupied by the softer sex, were here and there a sprinkling of rougher faces. On the left of the clock, in front of the speaker, the galleries were crammed full of soldiers. Immediately on my right was the "Tribune du Président de la République." Before me were the "tribunes" or galleries for the press. On the whole, the coup d'œil of the well-ventilated house was exceedingly plain, grave, compact, and on a plan admirably adapted for its object.

All of a sudden, three or four of the gentlemen in black clothes, scarlet ribbons, medals, and straight swords, entering with hurried pomp, cried out, "Chapeaux bas! s'il vous plaît!"[1] and, after a short pause, there walked in, beardless and closely shaved, the President or Speaker,—it was not M. Dupin,—dressed in a black stock, black coat, with a small piece of red ribbon peeping out of a button-hole, French-grey trousers, and boots. With the perfect ease of a gentleman, he sat down, smiled, looked up behind, first over his right shoulder, and then over his left, at the gallery full of ladies,

[1] Hats off, if you please!

rubbed his hands together, and, after a minute or two's most agreeable rumination, he made a little bell with a horizontal handle before him doubly strike its clapper three times. A clerk below him instantly read the head of some paper, which nobody seemed to care about. He then, just as if the work of the day was all over, relapsed into easy enjoyment, and for some time talked to a member who, with an elbow on his desk, rested his head on his hand. Throughout the chamber was a general good-humoured buzz of conversation.

The house was now very full; and I was surprised to perceive that, excepting in the upper rows of benches on the left, occupied by the party Rouge, or radicals, there were fewer beards than, on an average, I had been in the habit of meeting in the streets. In a button-hole in the coats of a great many was a slight appearance, about as broad as a piece of bobbin, of a red ribbon.

Behind the President, on his right and left, on the platform on which he himself sat, and immediately beneath the inscription Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité, were two tables, occupied by six clerks, one of whom, in black clothes and a long beard, I repeatedly observed intently mending a long white goose-quill pen;

another, also in black, wore a bright scarlet ribbon; another a long scarlet one, and also a long yellow one. In front of the President, on his right and left, but below him, appeared, also dressed in black, and seated in chairs, eight secretaries, undecorated.

The buzz of conversation lasted nearly half an hour; the floor of the house was covered with members in groups; and I was admiring the scene, and inwardly wishing its simplicity and sensible arrangements could be copied by the British House of Commons, when three consecutive double rings of the President's little bell were followed by a call, by the black-coated gentlemen with silver-hilted swords, of "En place! en place!"[1]

The President, totally unsupported by any distinction of dress, struck the table with a ruler, and then rang again. At this moment a man in black, ascending the steps of his platform, brought him, in a white soup-plate, a tumbler full of yellow-looking water, apparently weak lemonade. "En place! en place!" resounded from all parts of the house. The President rang again, struck the table again with his ruler, waved it at an unruly member, shook his head violently in disapprobation, and, to my utter astonish-

[1] Take your seats.

ment, all of a sudden, and in one single instant, just as if a wasp had stung him, he addressed the house in a state of extraordinary excitement.

As soon as order was obtained, a member rose from his seat, and said a few words which elicited loud sounds of objection. He instantly fell into an astonishing passion: shaking his right hand at the Rouge party on the upper benches, who answered him furiously, he became most violently excited, until, suddenly stopping, he sat down in a regular rage.

The second speaker, who, from the tribune below the President, addressed the house for about ten minutes, spoke with more energy and action than is usual among Englishmen, but with great propriety. As, however, the members throughout the house, leaning towards each other, were all talking—indeed, apparently no one was listening to him—the President, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing with his arms hanging down, and sometimes folding them across his breast, repeatedly tapped hard with his ruler, but in vain. A member, stepping into the tribune, replied for about five minutes; then the first speaker came back and renewed his arguments in favour of inserting in the railway bill (which I now began to understand was the subject of discussion) a clause, insisting on

a third-class carriage accompanying every train, as was, he said, the case in England. At this moment M. Thiers, entering at the door near the speaker, slowly walked up the floor of the house to his desk. His gait was plain, quiet, and easy. He was very short, had a brown face, totally devoid of any other colour, and gray, or rather grizzled, hair.

Directly opposite me were Generals Cavaignac and Lamoricière, who for some time sat talking together. General Cavaignac's form was tall, elegant, and erect; his hair, cut close all over, was a little bald on the top. He was dressed in a light olive-green coat, buttoned close up, so as to show no shirt. With great apparent affability he occasionally conversed with several other members; but whenever he was not talking he continued, without intermission, whirling his eye-glass very rapidly round the forefinger of his right hand, and then immediately whirling it as rapidly back again.

The next speaker, on addressing the house from his seat, was interrupted by murmurs from different parts of the house, of "On n'entend pas!"[1] A great disturbance and loud cries continued, which forced him to leave his seat and ascend the tribune. The President now ap-

[1] We can't hear!

peared to take part in the debate. He called, he ranted, he rang, but no one appeared to hear either him or his bell. At this moment Lord Normanby, the British Ambassador, entered the "Tribune of the President of the Republic," and, separated only by a low partition, sat down beside me. I could not help thinking how symbolic the uncontrolled and uncontrollable scene before us was of the extreme difficulties he must occasionally have to encounter.

As soon as order was restored, or rather as soon as disorder was satiated, several members —a few from their seats, but principally from the tribune — made short speeches on the various clauses of the bill. On commencing, a glassful of yellow fluid, in a white saucer, was invariably placed at their right hand, on the narrow red velvet table of the tribune, by a servant in a blue coat, red collar, and red waistcoat. Usually just before they began to speak they raised it to their lips; in the middle of their speeches they kept sipping it; and on concluding, as a sort of perquisite, they invariably, on leaving the tribune, swigged off whatever was left, and then gently licking their lips, and sometimes their mustachios, walked quietly towards their seats. Several, in the course of their speeches, drank two glasses full.

A young man now ascended the tribune, and with a superabundance of galvanic-looking action, which really neither explained nor expressed anything, he opposed, in a short speech, one of the sixty clauses of the bill.

The next member began his speech from his place. A number of voices instantly called out, "On n'entend pas!" on which, with the whole energy of his mind, he gave one great convulsive shrug of his entire person, and then with great dignity walked to the tribune.

In merely explaining that the line he advocated would be more direct from Paris to Cherbourg than the one proposed in the bill, he threw away an extraordinary quantity of action, and, on reading a long list of cold figures, he gradually became so miraculously excited—he got into such a violent perspiration, and evinced so much activity and gesticulation—that, literally, I expected to see him jump over the rails of the tribune.

One of the ministers, M. Leon Faucher, now rose, and, in repelling some accusations which had been made against the Government, spoke with more than English energy, but with great dignity, eloquence, and effect. In the course of his speech, starting up from his seat, close to the wall on the uppermost line of benches on the

left, one of the Red Republican members, with his hair almost cut to the quick, with a beard nearly a foot long, and with his right arm diagonally uplifted, suddenly, furiously, and very loudly exclaimed, twice over, alluding, I believe, to some statement in the Government newspaper, "*C'est un calomniateur!*"[1]

On M. Thiers ascending the tribune a marked and very complimentary silence prevailed. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of his voice, which is not only little, but that little squeaky, he spoke with great ability and effect. Occasionally his wit caused, from all parts of the house, a joyous laugh (described by the reporters by the word "hilarité"). Very frequently, after making an assertion, he interlaced his short arms upon his chest, but almost before the action—"I pause for a reply!"—was completed, he entirely spoiled its dignity by quickly unfolding them. In the course of his speech, which was not long, to my utter astonishment, I saw him drink off, one after another, three tumblers of the light yellow mixture.

Something that he said—I could scarcely comprehend a word of it—seemed suddenly to prick very acutely the feelings of the house, for he was contradicted on all sides. A general con-

[1] He is a calumniator!

versation took place, and for a few seconds everybody seemed as vigorously employed in making the utmost possible noise as the fiddlers at a London oratorio, piled above each other up to the ceiling, when they come to the word "*Fortissimo.*"

Amidst this scene, or rather at the heel end of it, the President, on his platform, sat ringing,—then arose,—then stood beating the table,—then waved his ruler violently at an unruly member,—then shook his left hand quickly in disapprobation,—and then, with both hands uplifted, appeared as if entreating,—but to no purpose whatever.

Several members now spoke; the House, however, all of a sudden appeared to be tired; and as the black fingers of each of the three clocks pointed to 6h. 5m., the impatience increased. The Speaker, by bell, by ruler, and by actions of dumb entreaty, endeavoured to prevail on the House to allow the speech from the tribune to come to its close. Everybody, however, seemed to object, and, their determination reaching its climax, the House, at 6h. 10m., arose, as if by acclamation, and the members, crossing each other in various directions, all walked out.

On coming into the fresh air I found the courts of the Assembly—as I had left them—

swarming alive with soldiers. In various directions I heard sharp words of command, followed by the sound of butts of muskets in masses heavily striking the pavement. On passing beneath the great entrance arch, from the summit of which a tricolor flag was flying, and on each side of which was a dragoon with a drawn sword, on horseback, I saw before me a large clock, and beneath it, in long large letters, the words

"LIBERTÉ, EGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ."

Lastly, in the square before the entrance-gate, on a pedestal surrounded by iron railings, was seated a colossal statue, holding in her left hand a long staff surmounted by a human hand; her right arm was resting on a shield or tablet, on which was deeply engraved in large letters—

DROITS
DE
L'HOMME.[1]

[1] The Rights of Man.

LYONS RAILWAY.

ALTHOUGH my rapid inspection of the terminus and workshops of the "Chemin de Fer du Nord" had made me slightly acquainted with the mode of working their line by the principal railway company in France, yet, as I afterwards learned that the Paris and Lyons railway was not only under the management of the French Government, but that every effort had been made by it (the Government) to construct the line on the most scientific principles that could be devised, I obtained from the "Ingénieur en Chef"[1] an order, stamped and signed, authorising me, without li itation, to enter every portion of the works I might wis'ı to inspect; and as he was further obliging enough to provide me with a very intelligent guide, I proceeded to the metropolitan terminus of this important railway, for the purpose not of tediously going over the whole of its details, but merely to make that sort of rapid inspection of them which

[1] Chief engineer.

would enable me to judge whether in the great system of the French there existed any striking new arrangements which might profitably be adopted by our railways in England.

On arriving at the "embarcadère" or metropolitan terminus, situated between the barrières of Bercy and Charenton, close to the Boulevart Mazas, and opposite to the prison of that name, I was conducted by my guide into what appeared to me—who had only read of the Exhibition in London—to be a palace of glass, into which, from which, and under which, the various carriages employed in the working of the railway either enter, depart, or repose.

This magnificent and beautifully-constructed receptacle, the two ends and roof of which are principally composed of plate-glass, not only extends 55 feet over six sets of rails, but over a promenade on each side of them, 20 feet broad.

Adjoining to and communicating with each of these promenades are the parallel ranges of offices, waiting-rooms, &c., that respectively belong to them, and which I will very briefly enumerate in the order I entered them.

On the north or departure side the range of buildings connected with the glass roof are composed of,—

1. An uncovered wharf for the embarkation of

public and private carriages and horses, allowing plenty of room to embark five at a time.

2. A small room for a "corps de garde," composed of the servants of the company off duty.

3. A refreshment-hall.

4. A magnificent building, 165 feet long by 33 broad, the interior of which, as lofty as a church, is divided into five partitions, namely, one waiting-room for first-class passengers; two for second class, and two for third class. On the end of the wall of the compartment for the latter class of travellers hangs a very clearly-defined railway map of Europe.

The partitions dividing the five waiting-rooms above enumerated are of oak. In the third-class room I observed oak forms; in the second class, benches covered with clean, black, bright, shining horse-hair, well stuffed. In the first class, on a very slippery floor, chairs, sofas, and ottomans, lined with beautiful green plush, and a table covered with green cloth. The walls are adorned with looking-glasses; and on the chimney-piece stands, steadily ticking, an exceedingly handsome clock.

(On the outside of the above four compartments, communicating with them all, is a magnificent hall or promenade; in a portion of it passengers for departure apply for their tickets

through five windows, around each of which there is plenty of elbow-room.)

5. A hall for baggage, containing a table 240 feet long, for the reception and weighing of passengers' luggage.

6, and lastly. A magazine and office for merchandise and parcels not belonging to passengers, to be despatched by trains "à grande vitesse."[1] Beneath the whole length of the "gare" or establishment I have described are a range of subterranean stores, very valuable and dry, containing a stove or caloriform, for warming the establishment. Beyond, but in line with them, there exists, in the air, a small office, supported by upright timbers, between which diligences are lifted from their own wheels, and deposited upon trucks on rails. The length of the office and waiting-room attached to the glass roof is 726 feet; but the whole of what is called the "Cour de Départ," is 1419 feet, or 33 yards more than a quarter of a mile!

On the south, or arrival side, of the six sets of rails, there are, opposite to the series of offices just enumerated, a corresponding range of buildings, containing—

1. Under arches, two small shops.
2. An office for baggage from Lyons.

[1] Fast trains.

3. An office for baggage from Troyes.

4. Bureau restante, for the guardianship of passengers' baggage.

5. For the reception of baggage of "grande vitesse," to be delivered in Paris, &c., on its arrival, without delay.

6. A hall, containing two parallel tables, 219 feet in length, and about 10 feet asunder. On the first of these the baggage unopened is delivered by the company's porters to the holders of the tickets corresponding with the numbers on each package; and every passenger having thus secured his own baggage, it is opened and examined in his presence at the second table.

7. A hall of departure, communicating with the above, entitled "Sortie des Voyageurs avec bagages." [1]

8 and 9. Two halls, entitled "Sortie des Voyageurs sans bagages." [2]

On the outside of the above, and of the other halls enumerated, are arranged, under covered sheds, 'buses, public and private carriages of all descriptions.

Adjoining to the three halls of departure, and in continuation of the same range of buildings, are,—

[1] Door of departure for travellers with baggage.

[2] Ditto without baggage.

10. An office—"Bureau de l'Octroi"—for registering the duties that have been paid.

11. An office for the "Commissaire de Police."

12. A room, or "Corps de Garde," for the company's servants off duty.

13. Within the remaining six windows of the concluding portion of the building are a rail and interior platform, especially appropriated for the reception of milk from the country.

Having hastily passed through the series of halls and offices for the departure and for the arrival of the passenger trains, we walked among the six sets of rails basking under the glass roof, which are appropriated as follows:—

One for all trains of arrival.
One for the return of the engine of ditto.
One for first-class carriages
One for second-class do.
One for third-class do.
} in waiting.
One for trains of departure.

For the construction of a train the requisite number of first, second, and third class carriages are easily transferred to the pair of rails of departure, by means of a large central turn-table, communicating with a pair of rails at right angles to those of the line.

The first-class carriages, painted chocolate

colour, are lined in the interior with light drab cloth, handsomely padded and stuffed. The roof, in which is a lamp, is an imitation of maple varnished. The carpet drab and scarlet. The long seats are divided into two compartments: the windows are of plate-glass. In the coupé I observed an ingenious spring-table; and throughout the whole of the carriage, beneath the carpet, is an arrangement for warming the feet of the passengers with hot water, changed at the principal places of stoppage.

The second-class, painted yellow, and lined with blue cloth, have well-stuffed seats and backs; one large and two small plate-glass windows on each side, and a lamp at top. The seat is divided into two compartments.

The third-class, painted green, are completely closed. The interior, which has no stuffing or padding of any sort, is painted oak colour, the windows are of common glass. Four sets of these third-class carriages connected together are divided into compartments 5 feet wide, so as to enable the air to circulate throughout all.

The luggage waggons, arranged on rails outside the glass covering which shelters the first, second, and third class carriages, are substantial vans, handsomely painted in dark green.

From the above description it will, no doubt,

be evident to the reader, as it was on a moment's inspection to me, that even under a monarchy, and much more under a republic, a second-class railway carriage, lined, padded, and stuffed in the way I have described, must necessarily supersede the use of any more costly conveyance; and accordingly, on inquiry at the office, I ascertained that, excepting occasionally a few foolish, purse-proud English, people very rarely travelled in the company's first-class carriages.

Leaving the station, the six sets of rails, and the three classes of carriages to bask within their magnificent glass-case, we came out upon a space of ground belonging to the company, which, including the station, exceeds, by 77 yards, a mile in length, and whose greatest breadth is 66 yards more than a quarter of a mile. When the Paris and Lyons railway was the property, as it originally was, of a private company, only a portion of this vast area belonged to it; but on its being purchased by the Government, the additional ground was secured for purposes I will now briefly detail.

Immediately outside the glass house are nine sets of rails, of which the two on the right are for the disembarkation of carriages, and the other seven for manœuvring, according to circumstances, the arrival and departure trains.

About 100 yards farther on (towards Lyons) are a series of connected buildings (seven in number, 115 yards long by 34 broad, with stone walls and zinc roofs, lighted in the sides, ends, and roof, with very spacious glass windows and skylights), in which were reposing the company's spare carriages; in front of them was an emplacement for the wheels of diligences, after their bodies, lifted from them by a crane and chains, had migrated with the train. I next came to a row of sheds, 130 yards long, for the repair of carriages; then to a little "bureau," or office, for this department; then to a space on my right, containing eight sets of rails for carriages; then to another large open area on my left, containing twenty sets of rails for spare wheels and axles; then to a very spacious building for the reception and repair of locomotives. Close to the latter I entered a magnificent smith's hall, 120 yards in length, by 28 in breadth, teeming with light and fresh air, and full of forges, scientifically covered by iron shades, terminating in chimneys for carrying off the heat. At the end of this establishment was a door communicating with a square, lofty, well-lighted hall full of turning lathes, and closely adjoining to it a long and very handsome building full of engines; beyond which I found a large

yard for the reception of carriages requiring repairs. I here ascertained a fact worthy, I submit, of very careful investigation. On all our railways in England, the respective companies, as well as the public, very constantly suffer expensive and very troublesome delays from what are professionally called "hot axles," which sufficiently proves that the nice-looking yellow mixture which at almost every stoppage endeavours to prevent the evil, is inadequate for the object for which it has been concocted.

Now, the French Government, invoking the aid of chemistry, have scientifically ordained on the Paris and Lyons Railway the use of three descriptions of anti-attrition ointment, namely, one for hot (pour la chaleur), one for frost (pour la gelée), and one for wet weather (pour l'humidité). I was assured by the engineer that the result has been most successful; and as everybody who travels by rail in England would deprecate the idea of a human being using one sort of dress for every description of weather, so it sounds only reasonable that railway axles should not be ignorantly restricted to one single medicine, to be "taken when shaken," as a cure for the innumerable ills to which under various temperatures they are exposed.

In an adjoining space I stood for a few mi-

nutes to admire a magnificent crane (by Cavé, the celebrated mechanic, who has made the French transatlantic steamers, and who was, originally, a simple workman), composed of an enormous lion erect, firmly pressing his upper paws against the axle of the wheel, as if to enable him mechanically to retain between his teeth the extremity of the lower limb of the crane, from the chain of which there was dangling in the air the greater portion of a locomotive engine.

From this point, from which there is a good view, I observed that the immense area I have described as belonging to the company is surrounded by a stone wall 20 feet high.

Continuing my course on the left of the main line of rails, I found close to them a handsome circular building (Rotonde No. 1) full of rails and intervening pits converging to a centre, for the examination and repair, above, around, and beneath, of locomotive engines. From this building three sets of rails a hundred yards long led us to Rotonde No. 2, in the centre of which was a turn-table of 36 feet in diameter, capable of receiving an engine and tender together. Beyond is the field for coke; and as on the left of the rails there now remained nothing to visit, we crossed over to the right, where close to us and to the line we found the company's establish-

ment for merchandise, composed of three covered platforms, each 300 feet long by 30 broad, for the reception and delivery of heavy goods.

Observing to one of the company's officers that, in comparison with the buildings I had just been witnessing, those before us were rudely constructed, with rather inefficient roofs—

"Ah, Monsieur," he replied, "ce n'est que provisoire;" adding, with a good-humoured smile, "comme le gouvernement de France!"[1] at which we all grinned in silence.

Each of these platforms, which, by a series of upright posts supporting the roof, appeared divided into stations, the names of which were inscribed, had subservient rails on one side, with a road for waggons and carts on the other.

The first was for goods outward bound, "départ de Lyons;" the second for homeward bound, "arrivée de Lyons;" the third, for merchandise to and from "Troyes," belonged to a separate company. On both sides was an office or "bureau" for enregistering goods of arrival or for departure. Lastly, beyond these sheds were three temporary "corps de garde," for the company's servants to take shelter in and rest when off duty.

The above establishment for the reception and

[1] It is only provisional, like the government of France!

despatch of merchandise, works from six in the morning till eight at night. Whole waggon-loads of goods, each packed and covered with its cloth, leaving their wheels behind them, are despatched on trucks by rail to the nearest point of their destination, where, lifted and deposited upon other wheels, they proceed into the interior. In cases where the communication is partly by rail, partly by road, and then again by rail, spare wheels are carried. The height of these loaded waggons is, if necessary, tested by running them under an iron arch, of the exact height of the lowest bridge on the line.

The merchandise *arrival* warehouse has been purposely placed on a spot which, happening exactly to be beyond the limits of Paris, relieves the government (the directors of the railway) of the botheration of the octroi, which must accordingly be paid by the owners of the goods on their arrival at the Barrières de Bercy or de Charenton, almost immediately adjoining.

Outside the walls of the railway establishment there lay beneath us at a short distance the "Camionage," or establishment for transporting merchandise to and from their three platforms, and I was much interested in observing the ease with which loaded "camions," or vans, each drawn by three horses abreast, were

to be seen trotting away in various directions. I happened at the moment to be surrounded by several of the company's servants, and as I was expressing to one of them how much obliged I felt to the "Ingénieur en chef" for the gratification he had afforded me, his comrade, standing beside me, exclaimed, evidently from his heart, "Ah, c'est la crême des hommes!"[1]

From the very slight survey, which I had now concluded, of the metropolitan terminus of the Paris and Lyons railway, I am of opinion that, although the buildings, viewed separately, have been admirably planned, and in most cases very scientifically devised for their respective purposes, they just at present straddle over too much ground, and, with reference to their existing traffic, would therefore be more valuable, if, like those at Euston and Camden stations, in London, they had been more compact.

It must be remembered, however, that even in England the railway is but an infant of scarcely eighteen years' growth; that during that time its passenger and goods traffic have increased in a ratio infinitely greater than was expected; and that it is beyond the power of the human mind to foresee to what in future ages they will amount. In the mean while, the

[1] Ah, he is the cream of men!

London and North-Western Railway Company, notwithstanding the foresight and admirable arrangements of its chairman, is beginning to feel that its termini in and near London are not big enough for its traffic; and as, in proportion to its success, buildings crowding around in all directions have increased the value of land which was before, from its price, almost unpurchasable, the time may arrive when the Paris and Lyons railway will derive inestimable advantages from the grand scale on which their metropolitan terminus has been purchased, constructed, and arranged. In the mean while, as compared with its trade, it resembles a fine healthy boy strutting about in "papa's boots."

But among the facts and arrangements I had witnessed, there were others which I consider offered to those interested in the success of railways—and who among us is not?—a very important moral.

Although in the establishment belonging to the terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord at "La Chapelle" were lately employed upwards of 2000 workmen, in all the ateliers (workshops) of the Paris and Lyons terminus there were working when I visited it only 120 men!

Now the reason of this appears to be as follows. With the purest desire to work the

line in the most scientific and best manner possible, the French Government, like the English or any other government, are no sooner observed to possess the power of enriching any one than, at all points, they are assailed by the most ungenerous applications, so intricately connected with parliamentary interest, that it is really out of human power to unravel them. The only way of not offending all, or rather of giving to each the minimum of offence, is to divide as fairly as possible among all, that which each individually would wholly engross, either for himself or for his locality.

Accordingly, instead of constructing the undermentioned articles by wholesale, on a space of ground a mile long, walled-in and enriched with every description of workshop for the purpose, the French Government—I repeat, as the English or any other Government would, I believe, have done, had it undertaken the management of a great railway—has obtained what is necessary for the working of the line as follows:—

The locomotives are made at Paris and Rouen:

The tenders at St. Etienne and Le Creusôt:

The first-class carriages at the Messageries Nationales de Paris:

The second and third class carriages at Arras, Lille, Alsace, and Munich:

Coke from Valenciennes, Alsace, D'Anzin, &c. &c. &c.

Again, from narrowminded but irresistible political pressure from without, the government railway has been forced, by lining, padding, and stuffing second-class carriages (a luxury which no railway *company* in France has allowed), to make them and the third-class carriages so comfortable, that, by attractions of their own creation, they have actually desolated the first-class carriages.

The comparative receipts, in English money, of all the principal French railways (namely, the Northern, Rouen, Havre, Orleans, Bordeaux, Vierzon, Boulogne, Nantes, Strasburg, Bâle, Montreau, Marseilles, Lyons, Chartres), and the receipts, for the same periods, of the single British London and North-Western Railway, have been as follows:—

For the middle week of May, 1851.

	Per Week.	Per Day.
	£.	£.
Receipts of the French Railways above enumerated	66,130	9,447
Of the British London and North-Western Railway	48,041	6,863
For the week ending 10th of August 1851:—		
Receipts of the French Railways above enumerated	84,325	12,046
Of the British London and North-Western Railway	70,230	10,032

Just beyond the barrière of Charenton, the limits of Paris, I observed, outside a butcher's shop, tied to an iron ring in the wall, a fat ox, over whose ruminating head was inscribed "Durham."

"Why," said I to his lord and master, who was standing at the door, "have you decked his horns with laurel-leaves, coloured ribands, and with those two tricoloured flags?"

"Monsieur," he replied with great gravity and pride, "c'est pour lui faire honneur."

Which, I suppose, said I to myself, in plain English means to turn him into beef.

REVIEW.

UNDER the old-fashioned monarchical institutions of Europe there has long existed, and there still exists, a time-honoured series of forms of invitation, gradually descending by a flight of steps, each very accurately measured, from "I am commanded to invite" you, down to "Come along and dine with us!"

In the Republic of France a penultimate step has been adopted, and, accordingly, the printed form of invitation to dine at the palace of the Elysée runs as follows:—

Présidence de la République.

Le Président de la République prie M
de *venir* dîner chez lui
Le à 7 heures.[1]

N. LEPIC.

Having had the honour to receive a card of this description, on the day and at the hour

[1] *Presidency of the Republic.*

The President of the Republic requests to *come* and dine with him on at 7 o'clock.

N. LEPIC.

appointed I drove to the Elysée, where, after having been received in the entrance-hall by the well-appointed arrangements I have previously described, I slowly walked through two or three handsome rooms en suite, full of interesting pictures, into a drawing-room, in which I found assembled, in about equal proportions, about fifty very well-dressed ladies and gentlemen, the latter being principally officers, whose countenances, not less clearly than the decorations on their breasts, announced them to be persons of distinction.

The long sofas and chairs, as if they had only just come out—or rather, as if they had just come up from the country to come out—had arranged themselves so very formally, and altogether behaved so very awkwardly, that it was almost impossible for the company assembled to appear as much at their ease as, from their position, education, and manners, they really were; and accordingly, biassed by the furniture, they kept moving, and bowing, and curtsying, and "sotto-voce" talking, until they got into a parallelogram, in the centre of which stood, distinguished by a broad riband and by a mild, thoughtful, benevolent countenance, Prince Louis Napoleon, whose gentle and gentleman-like bearing to every person who approached

him entitled him to that monarchical homage in which the majority evidently delighted, but which it was alike his policy as well as his inclination—at all events to appear—to suppress; and accordingly the parallelogram, which, generally speaking, was at the point of congelation, sometimes and of its own accord froze into the formality of a court, and then all of a sudden appeared to recollect that the "Prince" was the "President," and that the whole party had assembled to enjoy liberté, fraternité, and égalité. As I was observing the various phases that one after another presented themselves to view, the principal officer of the household came up to me, and, in a quiet and appropriate tone of voice, requested me to do two things, one of which appeared to me to be rather easy, and the other —or rather to do both—extremely difficult. By an inclination of his forehead he pointed to two ladies of rank, whose names he mentioned to me, but with whom I was perfectly unacquainted, seated on the sofas at different points of the parallelogram. "When dinner is announced, you will be so good," he said, "as to offer your arm to ——" (the one), "and to seat yourself next to ——" (the other). Of course, I silently bowed assent; but while the officer who had spoken to me was giving similar in-

structions to other gentlemen, I own I felt a little nervous lest, during the polite scramble in which I was about to engage, like the dog in the fable, grasping at the shadow of the second lady, I might lose the substance of the first, or vice versâ. However, when the doors were thrown open, I very quickly, with a profound reverence, obtained my prize, and at once confiding to her—for had I deliberated I should have been lost—the remainder of the pleasing duty it had been predestined I was to have the honour to perform, we glided through couples darting in various directions for similar objects, until, finding ourselves in a formal procession sufficiently near to the lady in question, we proceeded, at a funereal pace, towards our doom, which proved to be a most delightful one.

Seated in obedience to the orders I had received, we found ourselves exactly opposite "Le Prince," who had, of course, on his right and left, the two ladies of highest rank. The table was very richly ornamented, and it was quite delightful to observe at a glance what probably in mathematics or even in philosophy it might have been rather troublesome to explain — namely, the extraordinary difference which existed between forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen standing in a parallelogram in a drawing-

room and the very same number and the very same faces rectilinearly seated in the very same form in a dining room. It was the difference between sterility and fertility, between health and sickness, between joy and sorrow, between winter and summer; in fact, between countenances frozen into Lapland formality and glowing with tropical animation and delight. Everybody's mouth had apparently something kind to say to its neighbour's eyes; and the only alloy was, that, as each person had *two* neighbours, his lips, under a sort of "embarras des richesses," occasionally found it rather difficult to express all that was polite and pleasing to both.

In a short space of time I had the good fortune to gain—sometimes through my right ear, sometimes through my left, and not unfrequently through both at once—a great deal of pleasing useful knowledge, among which were the names and histories of the guests present, especially of those opposite.

While I was thus delightfully engaged, about every two minutes a fine, strong, manly voice, in a tone which, though heard by no one else, was distinctly audible to me, pronounced, close to the back of my head, a little sentence—every consonant and every vowel beautifully accented—composed of from three to ten words of vital

importance. Unfortunately, I had not the slightest idea of its meaning. On the other hand, as I had no objection whatever to add to the intellectual pleasure I was receiving the honest enjoyment of a good dinner, instead of always shaking my head "à l'Anglaise," as if to say "nong-tong-paw," I very often boldly ran the risk of nodding it; and in the pause that ensued, although I was conversing on various little topics alien to the subject, and had now and then a glass of iced champagne to drink, my mind enjoyed, beyond all power of description, the glorious uncertainty as to the contents of the approaching plate, which in due time, in compliance with my nod, was placed before me. What I rejected I shall probably never know; on the other hand, although I could often hardly discriminate whether I was eating fish, flesh, or fowl, I must say that in my lottery every ticket I drew proved to be a prize. Indeed, as the French are proverbially the best cooks in the world, and as the President is said to have the best cook in the Republic of France, it could not very well have been otherwise.

In England the capacity of a lady and the capacity of a gentleman (I do not offensively allude to their intellects) are, by the statute law of society, decreed to be as different from each

other as a pint and a quart, as a peck and a bushel, or, as in wool measure, a tod and a last. In France, however, their capacities are politely considered to be identical; and accordingly, as soon as the ladies had enjoyed as much refreshment as their delicate constitutions required, the whole party, like a covey of partridges, arose at once, and, in the order in which they had departed from it, they amicably returned arm-in-arm in pairs towards the drawing-room. As they were in procession, I observed that one gentleman only had given to his partner his left arm, by which mistake he walked conspicuously among the long line of ladies, while his partner —curls, bare throat, and gown—as incongruously appeared in that of short hair, whiskers, blue and black cloth backs, and scarlet legs of trousers. The error was obvious and amusing to all, and yet, while I pitied it, I could not help feeling that the sinner, poor fellow, was, after all, correct: for unless Fashion has ordained that man belongs to the weaker sex, and consequently that it is the duty of every young woman to protect him, surely the proper place for a lady is—to say nothing of his heart—on his *left* side, thus granting to his right arm the power as well as the privilege and inclination to defend her.

As fast as the procession came in sight of the

formal parallelogram of furniture, from which between two or three hours ago it had been emancipated, its malign influence was strikingly perceptible. Each lady, one after another, the instant she saw it, withdrew her arm, the gentleman made to her a low, cold, reverential bow, and, the innocent and pleasing alliance between them having been thus divorced, the sofas were again to be seen fringed by rows of satin shoes, while the carpet, in all other directions, was subjected to the pressure of boots, that often remained for a short time motionless as before. A general buzz of conversation, however, soon enlivened the room; and the President, gladly availing himself of it, mingled familiarly with the crowd.

In the course of the evening he had more than once expressed to me his wish that I would accompany him to a review which was to take place the following day; and as, after conversing with him a considerable time, he ended by repeating the wish, I told him that, although I had made all my arrangements for returning to England early the following morning, I would defer them to have the honour of attending, as he had desired.

"Will you go?" said he, very kindly to me, "en voiture or on horseback?"

Of course I said I should prefer the latter, on

which he was good enough to say he would provide me with a horse, and that I had better call upon him in the morning, a few minutes before half-past eleven, the moment at which he would set out.

As it was my habit to rise at five, I amused myself, as usual, for two or three hours, in walking about the streets; and after returning to breakfast, and writing out a few of my notes, I made the trifling arrangements that were necessary in my toilette for attending the review in plain clothes. Among so many brilliant uniforms, I deemed it would be advisable I should wear a simple star; and as the weather was very fine, the pavement very clean, and the distance to the Elysée very short, I determined to walk there; and accordingly, that I might pass along the streets enjoying the inestimable luxury of being unobserved, I wrapped myself comfortably up in an old and easy great-coat, which I knew I could discard, if necessary, without regret.

"Fare thee well! and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well!"

I had scarcely from the Rue Castiglione entered the Rue St. Honoré when I heard behind me a loud clatter of horses, and, looking backwards, I saw a mass of upwards of a hundred

marshals, generals, aides-de-camp, and other staff officers, in full uniform, riding towards the Elysée, to accompany the President to the review; and as they proceeded faster than I desired to follow, they had not only entered but had filled the great yard of the palace before I reached the sentinels and body of police, who, to keep off the crowd that were pressing to peep into it, were pacing up and down in the street before it.

I had some little difficulties to encounter in getting to the gate, and I was inwardly rejoicing in having overcome them, when, on my entering the yard, I was suddenly stopped by the porter at the lodge, who, placing his long right arm before me, said to me, very properly but very firmly,—

"On n'entre pas, Monsieur!"[1]

I told him that by request of the President I had come to ride with him to the review.

"Has Monsieur any letter of invitation?"

I replied "No."

"Has Monsieur any card of invitation?"

I replied "No."

"Will Monsieur have the goodness to show me his card?"

I happened not to have one with me, and I accordingly told him so, but I begged he would allow me to write my name in his lodge, and he did so.

[1] No one can enter, Sir!

On reading it, he seemed—as was always the case—not very clearly to decipher it, and casting, I fancied, a slight look of incredulity at me, or rather at my very comfortable, warm, good old English coat, he called to a soldier, and, putting my paper into his hand, he said, rather pompously and loud enough for a number of the officers on horseback to hear him,—

"Vous direz que c'est un monsieur qui est venu monter à cheval avec le Prince!"[1]

It certainly sounded a little like an imposition; nevertheless, in a very short time the soldier was seen beckoning to me to advance. There were, however, so many restless horses in the great court, and so many pairs of spurs making them restless, that I was a little time in worming my way through them all to the foot of the flight of long stone steps, where I found standing —very handsomely caparisoned—the President's horse, held by a groom on foot, and another fine, high-bred looking English horse, with a plain saddle and double bridle, with pink rosettes, held by a second groom on foot.

After ascending the steps, and crossing the spacious stone landing-place, I deposited with one of the numerous servants who, with several

[1] You will say that it is a Monsieur who is come to ride with the Prince!

officers in waiting, filled the entrance-hall, my great-coat; and as I had reflected that on the President's departure every body and every horse would be in a flutter, I descended to the second horse I have described, and, ascertaining from the groom it was for me, I mounted him, and in a few seconds, after having adjusted my stirrup leathers to the proper length, I returned to the Elysée, where I entered the audience-chamber, in which several officers were assembled. The principal aide-de-camp requested me to advance into the next adjoining room, in which I found standing alone, in uniform, an officer whom I knew to be the "Ministre de la Guerre,"[1] although I was not personally acquainted with him.

In a few minutes a door opposite to that which I had entered opened, and in walked the President, who, after shaking hands with the minister, introduced me to him in a capacity I own I was totally unprepared to hear recognised in France—namely, as having served the British nation in North America as —— of ——.

Proceeding immediately into the large room, he walked—bowing on each side to the officers assembled there, and who instantly formed a passage for his departure—to the stone platform, where putting on his hat, he descended the steps

[1] Minister of War.

to his horse, mounted him, and in a few seconds, followed by the prancing steeds of his brilliant staff, he was, amidst the cheers of people who had long been waiting on both sides, riding down the handsome "Avenue Marigny." As I found myself the only person in plain clothes, I purposely kept in the rear of the procession, when an aide-de-camp, reining back his horse till I reached him, told me that "the Prince wis' d me to come up to him."

From the unfortunate political position of France in general, and of Paris in particular, the cheers were not either as hearty or as unanimous as in England; indeed, after some little time they subsided altogether. Of the upper classes most of them, as the President passed, took off their hats; the lowest orders, generally speaking, very properly appeared to think it inconsistent with democracy to do so. "Vive Napoléon!" exclaimed a stentorian voice. The President smiled as, looking upwards, he saw close to him, on the headless shoulders of one of the colossal temporary statues that had been erected for the Fête of the Republic on the Champs Elysées, a fine-looking young workman in a blouse engaged in destroying the statue by a hatchet, with which he had just chopped off its head, and which, as he kept calling "Vive

Napoléon!" he vigorously waved over his head. At times—like the swelling notes on an Eolian harp—there arose a strong feeling in his favour; but noises of that description are so utterly valueless, that I really hardly noticed them. At one point I observed, standing with bent backs, bent knees, bent elbows, large round open eyes, and protruding chins—in short, in the attitude of tall, zinc, crooked chimney-pots—a group of about thirty dyers, with faces, bare throats, and hands deeply tinged with black: "VIVE LA RÉPUBLIQUE!" they all shouted at once, at the motion of a darkly begrimed fugleman. Poor fellows! they little knew how closely they resembled what they shouted for!

The shouts of France, which vary like all other factions, at present consist of four degrees of comparison:—

1. Vive l'Empereur!
2. Vive Napoléon!
3. Vive la République.
4. Vive la République Sociale et Démocratique.

Now, strange to say, on something like the Bank of England restriction principle, which says,—

> "Sham Abraham you may,
> But you must not sham Abraham *Newland*"—

it is considered criminal to shout "Vive la République *Sociale* et *Démocratique!*" and yet, as we rode along, on every public building I saw inscribed "Liberté, Fraternité, Egalité!"!!!

When O'Connell—reprimanded in the House of Commons on all sides for having used against it the two words "beastly bellowing"—had, much against his will, retracted the latter, some one, dissatisfied with his apology, urgently complained that the former word remained uncancelled. "And sure!" said O'Connell, turning his burly head suddenly round upon his enemy, "did anybody ever hear of bellowing that was not *bastely?*"

By similar reasoning, I always felt while I was at Paris, and particularly while I was riding with the President, that, as nobody ever heard of a republic that was not "*democratic*," or of a "fraternité" that was not at least supposed to be "*social*," it was alike foolish and tyrannical of the police to continue to imprison people for the cry I have named; however, as the President rode along, I heard no single person use it; and indeed, with the exception of the gang of blue-faced dyers, whom I have no doubt the Red Republicans had paid for the job, I heard nothing but "Vive Napoléon!"

By this time my horse and I were on terms

of intimate friendship. When first I mounted him he took me, I suppose, to be a Frenchman, and, accordingly, there were a variety of little nameless things that he was evidently disposed to do, provided I would merely spur him gently and pull rather hard at his curb rein. But when he found I rode him loosely on the snaffle, just as if I had shown him my passport bearing the word "Palmerston," he conducted himself as a high-bred English horse always desires to do; that is to say, he walked in procession quite quietly. As soon, however, as we had passed the bridge of Jena, the President, who proverbially in France is "parfaitement bon cavalier,"[1] started off in a gallop; and accordingly, between the troops that on each side were drawn up in line, and whose bands successively struck up as we reached them, we had a scurry across the Champ de Mars which was really quite delightful; indeed, my horse seemed so pleased with it, that, had it not been for my curb rein, I believe, very much against my will, he would have, what is commonly called, "come in first."

After receiving the salute of the general commanding the ground, and going through a few other formalties, the President commenced his

[1] A perfect horseman.

inspection of the troops assembled, by slowly riding down the line of infantry, who, with brown faces, scarlet trousers, and with presented arms, stood motionless as he passed.

After proceeding about two hundred yards, reining in his horse, he spoke in the kindest possible manner to a fine-looking private, who, without altering a feature of his countenance, or moving a hair of his mustachios, allowed every now and then a monosyllable I could not hear to come out of his mouth, which appeared to address itself to the musket that remained immovably before it.

The colonel of the regiment, lately from Algeria, bowing, said something, and on a slight signal from the President a sergeant on foot opened a despatch-box he was carrying; the President took from it a bright red riband of the Legion of Honour: bending over his horse's neck, he spoke to the soldier with an unmilitary mildness of manner that was really quite affecting; he then presented the riband to the man, who, holding his firelock with his left hand only, received with the other not only it, but, before all the assembled staff and troops, a hearty, good old English shake of the hand, which, though it and its accompaniment no doubt went to the man's heart, did not shake the firm gravity

of his countenance. The President told me, with evident satisfaction, that when, of his own accord, he stopped to speak to that man, he was not aware his name was on the list of those whose conduct and services had entitled them to be recommended for decoration.

As we were proceeding along the ranks I was altogether astonished to find, standing immediately on the right of every regiment, in line with the troops, and as immovably erect as themselves, one or two very nice-looking young women, dressed in scarlet regimental trousers, little short white aprons, and neatly ornamented blue loose frocks. Under each of their left arms they held, supported by a strap that passed diagonally across their breasts, a small barrel, beautifully painted blue, white, and red, from which there protruded a bright silver cock; on their heads sat a tricolor sort of Scotch bonnet. The dress altogether was wildly picturesque; and the contrast between the soft smooth chins, slender hands, and small feet of the wearers, compared with the formal uniforms, dark hairy faces, and rough limbs of the troops, was most striking. They were the "cantinières" of the different regiments; and being, as in my description of the "Casernes" I have explained, the only women in the regiment, they are naturally enough petted and adorned in the way I have prescribed.

At about the centre of the line the President again reined in his horse, opposite to an officer whose sword, stretched out in salute, was pointing diagonally to the ground. The sergeant with the blue despatch-box came quickly up; and while the President, with a riband and cross dangling from his right hand, was in his peculiar unassuming manner parentally addressing the officer, an ungovernable joy, a slight flush in his cheeks, and an increased animation in his eyes, sufficiently expressed his sense of the honour that was about to be conferred upon him. On receiving it, with the same hearty shake of the hand which I have described, the President rode on, and, on looking behind me, I saw several officers of the staff, as they rode by the recipient, heartily congratulating him by gestures and expressions, which, with his sword still pointing to the ground, he invariably acknowledged by a happy smile.

At nearly the end of the line of infantry one more riband was given to a private, and, on the inspection on that side being concluded, we had another glorious hustling gallop up the Champ de Mars to the right of the cavalry, which in like manner were slowly inspected. As the President approached each regiment its brass band struck up. That of the 9th Hussars played "Partant pour la Syrie" so magnifi-

cently, that I could not help expressing to an officer who was near me a remark on the subject. He replied "it was considered to be the finest band in the French army."

When the inspection of the cavalry was concluded, the President, again riding up the Champ de Mars, took up his position near the grand stone platform on the outside of the Ecole Militaire, beneath the magnificent pediment on which his uncle Napoleon had so often stood, now crowded with a mass of well-dressed spectators in bonnets, shawls, hats, and uniforms.

In the course of about a quarter of an hour, during which the troops had been moving into their proper positions, the infantry, formed into companies three deep — every regiment was preceded by a detachment of pioneers with long beards and white leather aprons, each carrying his axe horizontally on his right shoulder— marched past in the ordinary "pas accéléré"[1] of 120 paces per minute. (By regulation it is 100, that of British troops 108.) They were exceedingly small men, and their tread, although quicker, was not so heavy as that of British troops. When the regiments of the line had all passed there ensued a short pause, after which I saw approaching us the cavalry, headed by an infantry regiment of "chasseurs à pied,"

[1] Quick march.

who, I was astonished to observe, were advancing very rapidly.

As it approached, there first of all trotted very proudly by the President, with bodies half shaved and tails entirely shaved, excepting at the tip, the two white poodle-dogs of the regiment. Then came trotting by on foot, waving an ornamented pole, a magnificently-dressed tall tambour-major,[1] followed by his brass band, all of whom, playing as they advanced, trotted by, and then, suddenly wheeling to their left, formed in front of the President, where they continued, tambour-major and all, dancing up and down, keeping time to the air they played. As each company rapidly advanced their appearance was not only astonishing but truly beautiful. Although, according to French regulations, they had come to the review, not only in heavy marching order (knapsacks and great-coats), but laden with camp kettles and pans for soup, &c. (they are not allowed when reviewed to leave anything behind), they advanced and passed with an ease and lightness of step it is quite impossible to describe, and which I am sensible can scarcely be believed, unless it has been witnessed. In this way they preceded the cavalry, who were at a trot; and as soon as the last company had passed the President, the band and

[1] Drum-major.

tambour major, who had never ceased dancing for an instant, accompanied by the two white half-shaved poodle dogs, darted after them, until the whole disappeared from view.

On expressing my astonishment at the pace at which they had passed, I was assured by two or three general officers, as well as by the President himself, that the "chasseurs à pied" in the French service can, in heavy marching order and carrying everything, keep up with the cavalry at a trot for two leagues; indeed, they added, if necessary, for a couple of hours;—the effect no doubt of the gymnastic exercises I had witnessed, and which I had been truly told by the French officers superintending them were instituted for the purpose of giving activity and celerity of movement to the troops. The chasseurs à pied are armed with the new internally grooved French carbine, the extraordinary range of which I have described; and as their fire is deadly at a distance more than three times greater than that of the English ordinary musket, their power of speedily advancing, and, if necessary, as speedily running away, all added together, form advantages which, it is submitted, are worthy of the very serious consideration of the British nation.

After a variety of manœuvres of infantry and

cavalry, separately and combined, the latter charged up the Champ de Mars in line. The sound of their approach was like that of distant thunder; but as their pace freshened, their disorder increased, until, on the word "Halt!" being sounded, they were far from forming a compact line. During the charge a horse fell, and the President, riding up to the man, very kindly inquired of him whether he was much hurt. His trousers were rubbed into holes; he had taken his stock off; and was altogether considerably jumbled both in body and mind; however, with a comrade on each side, and a surgeon on foot behind him, he managed, sometimes walking and sometimes reeling a little, to get off the field.

The review was now over, and accordingly the President (after the expression in a very pleasing tone and manner of a few words of approbation to the General commanding and to the principal officers of his staff) returned along the avenue of the Champs Elysées to his palace, in the yard of which he took leave of the same crowd of officers assembled there in the morning, and who during the day had accompanied him.

PRISON MODÈLE.

From the Elysée, as I was hastening to my lodging, I ordered the Commissionnaire standing at the corner of my street to get me a fiacre; during the few moments he was employed in doing so I changed my clothing, and in the course of little more than half an hour found myself, by myself, standing gazing at the lofty loopholed dead walls, 30 feet high, and exterior massive gate of the great Prison commonly called "La Nouvelle Force" or "Prison Modèle," on the outside of which, in grey coats, red epaulettes, and scarlet trousers, were reposing on stone benches a guard, composed of a lieutenant, two sergeants, four corporals, and 51 soldiers, who watch over the building night and day. All looked indolent or half asleep, save a few, who, as if to keep themselves awake, were smoking—smoking—smoking—

"And thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life."

On ringing at the bell the gate slowly opened, and, passing across a short space, I was, on the

production of my special order of admission, conducted through another gate into the interior of the prison, which during the horrors of the revolution of 1792 was twice in the hands of the infuriated populace, who, in September of that dreadful year, in cold blood massacred within it 160 persons, among whom was the unfortunate Princesse de Lamballe.

On arriving at the "Bureau Central du Brigadier,"[1] I entered a small detached office, containing six windows, from each of which, like a large, fat, black spider looking at once over half of his web, I saw radiating before me six passages, each 264 feet long, separating six sets of buildings, three stories high. Every one of these buildings, or rather narrow slices of a building, was a prison, containing on each of its three floors 70 separate cells, or altogether 210 cells. From the central office my eye consequently glanced along passages below and galleries above, communicating altogether with 1260 separate cells.

On asking the superintendent to be so good as to explain to me the nature of the curious-looking establishment over which he presided, he told me its objects were two-fold—

1st. The prevention of crime;

[1] Central Office of the Brigadier.

2nd. The retention of those who were supposed to have committed crime.

He added that it contained only males, the first class beggars and "vagabonds" forwarded by the police to be retained for three or four weeks; the second (who composed by far the greater proportion) robbers and assassins, usually confined three or four months previous to their trial; and having given me this information, he obligingly desired one of his subordinates to take me over the buildings.

At the entrance of each of the six passages, I found on a level with my face three hooks and a little round mouth-piece. The former were bells, communicating with the galleries of the three stories; the latter a speaking trumpet, or "porte-voix," communicating with each and common to all. By this simple arrangement the superintendent, if he wishes to communicate with the surveillant or keeper of any one of the three galleries of any one of the six prisons which converge upon his office, has only first to call his attention by ringing his bell, and then, through the mouth-piece, to whisper into his ear through the speaking-trumpet whatever he may wish to say; moreover, by putting his own ear to the "porte-voix," he can hear whatever answer the surveillant may have to give to him.

On the ground floor are constructed, for each of the six prisons, seven cells "de Parloir." On opening one, I saw almost touching the door, which had receded from it, a wooden bench, immediately opposite to which was an open grating or window, secured by three iron bars; beyond, at a distance of three feet, was another grating, similarly barred and secured. The object of this triple arrangement is to enable the prisoners—robbers, assassins, and all—to receive the visits of their friends from eleven to three on Mondays and Fridays: the interview is curiously arranged as follows:—

The prisoner, carefully conducted from his cell, is allowed to enter and to sit upon the bench of one of the seven "Parloirs," or speaking cells, the door of which, at his back, is then closed and locked; between the two gratings in front of him is stationed a keeper, beyond whom the culprit sees, as in a kit-cat picture, the hair, face, throat, body, arms, and hands, of the wife, father, mother, sister, brother, or friend, male or female, who has come to see him. The duty of the keeper, caged between both, is not only to listen to all that is said, but to prevent the transmission between the parties of any substance whatever.

On each of the three galleries of each of the

six prisons are constantly patrolling two surveillants, six for each prison. Every cell is ten feet long, six feet broad, and, including its vaulted roof, nine feet high. At the top of the wall, opposite to the door, over which reposes a shelf 15 inches broad, is a small window of four panes of plate glass fluted, so as to admit light and yet completely to disturb the line of vision. On the oak floor lies a palliasse and blanket; also a small table, and in the corner a well-arranged water-closet. The cell, as well as the whole interior of the prison, is maintained at a proper temperature by pipes of hot water.

On a prisoner being led into his cell, he is given by his conductor a black "plaquet," or round ticket, on which is inscribed on one side, in white letters, the numbers of the division story, and cell, in which he is confined; hung on the outside of his door, it indicates the cell is full. On the other side of the plaquet is inscribed "Au Palais,"[1] and when by reversing the ticket this notice is made to appear, the inspector, keeper, or any one passing along the gallery, who reads it, is reminded that the tenant of that cell is absent on his trial. Any prisoner, by pulling a sort of bell-handle in his cell, can cause to dart out into the passage an

[1] At the Court of Justice.

iron blade, "indicateur," indicative to the keeper that he wishes to speak to him.

In each cell is a bee's-wing of gas, which, lighted at dark, is allowed to remain burning till 9 P. M., when, by the turning of a handle, the captives throughout the prison are simultaneously thrown into utter darkness. In the door is a small hole covered, through which the keepers alone—for strangers are not allowed to do so—can peep at the prisoner without his knowledge; below is a small wicket-shutter, a foot long by seven inches broad, for the admission of his food. Every prisoner is allowed a clean shirt once a week, and sheets once a fortnight.

We next proceeded to sixteen cells on the ground-floor, each containing a zinc bath, supplied with hot and cold water, in which every prisoner is soaked and scrubbed on his arrival, and afterwards whenever prescribed by "le Médecin." In each of the six prisons are 25 double cells, to enable a nurse or keeper, when necessary, to sleep in the cell of a sick prisoner. My conductor now led me into the "Pharmacie," in which, as the principal medicine, I found boiling four large caldrons full of "tisane," which, in the public charities of Paris, appears to be a specific for all disorders.

To communicate with the upper cells, there

appears, outside the doors of all, a narrow gallery, only 2 ft. 10 in. broad, on the exterior rail of which is a contrivance to admit a small train of trays, full of food, for each meal, to run on wheels as on a railway, by which means, and by the additional assistance on the uppermost story of a wheel and axle, provisions can be distributed throughout the whole prison, to all the cells, in twenty minutes. The prisoners have for breakfast, bread and soup; for dinner, vegetables, potatoes, haricos, and three days a week, one-third of a pound of meat; for supper, bread. Those who have money—strange to say—are allowed to purchase from a woman (cantinière), within the prison, whatever diet they like; the only limit being, that these suffering sinners must not—poor fellows—drink more than a bottle of wine per day.

Each of the six divisions, or prisons, has a circular court, called a Promenoir, subdivided by 20 walls, 10 feet high, running in the form of radii from the centre, where, in a small tower, containing a spiral staircase, is posted a surveillant, who, by merely turning on his heel, can look into each of the 20 subdivisions, which are 42 feet in length, three in breadth at the end near the watch-tower, 15 at the far end, and which, encircled by a wall, are bounded by iron

railings, also 10 feet high. In each of these 20 wedged-shaped courts, at the broad end of which is a small shed for rainy weather, a prisoner is allowed to enjoy air and exercise for one hour every day, commencing at 8 o'clock.

Concentric with the railings that form the exterior of the circular promenade is a paved space, round which a keeper may walk, looking successively into each court. In following along this narrow space, I observed that the surveillant who was conducting me apparently purposely avoided even to glance into any of the courts. I, however, looked very directly into one, in which I beheld a human being whose appearance I shall not easily forget. He was a tall thin man, of about 35 years of age, dressed in the prison garb, coarse grey clothes and wooden sabots. His hair, cut quite close, wildly contrasted with his long dishevelled beard and mustachios. Confinement appeared to have inflamed all his wicked passions to a state bordering on madness; and the look he first darted at me, and the ferocity which seemed to be rapidly increasing within him every instant he glared at me, were such that I really almost expected to see him spring like a wild beast against the bars of his cage. After I had passed him, the conductor told me he was an assassin of the worst description.

Returning to the "Bureau Central du Brigadier," from which I had commenced, we ascended a small staircase to an upper story, where I found a little chapel, looking down all the six alleys at once, containing a marble altar 5ft. 6in. long by four feet deep, surmounted by a small white plaster statue of the Virgin, and, above that, a large gilt one of our Saviour on the Cross: before this altar the priest of the establishment performs mass to the whole of the 1260 prisoners, whose doors, by means of a chain, which allows them to be ajar, are slightly opened in order to allow each to catch a squinting glimpse of the various movements of the holy man, whose prayers I should think could not possibly be wafted to all.

We next entered several magazines, full of materials for such of the prisoners as choose to work, in which case they are paid for what they do. It appears that the inmates, besides enjoying food according to their money, may, according to their inclination, be industrious or idle as they think proper.

My conductor, opening a door, now led me into a library, containing about 1600 volumes, historical and religious, lent to those who desire to read. As soon as I entered, from the opposite end there slowly approached me, just like

one of the three cats shut up in the warehouse of lost goods at the railway terminus of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, the poor librarian, who seemed thankful, not only for every word I uttered to him, but even for the sight of the face of a stranger.

In proceeding towards the cooking department I came in a yard to several sets of rails, on which were some little carriages 4½ feet long by three feet broad, containing 12 moveable iron shelves or trays, each containing the rations of 18 men. I followed the train for about 100 yards to its terminus, where the carriages all descended from view to a series of subterranean rails, along which they proceeded until they came beneath machinery, by which each was hoisted by pulleys up a square chimney to the gallery to which it was consigned. On entering the kitchen, I found the cookery of the whole department, 1260 prisoners, officers, servants and all, scientifically performed in six caldrons, over which hung a canopy for carrying away the steam and smoke.

My guide now informed me, in reply to my queries on the subject, that the "personnel" or strength of the establishment is composed as follows:—

1 Director,
4 Clerks,
2 Priests,
1 Médecin ou Pharmacien,
1 Laundry-woman, in charge of the linen, washed by contract,
1 Brigadier-en-chef des Surveillants,
4 Sous-Brigadiers,
62 Surveillants (keepers),
4 Cooks, assisted by three of the prisoners.
—Total, 81.

Besides the Model Prison in which I stood, there are in Paris, under the jurisdiction of the Prefect of Police, eight others, as also a Military Prison, under the Minister of War. In the whole of France there exist 391 prisons of different descriptions (namely, maisons d'arrêt, maisons centrales, and bagnes), containing 66,091 persons.

As I was about to leave this establishment I was informed I had overlooked 30 cells, 15 on each side of the entrance gate, in which prisoners are received and detained, until certain formalities have been performed, and until the baths are ready for their reception. However, as I had now arrived at the last set of bolts that were to be undrawn to allow me to depart, I had not fortitude enough to return to the inte-

rior, and, accordingly, proceeding onwards, I have seldom enjoyed a more agreeable contrast than when, on coming into the space in front of the great prison from which I had just been released, I beheld close before me the Embarcadère or terminus of the Lyons Railway, the emblem of liberty and locomotion.

PÈRE LA CHAISE.

As on the morning previous to the review I had received from my oculist his last prescription, I was exceedingly anxious to take it and my eyes to Old England. On reflection, however, I felt there remained half a day's work for each of them to perform. On the Place de la Bastille I therefore stopped a fiacre that was hobbling by, and, having taken my seat, and by means of the handle inside having very carefully fastened the door, I told the coachman's large face, which on looking upwards I found close to my own, where it was to go; and, accordingly, out of the innumerable streets which in all directions radiate from the place from which we were about to start, he selected that which, without turning to the right or left, ran straight to the scene I was desirous to visit,—the cemetery of Père la Chaise.

I had taken so much interest in the various objects I had hitherto visited, that almost habitually as I approached them I had experienced,

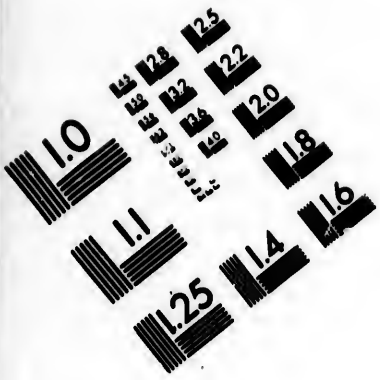
by anticipation, a portion of the pleasure the realization of my curiosity subsequently afforded me. In the present instance, however, every time the poor horse nodded his jaded head, every time the driver whipped his neck, and every time the carriage jolted over the commonest description of loose stones, I felt that somehow or other I was a loser by the operation; that something pleasurable had been shaken out of me; in fact, that as I approached the mansions of the dead I was infinitesimally becoming less and less cheerful; and what in my sinking condition appeared to me to be anything but consoling was that the Rue de la Roquette at every step of the horse was evidently also becoming more and more gloomy.

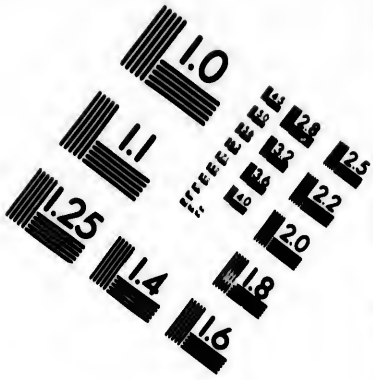
The gaiety of Paris appeared not only to be fading away, but to be rapidly dying. At first the houses merely grew poorer-looking and a little smaller: then came a dead wall, then an open shop full of tombstones, then a few houses, then a rather longer dead wall, then a good many houses, then a shop full of bright round wreaths of yellow immortelles, then a couple of houses, then a shop full of nothing but jet black wreaths and white ones, then one teeming with yellow ones: at last, after passing another dead wall we came to a climax of woe, made up of

shops full, one after another, of monuments, images, statues, and crosses, of all shapes, sizes, and prices.

After gradually ascending for nearly half a mile along the paved gloomy valley of the shadow of death above described, the calèche, after having passed the Barrière d'Aunay, stopped at the lofty iron entrance gates of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and as soon as I had dismissed my driver I found myself in the centre of a scene which really quite amazed me.

Between the railings of the iron gate, and towering above the dead wall that surrounds the cemetery, I caught a glimpse of a confused variety of the monuments, obelisks, crosses, &c., I had expressly come to visit. But what arrested, and indeed for some minutes entirely engrossed my attention, was a crowd of women seated for a considerable length on each side of the wall, close to different-coloured umbrellas protecting from the sun large piles of bright yellow, snow-white, and rusty black round "forget-me-not" immortelles of various sizes, and yet, not satisfied with such a stock, these women were busily occupied in making sepulchral wreaths faster than one would conceive it could be possible to sell them. Besides which there were tastily arranged and suspended upon the dead





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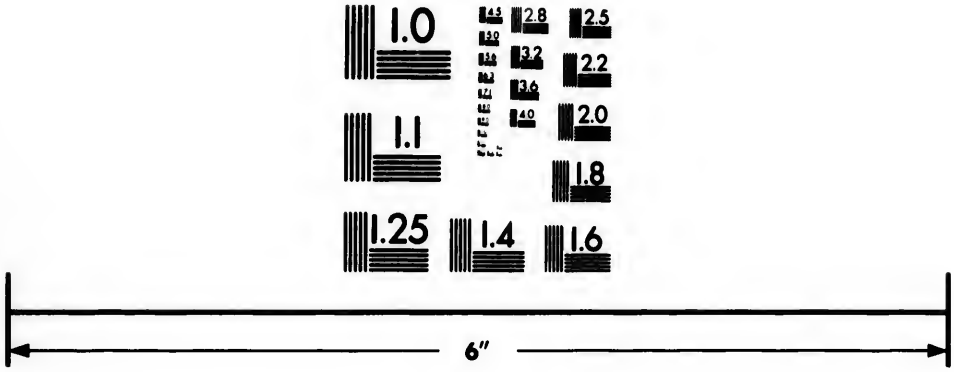

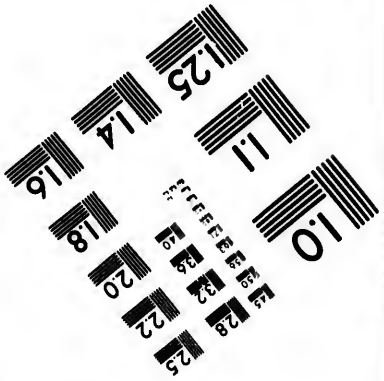

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wall garlands and crosses of everlasting flowers of all colours—blue, yellow, green, orange, with spotted blue and white. In whatever direction I walked, sometimes before me, sometimes behind me, sometimes on each side, and sometimes from all sides at once, cheerful-looking women in different voices were earnestly advising me to buy either a sepulchral wreath, cross, or garland. The only sister of the lot that did not address me was a very ugly one with an olive-coloured face, black hair, brown comb, and no cap, employed in eating with a stick, out of a dark-coloured earthen pot, grass-green spinach.

On passing through the iron gates, between two lodges, on one of which I observed inscribed in large letters—

"RÉPUBLIQUE FRANÇAISE,"

and on the other

"LIBERTÉ, FRATERNITÉ, EGALITÉ,"—

my eyes and mind were completely bewildered by the sudden appearance of a forest of monuments, which looked as if the tenants of the innumerable graves before me had, one and all, in the various attitudes of their respective tombs, arisen to declare that even in the republic below

ground there exists the same desire for distinction which the soi-disant republicans of Paris, in mockery of their own theory, are everywhere displaying.

Not knowing how to grapple with such a variety of forms, I stopped almost in despair at the very first monument on my left; a little house or chapel about six feet square, and about ten feet high, surmounted by a cross, beneath which was inscribed—

"Sépulture Chevalier-Guyot et de la Famille Gaidon."[1]

On peeping through the open latticed work which formed the upper half of the door, I saw within, a marble altar, upon which appeared a long plated-silver cross, two lofty plated-silver candlesticks, two opaque glass vases full of flowers, a plated-silver mug for holding holy water, and a silver-handled hair-brush for sprinkling it. In front of the altar and touching it were a pair of china flower-pots, containing artificial flowers, with two ebony-backed Prie-Dieu chairs. On the walls hung a couple of yellow wreaths of immortelles, and ten white ones; on one of the latter was inscribed in black letters—

"A mon Amie."[2]

[1] Tomb of the Chevalier Guyot and of the family Gaidon.
[2] To my friend.

The next monument I looked into had been similarly furnished, except that at the back of the altar was a window of stained glass, and on one of four yellow immortelles the words

"Mon Père."[1]

For a few moments I stopped before several flat tombstones, surrounded by iron rails supporting an iron trough reversed, under which, protected from rain, hung a quantity of yellow wreaths.

As I was loitering among these stones I observed a respectable-looking man of about 50 years of age, watching me like a wolf; and as I was quite as much in want of him as he of me, I beckoned to him, and with great pleasure enlisted him in my service. As soon, however, as I began to interrogate my ally (one of the official guides of the cemetery) he began to dispute, and his remonstrances became so loud, he shrugged up his shoulders so violently, and with the palms of his hands upwards he extended his arms to such an extraordinary length, that, as I did not wish to be seen engaged in a colloquial duel among the tombs, I was obliged very quietly to decline to proceed with him, unless he would consent to be guided by

[1] My father.

my notions—in short, follow my wishes instead of his own.

The subject of our altercation was briefly as follows:—In the cemeteries of Paris there are three descriptions of graves—

1st. Those occupied in perpetuity;

2nd. Those leased for six years;

3rd. Those in which the dead poor are gratuitously allowed a caravansary or resting-place for five years.

Now what my friend wanted to do was to hurry me straight off to that part of the cemetery occupied by the permanent graves, in order that then and there he might zigzaggedly conduct me to the monuments either of the most celebrated men, or of the finest sculpture. He assured me, and afterwards insisted, that *that* was the usual, regular, best, and only way of procedure; and, with a scoffing movement of his right hand, he added that, if he was to stop where I wanted him to stop, and to continue to give me the trifling information I appeared to desire, I should see nothing, learn nothing, and, lastly, should occupy the whole of his day.

Now, as the sting of all his objections evidently lay not in the head but in the tail or conclusion of his remarks, I considered it unnecessary to wound his feelings by confessing to him my total

disregard for the bones, masonry, iron, and silver, which he appeared to venerate. In answer therefore to his numerous shrugs and objections, I merely expounded to him very clearly that, inasmuch as it was my intention to pay him very liberally by the *hour*, the more of his time I wasted the better it would be for him; and as an idea, like lightning, travels infinitely faster than the heavy thundering words by which it is conveyed, so, long before my explanation was concluded, every line of argument had not only relaxed from his countenance, but had vanished from his figure, both of which seemed to say,

"It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!'

As soon as we had, in perfect good fellowship, sufficiently smiled at each other, I asked him to be so good as to take me to the common pit, "fosse commune." "Bien, Monsieur!" he replied; and suiting his action to the words, off he merrily led me across an open uninteresting space of about sixteen acres, which looked very like a ploughed field, but as we were crossing it I ascertained that its history is much more remarkable than its appearance. Only a few years ago this area, which had been completely filled with "temporary graves," was covered with

a beautiful shrubbery of cypresses. At the expiration, however, of the lease the living had granted to the dead, it was deemed advisable to convert the ground from a level to the acclivity which forms the characteristic feature of the cemetery. Instead, therefore, of ejecting the tenants, they were completely covered by an avalanche of new-made earth, that was rolled over all, and thus, at a depth in some places of 30 feet, these sixteen acres of pauper corpses will lie undisturbed beneath the stratum of new graves which in due time will be imposed upon them.

My guide had scarcely given me this information when I saw immediately on my left a hearse driven by a man in a cocked hat, and followed by three persons, of whom two were in mourning; and as the party was evidently proceeding to the "fosse commune," I hurried on, and reached the spot a few seconds before it arrived.

Just at the moment it stopped, my attention was attracted by a deep broad ditch beneath me, in which was a man rather oddly dressed standing beside a long series of coffins, placed together in threes side by side, and I had scarcely glanced on them when, on looking round for the hearse, I saw it trotting away, probably for another poor person's coffin. That which it had

brought was in the hands of four men in rusty black clothes, who, walking rather quickly to the edge of the ditch, lowered it by means of ropes to the labourer beneath, who in a few seconds placed it in its destination. As it lay there I observed that it, the coffin, was made of common white wood, had a semi-hexagonal top, on which there appeared nothing but a few black letters designating the name of the man who had made it, and a little bit of lead, about an inch and a half square, upon which was impressed the number, or "numéro," of the dead.

In front of the hearse I had observed, only for a moment (for he was quite unpleasant to look at), strutting as if he considered himself to be of vast importance, a tall, stout person, or personage, dressed in a cocked hat, black coat of superfine cloth fitting uncomfortably tight, and a fine belt, who, as soon as the four men in dingy black had handed down the coffin, put himself at their head and marched off. In a whisper I asked my guide who he was. "Monsieur," he replied, with a countenance overflowing with respect and astonishment at my ignorance, "c'est l'ordonnateur aux pompes funèbres!"[1]

Two of the three persons who had followed the hearse also immediately departed; the last

[1] Sir, he is the director of the Pompes-Funèbres.

remaining friend, walking to the edge of the pit, and then stooping downwards, handed to the man beneath, who had received the coffin, two round bright yellow immortelles, with a paper upon which was written the name of the deceased, and he also then walked quickly away.

When the last spark of affection had been thus extinguished, the gravedigger, whose face and arms were sunburnt and brown, and who was dressed in a white shirt, with blue trousers, confined round the waist by an old scarlet and white belt, finally adjusted the coffin, then threw over it with his spade a covering of earth about half an inch thick, then affixed in the perpendicular bank the paper and two yellow immortelles that belonged to it, and then, there being nothing else in the whole world for him to do, leaning on his spade he rested against the bank, evidently waiting for another coffin.

The arrangement appeared so simple and so sensible, that I could not help expressing to my guide, that, however he might admire the infinite variety which characterised the "perpetual graves," it must at least be said of those before us that their inmates found in them a republic in which all were equal. "Non, Monsieur," said my attendant, gradually closing his right nostril with the forefinger of his dexter hand; and he

then proceeded to explain to me, that, with respect to the description of funeral I had just witnessed, the city of Paris grants only to those who can give proofs of their poverty—

1st. The "convoi," *i. e.* hearse with the ordonnateur des Pompes Funèbres and his attendants;

2nd. The coffin;

3rd. The grave, or resting-place for the dead.

That a corpse failing to give this proof of its poverty has to pay to the city a tax of 20 francs ("de droit"), also seven francs for its coffin; the grave only being given to it gratis. He added, that although in the "fosse commune" the stratum of dead are so closely packed that their coffins, like paving-stones, touch each other all round, yet, in memory of each, even of the very poorest, there is invariably erected, either over the coffin or as near to it as possible, a little rectangular oak railing, 18 inches high, enclosing a tiny garden, subsequently ornamented according to the circumstances of the deceased, or to those of his friends — generally with cypresses and a small wooden chapel; sometimes only with a cross; indeed, in cases of extreme poverty, some friend of the dead has been known, within the little railing I have described, to erect and leave behind him his

walking-stick, as the *sole* bearer of the inscription which, under all circumstances, records, within the railing that commemorates the grave, the name, age, and date of death of the departed. The cost of the little distinctions which in different grades ornament the garden graves of the very poorest inhabitants of that portion of the city (5th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th arrondissements) that are buried in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, of course increases or diminishes according to their value. To give, however, to the reader a general idea of the cheapness with which such work is executed in Paris, I may state that the usual charge for the "entourage" (railing of oak), two cypresses, and flowers for a grave in the "fosse commune," is only 15 francs. At the expiration of about seven years, or of five if deemed necessary, all these slight remembrances are levelled, and a new set of tenants, and a new set of ornaments and distinctions, reign in their stead.—

"Nations and empires rise and fall, flourish and decay."

Leaving the gravedigger in his trench still leaning against the bank, and without consulting my guide, I walked to a beautiful grove or shrubbery of young cypresses, which appeared to cover the acclivity of the hill, on the summit of

which had been constructed the finest portion of the permanent monuments.

On entering this interesting wilderness I found it composed of the "fosses temporaires," "temporary graves," six feet long and three broad, each of which, surrounded by its little oak railing, was almost concealed by the cypresses and roses that flourished and bloomed above it. Along these graves, which appeared very regularly arranged side by side, were a series of paths, running east and west, with others at right angles: by which arrangement, the cypress labyrinth, that contained them all, could be penetrated in any direction, and thus every grave could easily be visited by whomsoever it might be held dear.

These graves were somewhat larger than those of the "fosse commune;" but with that exception, there was no difference, save that within and beneath the small padlocked space the body it commemorated actually reposed; whereas in the garden graves of the "fosse commune" it unavoidably lay some feet off in a direction unknown.

The expenses of burial in these temporary abodes, taken on a lease for not less than five, and not exceeding ten years, are various. For instance, for a poor man, whose family

desire the cheapest possible form, the charges are

To the church	10 francs.
For the ground	50 ,,
For the coffin from . . .	7 to 10 ,,
Hearse, ordonnateur, &c. . . .	27 ,,
Total from	94 to 97 ,,

(For the above the rich pay from 200 to 1000 francs, and for first-class ceremonies there have been charged 7000.) These funeral expenses do not include the decorations of the garden, which can be executed for about 40 francs, as follows:—

An "entourage" (railing) in oak, 2½ feet high	15 francs.
Cross in oak and inscription . . .	10 ,,
Couvre-couronne in zinc	6 ,,
Four cypress-trees and a sanded path in form of a cross, and edged with box . .	10 ,,
Total .	41 ,,

For a tombstone the extra cost is from 10 to 12 francs.

Engraving of say 100 letters, at the rate of one franc for every 10 letters . .	10 ,,
Total . .	22 ,,

Although my guide refrained from expressing his opinions, it was evident he took no interest whatever in any portion of the cemetery but that which he conceived to be immortalized by stone, brick, and stout iron railings; and as it was

distressing to me to observe how his mind kept yearning and his eyes turning towards the hill before me, I told him I was now at his service, and would follow him wherever he liked. With a bright countenance, a light heart, and a quick step, he of course instantly posted up the hill; at the summit of which I observed that a portion of the beautiful range of "temporary graves" I had been admiring had been lately levelled, in order, I suppose, to replace the subterranean tenantry by permanent landlords of the soil.

The oak railings had completely disappeared; in some places the cypresses I had so much admired were lying brown and dead on the ground; in other parts strong, rich grass was waving in the sunshine, and as I passed through the mass I now and then trod on a round flowerless immortelle showing the straw of which it had been made.

The first monument to which my guide conducted me, perched on the very summit of the hill, consisted of a lofty pyramid with a gilt conical top, the whole large enough, solid enough, and high enough for a lighthouse, which indeed it much resembled. It had been erected by a person of no celebrity, beyond wealth, appropriately called "Monsieur de Beau-jour."[1]

[1] Mr. Fine-day.

As I did not much enjoy the taste of this sample, I talked to my guide about himself; and after ascertaining where he lived, and what family he had, I asked him whether the late revolutions in Paris had in any way affected him.

He told me that previous to 1848 he had been very well off,—"j'ai bien gagné ma vie,"[1]—but since that period he had scarcely earned half of what he used to earn. "For a considerable time," said he, "after the revolution we had no travellers, no English; et enfin," he added with a shrug, "les gens qui nous cherchent à présent nous donnent peu de chose."[2] With a countenance full of contempt he added, "Ils ne sont que des Italiens, et des nations bouleversées."[3]

On reaching the highest part of the cemetery, from which of course there is the finest view, I was much surprised to find the uppermost portion principally occupied by monuments, marked with the usual words, "Concession à perpétuité,"[4] bearing English inscriptions.

[1] I gained a good livelihood.

[2] And after all, the people who now seek for us give us very little.

[3] They are nothing but Italians, and the inhabitants of overturned nations.

[4] Leased for ever.

On the first that attracted my attention was inscribed—

"Fanny,
Wife of
Henry T. Anderson,
of New York.
January 1, 1844."

A few yards farther I came to a very handsome one in white marble, unmutilated and unsullied even by an observation in pencil, bearing the following inscription, which I copied while two birds close to me were singing, as delightfully as if they had been hatched in England :—

"Sir William Sidney Smith,
Admiral of the Red,
Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and Grand Cross
of several Foreign Orders, &c.
Born 21st of June, 1764,
Died 26th of May, 1840.

Peace to the hero who undaunted stood,
When Acre's streets were red with Turkish blood!
In warlike France, where great Napoleon rose,
The man who check'd his conquests finds repose:
England, who claims his triumphs as her own,
Has raised for him her monumental stone;
This tomb, which marks his grave, is now supplied
By friends with whom he lived, midst whom he died—
A tribute to his memory. Here beneath
Lies the bold heart of England's Sidney Smith."

Nearly opposite I observed a chaste and simple white marble monument to

"The Right Hon.
Sir William Keppel,
Knight Grand Cross of the Military Order
of the Bath."

For a considerable time I wandered through an immense confusion of sarcophagi, pyramids, obelisks, mausoleums, temples, chapels, columns, urns, cenotaphs, and sepulchral monuments of all heights, shapes, and sizes, most of them surrounded by iron railings, within which sometimes I found beautiful flowers, sometimes weeds, and sometimes nothing but stinging-nettles; in short, one might as well attempt to describe a great battle by writing a history of every soldier that was present at it, as to endeavour to describe the cemetery of Père la Chaise by merely enumerating the herd of constructions that at a cost of upwards of five millions sterling have been erected within it.

In peeping into the sepulchral chapels I perceived on the altar of one a quantity of flowers quite fresh, in water; on another were a large cross, four tall candlesticks, three little images, and a silver-handled brush (*aspersoir*) for sprinkling holy water. "Ah que c'est gentil!"[1] exclaimed my guide, whose face occupied the square glass-

[1] Oh, how beautiful!

less compartment in the window next to that through which I was looking.

The simplest monument within the cemetery is a stone pyramid about six feet high, surrounded by a little neat box border, dedicated to

"E. Volney,
Pair de France."[1]

As I was wending my way through cenotaphs, obelisks, and temples, many of which must have been exceedingly costly, I perceived about 30 yards distant on my right a very odd-looking chapel, made entirely of zinc, and painted bright blūe. I immediately stopped, and, after looking at it for some time, I asked my guide "Why is the door open?"

"C'est sa femme dedans:" and he then added, "Quand il fait beau, she"[2] (the widow of the deceased man to whom this monument had been erected) "visits it sometimes for half a day."

I was so struck with this unusual mark of fidelity and affection, that I not only felt but expressed an irresistible desire to witness it. My guide proposed to accompany me, but, as I thought he might possibly be rather too inquisitive, I begged him to remain where he stood,

[1] Peer of France.

[2] His wife is inside. When it is fine weather, &c.

and to allow me hastily to walk past the open door. I accordingly proceeded to do so, and I was wondering by what description of feelings I should be assailed, and in what attitude I should find the widow, when, to my utter astonishment, I was taken all aback by suddenly seeing close to me, not in the chapel, but seated on a chair just before it, a lady dressed in bright blue of exactly the tint of the zinc chapel.

"Elle aime beaucoup le *bleu!*"[1] said my guide to me with a smile as soon as I returned to him.

"She does indeed!" was all I could manage to say in reply: however, as my friend perceived I was altogether flabbergasted by what I had seen, he explained to me of his own accord that the lady's mind is slightly disordered, and that, whenever she has "un rêve," or dream of her husband, she writes a letter to him, brings it, and files it within the blue tomb, in which he said there existed a great heap of her correspondence with her departed husband.

After passing an endless variety of tombs I came to a spot where a body of workmen in blouses were employed in constructing a permanent vault for twelve persons, to be deposited

[1] Very fond of *blue!*

in two tiers or strata of six each, separated from each other by iron bars imbedded in the masonry.

The cost of a single permanent grave "emplacement" of one mètre (3 feet 3⅜ inches English) broad, and two mètres long, is 500 francs. The sum of 1000 are, however, demanded for the very same space so often as it may be required *in addition* to the first allotment; and as the vault before me was 3 mètres broad by two in length, the charges were to be as follows:—

	Francs.
The cost of the ground alone had amounted to	2500
The cost of digging, and of the masonry for the 12 graves	720
For fixing a curb stone around the whole .	150
For a handsome iron railing . . .	400
Total	3770
about 150*l.* sterling.	
To sand the little paths of a grave, and keep weeds out, costs (per annum) . .	12
In addition to the above to maintain a succession of flowers (per annum) . .	20

The city of Paris, foreseeing that the perpetual graves, which already amount in number to 102,000, would ere long take exclusive possession of the cemetery of Père la Chaise, have lately declined to give perpetual titles, in

lieu of which they now grant leases for a given period, subject to renewal. The result it is expected will be, that a considerable number of families will decline—or, as it will be fashionably termed, will *forget*—to purchase the renewal, and these monuments, many of which are evidently already totally neglected, will then be quietly removed. And even as regards those that bear the inscription "Concession à Perpétuité," if the certificate, or "Lettre de Propriété,"[1] should be lost, it is understood the city will resume possession of the ground for what is very properly termed "utilité publique."[2]

After conversing for some little time with the workmen in blouses, who, beneath the surface of the ground, were constructing the twelve graves before me, I asked one of the most intelligent whether the late political events in France had in any way affected their profits. "We gained," replied the man, leaning his trowel upon the grave he was constructing, and looking upwards full into my face, "a good deal in 1849 by the cholera, but, excepting that, we have not obtained in the last three years as much as in the time of Louis Philippe we got in one!"

I observed I could not comprehend how that

[1] Title-deed. [2] The public benefit.

could be, for "Surely," I added, "it is *Death*, and not Louis Philippe or Louis Napoleon, who fills for you the cemetery of Père la Chaise?" "C'est, Monsieur," he replied, "parce que les grandes familles sont expatriées, c'est à dire en leurs campagnes;"[1] in consequence of which, and of the general unsettled state of the public mind, he explained at some length that everybody now had a cheap grave. My guide, who by various little fidgeting movements of his face and feet evidently disapproved of the time I had been losing at this grave, at last prevailed upon me once again to accompany him. Instead, however, of prosecuting any path, he wormed his way among monuments closely huddled together, and yet his course on the whole was so straight, and his step so quick, that I felt confident he was on a trail of importance, and, as if I had been following a red Indian, I was wondering what description of game we were about to overtake, when my friend, suddenly stopping before a small garden about sixteen feet long and ten broad, surrounded by wired iron railings about five feet high, and which, as a solitary exception to all the tombs I had beheld, contained neither

[1] It is, Sir, because our great families are expatriated, that is to say, are living at their country seats.

monument nor inscription of any sort, said to me with great solemnity, as, standing bolt upright, he pointed his finger to the little enclosure before us, "*Monsieur, voilà le corps du Maréchal Ney!*" [1]

My guide informed me that during the reign of Louis Philippe the relations and friends of the General were given to understand that the erection of what they would consider to be an appropriate monument to his memory would not be allowed; that since the establishment of the Republic his corpse had remained unhonoured, under the idea that the nation would erect a magnificent monument. In the mean while, within the narrow precincts of the rails, there slightly waved above his grave eight cypresses, whose height rudely marked the era of his interment. In the middle is a small circular border of China roses, and ranged against the rails are rows of laurels, excepting at the entrance gate, at each side of which I observed a lilac-tree in blossom. Close to the border there lay on the ground one circular wreath of white immortelles, bearing in blue letters the word

"Regrets!"

I had, for more than an hour, been so

[1] Sir, there is the body of Marshal Ney.

bothered by the Babel confusion of tongues of the various monuments which, in every sort of attitude, jostling, crowding, and pushing against each other, were all at once each extolling nothing in creation but the corpse beneath, that, as I stood looking into the little garden before me, I must own I felt it was the most striking monument—the most successful effort —of the lot:—in short, that there was more real eloquence in its silence than in all the laboured panegyrics to which my guide had directed my attention, and which had occasionally made me feel almost sea-sick to read. "Allons!" I said; upon which my attendant stretched out his hands between the rails, picked a laurel-leaf, and presented it to me. On shaking my head, and saying rather resolutely, "Non! non!" he chucked it somewhat indignantly upon the grave. As I was following him in silence, I passed close to a group of four Frenchmen who had witnessed the trifling occurrence, and who looked rather hard at me as I walked by them. What they saw in me I could not know, nor did I care, but, to avoid misconstruction, I took an early opportunity of explaining to my guide, that in England everybody is instructed under all circumstances "to keep his hands from

picking and stealing," and that there is no species of theft more disreputable than for a traveller, in return for the civilities he has received in France, to pilfer from the grave of an old soldier the smallest portion, however trifling, of the honours, whatever they may be, that consecrate his tomb.

My guide now led me to, and for some little distance down, the great paved arterial road that, from the lofty iron entrance gates, meanders in its ascent to, and then along, the whole length of the cemetery, and, although no visitor is allowed, on any pretence whatever, to drive here, the stones were literally, in some places, worn into ruts by the hearses and mourning carriages that had walked over them.

As we proceeded along this broad avenue, I met several ladies and merry children, fashionably dressed, carrying in their hands, gently swinging by their sides, circular wreaths of immortelles of different diameters and colours, which they were about to deposit, as touching marks of their affection, at the graves of their fathers, mothers, or other relations or friends; after which they usually rest themselves, for more or less time, on one of the many seats which, for purposes of this nature, are scattered over the cemetery.

In a few minutes we came to the "Rond Point," where the paved road forms a sort of circle of obeisance round a beautiful statue, resting on a very lofty pedestal, erected in 1832, by public subscription, in honour of Casimir Périer, late Prime Minister of France, and, after visiting several other monuments of less importance, my guide led me downwards to a most beautiful four-fronted chapel, supported by fourteen columns, not only erected to the memory of Heloïsa and Abelard—statues of whom, admirably sculptured, are within—but constructed from the ruins of the celebrated abbey of the Paraclete, founded by the latter, and of which the former was the first abbess, and as we were now within a short distance of the great entrance gate, and as it was about the hour at which strangers usually arrive, I took out my watch, fulfilled my agreement with my guide, and, moreover, heaping up the measure to his heart's content, he left me among the dead, to endeavour to hook, if possible, another "Anglais," which, in the ocean of this world, are everywhere looked upon by guides of all sorts as the best fish that swim.

Close beside me stood a very tall wall—without metaphor, stone dead—which I felt exceedingly anxious to surmount; its height,

however, was so forbidding that, after walking close along it for some distance, I was about to leave it in despair, when I observed some poles which had been brought into the cemetery for the repair of a monument, by means of which I managed, without difficulty, to reach and sit upon the thin mural barrier that divides the cemetery of Père la Chaise from a very tiny rectangular piece of ground, entitled the burial-place of the Jews, which, at a single glance, I perceived to be very creditably kept, and to contain several very neat and handsome monuments. In point of dimensions, however, it did not bear the proportion to the great Christian cemetery that the palm of my hand did to my whole body, and as I sat looking from the great cemetery to the little one, and *vice versâ*, I could not help feeling what a striking corroboration was before me of that mysterious dispensation of the Almighty which, in all ages and in all countries, has not only stamped the intellectual countenance of the Jew by distinguishing lines, often of great beauty, which every man can read as he runs, but which has maintained the race as distinct and separate from the rest of the human species as the dark-coloured little stream from Chippewa, which, without the slightest admixture with the

mass of clear green water from Lakes Superior, Huron, and Erie, is eternally rolling with it, side by side, over the Falls of Niagara. And yet, from the very showing of the case, it has been argued that the distinction which Christians call by the fine-sounding name of a "dispensation of the Almighty" is in fact nothing but that unclean human spirit which, in almost every portion of the globe, has induced the larger body to persecute and oppress the little one. But the cemeteries on each side of me unanswerably confuted this human doctrine, for, instead of the large sect having rejected an alliance with the little one, it is the little sect that has refused, and still refuses, to join in any description of partnership with the large one. In the great Christian cemetery a corpse of any politics, of any country, of any religion, or of no religion at all, is freely allowed to be buried in the "fosse commune," in the "fosse temporaire," or in a "concession à perpétuité," with any ceremony, or with no ceremony, just as his executors or his relations may desire. Priests of any church may preach over him, choristers of any creed may chant over him, relations may howl over him, or, without a single follower, he may, if he has so wished it, be buried with no more pomp, ceremony, excla-

mation, or feeling, than if he were the roughest description of cur.

But although the iron gates of the big Christian cemetery are, most good-humouredly, always wide open for the admission of the Jews, the narrow door of the little Jewish cemetery scorns to admit a Christian corpse. Its opposition is an honest one; it denies the divinity of Jesus Christ. And yet, said the Prime Minister of Queen Victoria in his able speech on the third reading of the Oath of Abjuration (Jew) Bill—

"So long as Jews are prevented from sitting in the House of Commons, whenever there comes a popular election a premium is actually given to the Jew as against the Christian in that election (hear), because, while the Christian stands on his own merits, the Jew would say—'In me you behold *a persecuted man!* and if you value the principle of RELIGIOUS LIBERTY, you will send me to the House of Commons!'"

On the subject of the admission of Jews into the British House of Commons I have hitherto abstained from expressing even in private any opinion whatever; as, however, I sat astride on the wall separating the two cemeteries, the skeleton *facts* of the case flitted before my mind in the following order.

For nearly a thousand years the British people, under Christian sovereigns, have been governed

by a succession of Parliaments exclusively Christian, and accordingly,—

1st. The proceedings of the House of Commons have been, and still are, daily opened by Christian prayers offered up by the Speaker's Chaplain.

2nd. In the House of Lords the practice has been, and is, similar, except that the junior of the bench of Christian Bishops is ex-officio the Chaplain who reads the prayers.

3. The Christian character of the Sovereign may be delineated as follows :—

On Thursday the 28th of June, 1838, in the Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, by the Grace of God Defender of the Faith (vide the printed Form and Order of the Service and Ceremonies observed in the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Victoria), supported by the two Bishops of Durham and Bath and Wells; attended by the Dean of Westminster, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable and Earl Marshal, the Lords who carry the Regalia, &c. &c., and in presence of the people assembled within the church, replied to the Archbishop of Canterbury as follows :—

Archbishop.—Madam, is Your Majesty willing to take the Oath?

Queen.—I am willing.

Archbishop.—Will You to the utmost of Your Power maintain the Laws of God, the true Profession of the Gospel and the Protestant Reformed Religion established by Law? And will You maintain and preserve inviolably the Settlement of the United Church of England and Ireland, and the Doctrine, Worship, Discipline, and Government thereof, as by law established, within England and Ireland and the Territories thereunto belonging? And will You preserve unto the Bishops and Clergy of England and Ireland, and to the Churches there committed to their Charge, all such Rights and Privileges as by Law do or shall appertain to Them, or any of Them?

Queen.—All this I promise to do.

Then the Queen arising out of Her Chair, attended by Her Supporters, and assisted by the Lord Great Chamberlain, the Sword of State being carried before Her, went to the Altar, and there made Her Solemn Oath in the sight of all the People to observe the Premises: Laying Her right hand upon the Holy Gospel in the Great Bible which had been carried in the Procession, and was now brought from the Altar by the Archbishop, and tendered to Her as She knelt upon the Steps, she said these Words—

The Things which I have here before promised, I will perform and keep.

So help me God.

Then the Queen kissed the Book and signed the Oath.

It need hardly be said that the Statute of the 12 and 13 William III., confirming the limitation of the Succession of the Crown "from time to time to such person or persons being Protestants," the oath taken by every member of the House of Commons, "On the true faith of a

Christian," the daily prayer of both Houses of Parliament, and the Coronation Oath required from the Sovereign, are not only in accordance with, but in obedience to, the will of the British people, whose aggregate attachment to the Christian Religion, and whose attention—in such degree only as each thinks proper—to Christian worship, need not be described.

Now, the whole of this system of Christian deference to Almighty God, by which the British Empire has hitherto been cemented, from the oath required from the Sovereign, down to that taken by every member of the House of Commons, is very properly abhorred by the Jews, simply because they believe the Redeemer of the Christians to have been an impostor; and firmly impressed with this opinion, which, whenever necessary, they have, as in duty bound, been ready to seal with their blood, they decline to be buried in the same ground with Christians,—to unite themselves in marriage with a Christian; indeed, their great charities,—such, for instance, as "The Jews' FREE School in Bell Lane, Spitalfields, London," containing 650 boys and 350 girls, total 1000,—have been so exclusive, that to the simple blessings of education no Christian child is admitted. Firm in attachment to their own religion, and

in contempt of that which they especially abhor, in many countries they consider the mere touch of a Christian to be pollution; and accordingly, I myself have seen a Jew, with a withering look, as if I had poured a cup of poison into it, throw away a large tub of water from which, out of my hand, I had, without the slightest intention of offence, drunk a few drops.

Now, how have the British people resented this conscientious, firm, unflinching, uncompromising bigotry? Why, with that high-minded generosity that characterises them, they not only allow Jews to eat from the same sources, drink from the same fountains, and, unmolested, live in whatever localities they like, but, I am proud to add, they have extended to their persons and to their property the same legal protection which the Christian Parliament have enacted for the benefit of the Christian people. Nay, every Jew throughout the British dominions has been made capable of acting as a magistrate, of filling any municipal office, of sitting in judgment upon Christians on matters of life and death. And yet, although on the liberty, and on property of every kind, belonging to Christians, they have the power to adjudicate, from blind zeal and immovable prejudices, as a body, they obdurately refuse, even as corpses, to associate with the Christian community.

As, however, the noblest object in exposing error is to avoid it, it is evident that, the more intolerant Jews are to Christians, the more should the latter be disposed to forgive and forget antagonist opinions, which, after all, proceed from conscientious disbelief, and it has therefore liberally, and I think very properly, been decreed that, utterly irrespective of the conduct of Jews towards Christians, every possible indulgence should be granted to them, and every possible restriction upon them removed.

To remove, however, the only restriction that remains, by raising them to be *legislators* for Christians, is surely, almost from the mere showing of the case, not only impolitic, but it is asking Jews to do what morally and religiously it is out of their power to perform.

In fact, it is placing them on the horns of a dilemma; for if in the enactment of Laws for the government of a Christian people they were to endeavour to promote that mild religion which in domestic life regulates, more or less, the great mass of the community, they would be faithless to their own creed; and on the other hand, if, faithful to their creed, by every means in their power they should endeavour, directly as well as indirectly, to eradicate a religion they conscientiously believe to be erroneous, they would be

faithless to the people for whom they are required to legislate. In short, it is evident, even grammatically speaking, that a Jew in a Christian Parliament is a confusion of terms, which can only be reconciled by the expulsion of the Jew, or by the obliteration of the term "Christian;" for what is Jewish cannot be Christian, nor can what is Christian be Jewish.

But it has been plausibly enough argued, that of two evils a mere breach of grammar is of less importance than the "illiberality" of excluding a Jew from the House of Commons; which, it is added, if conceded, would "*settle the question*," and thus create throughout the empire harmony, happiness, and content.

Now, on reflection, it will, I believe, be evident to every one that this argument with irresistible force recoils upon the proposal; for on the very doctrine, that of two evils a sensible man should choose the least, a Jew ought to be excluded from our Christian Parliament, because his admission would create several embarrassments, each greater than the solitary one it is liberally intended to allay.

For instance, in the House of Commons, where all men are "Peers,"—that is to say, sit together on terms of perfect equality,—it would evidently be unjust to maintain for the majority a form of

devotion in which the minority could not, owing to the religion they profess, join. It would therefore be necessary, either to persist in the injustice, or for the House to alter its form of prayer to a joint superstitious supplication — Ἀγνώστῳ Θεῷ—"TO THE UNKNOWN GOD," which St. Paul so truly declared at Athens to be "ignorant worship."

Again, would it be just for the Christian party to possess the power of forcing their "Peer" to abandon either his conscience or a bill in which he was deeply interested, by bringing it for discussion on a Saturday; and would it be just on that day to force him to attend on a Committee? On the other hand, would it be just to force him to rest from his political labours on Sunday, on Good Friday, and on Christmas-day? Says the Christian, Man's Sabbath is on *Sunday*. Says the Jew, it is no such thing, it is on *Saturday*. The House, therefore, must either openly violate the religious freedom it has vainly attempted to establish, by forcing the Sabbath of the majority on the minority, and, for the convenience of the majority, by depriving the minority of their day of holy rest, or compromise the dispute by amicably (liberally) agreeing together that there shall be no Sabbath at all.

Again, would it be just to allow the Bishops

of one faith to form part of a Legislature from which the Rabbis of the other faith are excluded? Certainly not. It would, therefore, be necessary, either that the Christian Bishops should be deprived of their seats in the House of Lords, or that the Jewish Rabbis should, *ex officio*, for the avowed purpose of neutralisation, be invested with the privilege of sitting beside them.

Again, the instant the British Parliament is made Jewish as well as Christian, the style and title of the Sovereign must be altered; for if, in mockery of the Jews, it continue to be "By the Grace of God Defender of THE Faith," it will justly be asked, of WHAT faith? And unless the answer be, "Of the Jewish-Christian faith!" it is evident that the Sovereign will be the Defender of the wrong faith, or, in other words, will be of only *one* Religion, while the House of Commons will be of TWO.

Lastly, it has hitherto been the happy characteristic of the British Kingdom that its Parliament and its People have been, as it were, the reflection of each other, and accordingly the religious sentiments of the one have not only been protected but fostered by the other. If, therefore, for the sake of a few Jews who faithfully avow themselves to belong to a kingdom *limited*

to the seed of Abraham, Parliament abjures its religion, that of the people will sympathetically wither; in fact, a Parliament without a religion legislating for a Christian people is an anomaly that can only be got rid of, either by the Legislature, like the prodigal son, returning to its creed, or by the people, for whom they are legislating, for the sake of political unanimity, abandoning theirs.

Without enumerating many other embarrassments that might be detailed, the above are, it is submitted, sufficient to demonstrate, that, even on the dangerous theory, that of a choice of evils the least is to be selected, the proposed alteration should be rejected.

But having shown what the great Christian community would *lose*, let us for a moment endeavour to calculate what the tiny Jewish sect residing "pro tem." among us might be supposed to *gain* by a measure which the most devout of the Hebrew nation honestly declare to be inconsistent with their religious expectations.

In the speeches in favour of the Abrogation Bill it has been truly stated that a Jew is as deeply interested in every law enacted by Parliament for the protection of life and property as any Christian member of the community; but, anomalous as it may sound, for that very reason

he ought to *desire* to remain excluded from the British Parliament; for does there exist in the United Kingdom a liberal man of sound judgment who is not inwardly convinced that religious principles are the strongest incentives to induce a populous nation not only to do what is right, but to abstain from doing what is wrong? The lives of British people (Jews included) are protected by laws, the just execution of which depends upon evidence on *oath*, jurors on *oath*, judges *sworn* to administer impartial justice. British property is similarly protected. In fact, the credit of the country is based upon those unalterable principles and commandments which the Christian religion fosters and enforces; and yet, so sensitive are moneyed men of any difficulty which in the slightest degree threatens to impair this credit of the country, that very trifling events cause their barometer, the funds, to rise or fall; and if it be true that, for instance, the sudden death of Prince Louis Napoleon would cause the whole of the funded property of England to sink in value, what might be its depreciation in the market of the world when it was announced that the British Parliament, whose word had hitherto been its bond, had—by abjuring its religion—deliberately cut away the mainstay of British credit? Let the Roths-

childs, Goldsmids, and other members of the Jewish persuasion, who live in England deservedly respected by us all, reflect, and then answer whether the trifling honour of sitting in the House of Commons (where, as an argument in favour of their admission, it is always stated they would form so miserable a minority that in matters of religion, handcuffed and harmless, they could have no influence) would atone, even to them, for the depreciation of their property and for the insecurity of their lives under laws and law-makers that by the proposed new-fangled system are to recognise no religion at all.

When a young colony, like a bird flying from its nest, separates itself from its mother country, it has been usual for it to proclaim to the world the list of "Grievances" which have induced it to do so. Now, as regards that allegiance to Almighty God which it is proposed Parliament shall publicly repudiate, let us for a moment consider what are the prominent facts of the case.

1st. It is an historical fact, that in prosperity, as well as in adversity, the Parliament, fleets, armies, and people of the United Kingdom, have, for many centuries, been in the habit of periodically joining together, as a Christian family, in offering up to the Omnipotent Author of the religion they have been taught to vene-

rate, thanksgiving for every signal act of protection, and prayers for the avertion of every great calamity.

2nd. It is a political fact that, co-existent with this habit, the British people have gradually prospered to a degree utterly impracticable to detail. Upon their empire the sun never sets. Upon their wealth it unceasingly shines. Upon their integrity the civilized world relies. In short, while the nations of Europe have all more or less suffered from the storm that has lately assailed them, British liberty and happiness excite not only the admiration but the envy of mankind.

It might reasonably be expected that a people of such cool judgment as the English would, from the above two facts, which for ages have been in juxta-position, perceive that the Divine protection the nation has religiously invoked has been rewarded by the blessings it enjoys: and accordingly, from the manner in which throughout England, Ireland, and Scotland the Sabbath is observed,—from the general habit of private devotion,—from the short prayers which in every well-regulated man-of-war are read previous to going into action,—and from the marked public devotion of our most illustrious military and naval Commanders to the ordinances of the

Christian religion, it is evident the devout principles of the community remain unaltered. And yet, although no one among us has ever offered a contrary opinion, although the Power and Goodness of the Almighty are patent to us all, yet for the attainment of an object, comparatively speaking, of no value whatever, it has been virtually proposed in the "Oath of Abjuration (Jew) Bill," that on a certain day the Sovereign of Great Britain and Ireland, surrounded by her brilliant Court, shall, after the roar of cannon, the acclamation of the multitude, the flourish of trumpets, and the obeisance of Peers and Peeresses have subsided, formally issue from her throne to mankind in general, and to the Parliament and people of the British Empire in particular, a declaration of independence, severing for evermore that Christian connection which has hitherto existed between the people she governs and the Almighty Power under whom they live! in fact, the Bill virtually proposes that, in direct contradiction of Her Coronation Oath, Her Majesty, Defender of the Faith, shall, by assenting to the same, erase for ever from the venerable brow of the Imperial Parliament the word "CHRISTIAN;" and thus, while every subject of the Crown will be allowed unmolested to continue to follow the revered religion of his an-

cestors, "Religious Liberty" will in future be the new and only Deity acknowledged by the Parliament of Great Britain. In short, while allegiance to an earthly Sovereign is very properly considered by the Imperial Parliament to be in no way incompatible with *civil* Liberty—indeed that the Monarchy under which we live is the Basis of our Freedom—it is proposed that the very same Parliament, in the very same breath, shall, by a joint and public abjuration of its faith, declare that its time-honoured allegiance to the Almighty Ruler of the universe has become incompatible with the enjoyment of *Religious* Liberty! To live under a network of myriads of laws which the Imperial Parliament has spun and is ever spinning, is not considered incompatible with *Civil* Liberty; and yet the endurance of the single religious link which connects us with futurity is before God and man to be declared an ignominious embarrassment incompatible with the enjoyment of *Religious* Liberty!

What punishments may be inflicted upon us in every quarter of the globe for this awful act—nothing more nor less than Cobbett's "application of the sponge" to the Christian character of the British Empire—it is altogether beyond the power of the human mind to imagine. Before, however, it be committed, let every member of the community who believes in a future state of

existence; who acknowledges the protection and distinctions it has pleased Almighty God to bestow upon the British People and upon the British Name; who reflects upon the climates, the hurricanes, the plagues, wars, pestilences, and famine to which in distant regions of the Globe we are more or less exposed; and lastly, who considers *our utterly defenceless condition*, ask himself this plain question. Leaving ingratitude out of the question, is it wise or safe to jeopardize the lives and property, the happiness and future state of the present generation, as well as of countless inhabitants of unborn ages, by exchanging a system that has practically answered, for one which will not only bring upon us, as renegades, the scorn of every honest nation under the sun, but which, *after all*, will fail even to benefit that small sect who honestly tell us that, far from desiring Gentile privileges, they are only remaining with us until the arrival of their own Messiah; their faithful attachment to whom forms a striking contrast, a bitter sarcasm on the proposed public abandonment by a great Christian nation of *their* REDEEMER?

Lastly, let the High Court of Parliament, which for so many centuries has been invested with Majesty, Rank, Privileges, and Power, for the advancement of the Glory of God, the good of His Church, the safety, honour, and welfare of

our Sovereign and Her dominions, before it suicidally destroys its own authority,—before it betrays what it has solemnly sworn to defend,—before it brings darkness upon a happy land by disreputably selling, for the attainment of an object, comparatively speaking, of no importance whatever, the inestimable blessings which a just, a moral, and a religious people are enjoying,—recall to mind, ere it be too late, the following words, which prophetically bear upon its case :—

"Then Judas, which had betrayed him [Jesus], when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself; and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple, and departed, and went and hanged himself."

On descending from the wall on which for some minutes I had been resting, I regained the large paved avenue, and had arrived nearly at the gate, when I saw at a short distance on my right, a poor person's funeral procession, proceeding towards the "fosse commune," and, although the sun was very powerful, and my eyes half roasted, I could not help following it.

In front of the hearse, which, as before, was driven by a coachman in a cocked hat, there

stalked, also in a cocked hat, a man dressed in the superfine black cloth coat already described, holding in his hand, like a drum-major, a long black cane, headed with a white ivory knob. Behind the hearse followed two men in black, one of whom, looking on the ground as he walked, held in his right hand a circular wreath of yellow immortelles. On arriving at the common fosse the procession halted, and, on the poor person's coffin being taken out, it was received by an officer, dressed in light blue uniform, a cocked hat with silver cockade, a silver breast-plate, a sword-belt bound with silver, and a brass-handled sword. In the way I have already described, the semi-hexagonal topped coffin was lowered into the deep chasm beneath, where it was received, and slowly arranged and adjusted by the gravedigger, in the mode previously stated. A simple ceremony of this nature, however often it may be witnessed, naturally creates serious reflections, and I was, to a certain degree, under their influence, when all of a sudden I heard a voice close to me, in a loud and impassioned tone, exclaim "*Adieu, ma mère!*"[1] I instantly glanced round, and saw the chief mourner standing on the brink of the long ditch beneath him, with his face

[1] Adieu, my mother!

directed towards the ground, with his eyes fixed on the coffin, with his hat in his left hand, and in his extended right arm the yellow wreath I had just before observed him carrying. For about six seconds he stood in the attitude described, and, as if choked by his feelings, did not utter a word; at last, in the same loud, fervent tone of voice, proceeding with his address, he enumerated to the corpse beneath him the many marks of affection she had shown him, and, concluding with the words "*Acceptez mon dernier devoir!*"[1] he gently tossed before him the yellow wreath, which, feathering through the air, had no sooner fallen, with a slight noise, on the lid of the coffin beneath, than he suddenly turned on his heel, and walked slowly off. On joining the young man in black who had accompanied him in rear of the hearse, they talked together for a few seconds, and then, arm in arm, quietly walked home.

The hearse had long ago been gone,—the officers in light blue were gone,—the ordonnateur and his men were gone,—and I therefore found myself on the edge of the "fosse commune," with, excepting my guide, no other living being but the man with the sunburnt arms, white shirt, blue trousers, and red sash beneath me.

[1] Accept my last duty!

In the earth of the perpendicular bank behind him was affixed a long iron skewer, upon which were hanging a handful of pieces of common packthread, each about two feet long. Turning round and selecting one of them, he with it tied the name of the corpse he had just adjusted, and the yellow wreath that belonged to it, to the black cross which had been lowered down with the coffin, and he then stuck the black cross into the ground at its head.

For some moments I stood looking at the extraordinary scene in all directions around me. On my right the ground appropriated for the common graves was seen working its way upwards, towards the green limits of those who, in temporary graves, were lying on lease for six years. In front there existed, over a surface of 10 or 12 acres of common graves, a scene of confusion it appeared almost impossible for the eye to analyze—indeed it was not until I had steadily looked at it for some minutes, that I perceived it to be a dissolving-view, in which nothing but black crosses gradually turned into crosses and rails; rails, crosses, and little chapels; cypresses, chapels, crosses, and rails.

On walking into this mass, which, by means of little narrow rectangular paths, I was enabled to

penetrate in all directions, I ascertained the manner in which the system is arranged.

As soon as a certain quantity of the "fosse commune" is filled with coffins, placed three abreast, and sanded over with about half an inch of soil, in the way described, workmen are employed to bury them under 4½ feet of ground, which is then faintly marked out into paths, and tiny graves, 4 feet in length, by 2 in breadth, at the head of each of which is stuck the black cross, the name, and, if any, the wreaths of immortelles that belong to it. The City of Paris having thus very liberally done all that it deems necessary, the friends of each corpse, taking care not to intrude upon the space retained for the common path, surround the little cell allotted as the grave with an oak railing, about 18 inches high, the interior of which they ornament in any way they think proper. In many of those only lately enclosed I perceived nothing but four thin cypress-plants, scarcely a foot high; in others, these four seedling plants and some flowers. As I proceeded I found, at the head of the grave, in addition to the cypresses which everywhere existed, a little wooden black box, about a foot and a half square, enclosed in front with a single common-sized pane of window-glass. Within this tiny chapel was usually

a little doll, and an altar, ornamented with candles about the thickness and length of a common lucifer-match. On the black cross of every grave appeared, in white paint, an inscription, sometimes very long indeed, and sometimes very short; for instance, on the cross of one poor man there was merely written—

"LAPONGE."

At the foot of this latter cross was a white plaster of Paris angel, about six inches high, firmly tied to the black wood by a piece of tarred whipcord round its neck. As I advanced I found in the graves, besides the ornaments I have enumerated, China roses and flowers.

One of the little chapels contained, on its altar, a white "forget-me-not" wreath, a child's bonnet, and a child's whistle. In another, the humble tribute of affection, which the poor mother of the deceased had often, no doubt, come to visit, was a white garland, inscribed—

"Mon fils chéri;"[1]

beneath was the child's toy, a horse drawing a red water-cart on wheels, which must have cost about two sous.

As I was wandering among these little memorials, which I felt to be infinitely more

[1] My beloved child!

affecting than huge ugly specimens of bad sculpture which usually so inadequately explain what they are intended to represent, fancying I was entirely by myself, I almost trod upon a man dressed in a blouse, on his hands and knees arranging one of the gardens I have described. The creel, or basket, he had carried on his back, and which was resting against the oak railing, had contained all the requirements for a poor man's grave, namely, about half a bushel of garden earth, four little cypresses, box enough to border a path made in the form of a cross, and a stick to drill it in. He had just completed very neatly his job, and seemed much pleased at my admiring it.

As I approached the extremity of the space allotted for common graves, the roses and cypresses became gradually so high that they completely overshadowed their respective territories.

On leaving this compartment of the cemetery I walked to the temporary graves, which, at a short distance, appeared to be a beautiful forest of cypresses, elegantly waving in the wind, and which, when closely inspected, were equally interesting. The grass, which, generally speaking, had resumed possession, was very nearly of the height (30 inches) of the little oak fences, within which, although here and there were to

be discovered roses in bloom, the "immortelles" were faded and decayed. In short, vegetable life had apparently nearly extinguished human affections—the one had vigorously increased, the other had almost expired. Unhampered by a guide, I wandered about these narrow paths, up hill and down dale, with the greatest pleasure, turning suddenly to the right, then to the left, through paths so narrow that the boughs of the cypresses on each side bent as I passed through them. In several graves I perceived lurking, with sundry little holes in their faces, breasts, wings, and legs, the remains of dilapidated small plaster statues. In one grave was a honeysuckle in bloom, shedding fragrance around it to a considerable distance. On reaching the upper portion of the hill, there lay beneath me, at a distance, in the pays bas of the cemetery, the "fosses communes," surrounded on three sides by the green wilderness of the tenant portion. Among the permanent graves, which looked so grotesque, stiff, and formal, that for some seconds I paused on the threshold of their dominion, unwilling to enter, I observed, in front of an obelisk, and leaning against its iron rails in an attitude of pensive reflection rather than of prayer, a tall lady of an elegant figure, exceedingly well dressed.

After walking for a considerable distance diagonally through the space allotted to permanent graves, I came, very nearly in the middle of the cemetery, to its chapel, a small, well-constructed, substantial, plain, appropriate building, containing a number of homely chairs, among which were two women very devoutly kneeling, and, as I was unwilling to disturb them, I continued my course until I reached the paved avenue leading to the lofty iron entrance gates, towards which, under a very burning sun and in a glaring light, I was descending, when I observed approaching me a stout and very short well-dressed gentleman, of about forty, who, with blue spectacles resting on rather a small upturned nose, and with his face running down with perspiration, was affectionately puffing up the hill, with the head of a small snow-white plaster angel in each of his hot hands, leaving the wings, body, and legs not only pendent, but vibrating in the air through which he walked. He had probably just bought them from one of the numberless shops in the Rue de la Roquette leading to the cemetery, and was on his road to deposit them on some grave as a tribute of his affection.

Although in the various little scenes I witnessed, and which I have faithfully described,

exactly in the order, or rather disorder, in which they chanced to occur, there were occasionally some which may appear to the reader, as they appeared to me, to be less impressive than they were intended to be, yet in approaching the gate of the cemetery of Père la Chaise I could not but admit that the arrangements I had witnessed are on the whole not only highly creditable to the people of Paris, but that they form a striking contrast to those foul fashions—that horrid and unnatural mixture of the living and the dead—that have hitherto disgraced the metropolis of England.

In Paris, within twenty-four hours of the death of every inhabitant, the corpse, with any pomp or at any cost which its relatives may feel desirous to expend—or, if it be that of a poor person, at no cost at all—is by law delivered to the Ordonnateur des Pompes Funèbres to be carried beyond the barriers of the city, where, under official supervision, it is deposited in a sufficiently deep grave, subsequently ornamented in any way the pride, taste, or affection of survivors may dictate.

In London, under the tyranny of barbarous habits, which it has been deemed a fine thing to support, at exorbitant charges discreditable to the rich and ruinous to the poor, corpses, ornamented

with frills, caps, and garments more or less fine, have, by the laws of fashion, been required, usually for a week, and often longer, not only to pollute the atmosphere of the living, but, as if to perpetuate the evil, they have afterwards been interred around almost every place of worship in the metropolis,—nay, even deposited beneath the very pavement on which the living have been congregating for prayer.

The corruption of hundreds of thousands of human bodies has, below ground, polluted the springs of water, while, above, it is a well-known fact that the miasma from the corpses of the inhabitants of London first attaches itself to, and then corrupts, meat suspended in the larders of the neighbourhood; and thus people of fashion and high rank, and in beautiful clothes, every day ghoul-like drink up and eat up a portion of the carcases of their dead!

It is not so in Paris. In addition to the cemetery of Père la Chaise for the eastern district, there are that of Montmartre for the northern, that of Mont Parnasse for the southern, besides a cemetery appropriated for the use of hospitals and for the interment of criminals.

CONCLUSION.

In our parting scene my kind landlady had such a revolving series of last words to say to me, that on reaching the Embarcadère of the Great Northern Railway I had only time to take my ticket for Boulogne, and my seat, when the train started; and as a vessel sails out of harbour into open sea, so, on looking out of the windows on either side, I soon found myself flying through that boundless space of little unenclosed fields which of various shapes and colours compose the gay chequered surface of France.

The carriage was full, or, as it is called in French, was "complet." Most of my fellow travellers had, either at their side or beneath their feet, a basket full of eatables, a bottle and glass. Immediately opposite to me sat a large grave Frenchman of about forty. His omnium-gatherum of provisions lived in a red handkerchief; and after he had undone it, looked them all over, and tied them all up again, he took from his waistcoat-pocket a small short saw of

black horn, with which he slowly flattened and reflattened every hair on his head, and then, looking me full in the face all the time he was doing it, he as carefully combed out his mustachios.

I have no doubt whatever that during the journey a variety of other little equally important circumstances occurred; I have, however, no recollection of them, for my truant mind, as if it had escaped out of the open window at my side, flew back to Paris to ruminate on the various subjects that had there occupied its attention; in short, I felt it impossible to leave the neighbourhood of the metropolis of France without enumerating to myself a series of civilities and kindnesses which, so long as my memory lasts, will form a subject of agreeable reflection: indeed, to be able to add to those for whom one has a lasting regard a whole nation, ought to be considered an acquisition of inestimable value, a blessing to intellectual vision, which, as it cheers in darkness as well as in daylight, is greater even than that in the power of the oculist to bestow.

The political state of France naturally next engrossed my attention, and although my very short residence at Paris did not enable me, and indeed would not entitle me, to presume to enter deeply on the subject, the following vague sketch

has the solitary advantage of being drawn at least by a friendly hand.

Whatever may abstractedly be said against a Republic, it is undeniable that that established in France in 1848 was the result of a far-sighted, long-considered, deliberate desire on the part of the French people to exchange Monarchy for Democracy; and accordingly, in spite of every precaution that diplomacy and military science united could devise, in spite of rank, wealth, patronage, fortifications, and an army of enormous force, the power of the Monarchy, at a given moment, was precipitated, as suddenly as an element in chemistry falls in impalpable powder through a liquid, which, from a preferential affinity for something else, refuses any longer to hold it in solution.

Why the French people disliked Monarchy, or *why* they preferred a Republic, no foreigner has any right to inquire; and accordingly, feeling it to be my bounden duty not to enter upon this vexed question, on arriving at Paris all I desired was mutely and inoffensively to observe, as carefully as I was able, the movements of a piece of political machinery, which I conceived at all events possessed the inestimable qualification of pleasing the proprietors to whom it belonged. In this desire, people in England, I

believe, generally concur, for, although nobody believes that the present state of France will last, many consider it as an interesting political experiment they are desirous of watching, carefully but impartially. They are looking at it step by step: but the end they truly say is not yet come, and therefore they do not want to hear a hasty sentence pronounced before the trial has been completed.

With these impressions on my mind I conceived it would be exceedingly difficult to arrive at any correct conclusion on the subject. I expected to find the new system unpalatable to all who had been nourished by the old one; and as those whose rank had elevated them above the condition of their fellow creatures, and who directly or indirectly had profited by expensive government, were very numerous, I fully anticipated *they* would, one and all, exactly as loudly as they dared, disapprove of the changes that had been effected.

I own, however, I was not prepared, nay, that I was altogether what is commonly called "taken aback" at ascertaining, almost at a glance, that with scarcely an exception, *everybody* at Paris not only confesses, but openly declares to any foreigner and utter stranger who will do them the favour to listen to them, that

the revolution they themselves have effected has been productive to them of most injurious results, every day becoming more and more intolerable!

The depression of rank, fashion, and folly has not only, as might be expected, been unpalatable to their respective votaries, but has cut off the supplies from hundreds of thousands of deserving people of no rank, no fashion, and no folly, who directly or indirectly had been subsisting on an artificial system of expenditure profitable to them all. Although, therefore, there was not the slightest fear of any immediate outbreak, and although generally speaking nothing could exceed the friendly bearing of all classes towards each other, yet a period of monetary terror existed, the effects of which depressed all classes of the community; indeed I can faithfully declare that every shopkeeper I inquired of told me, without reservation, that the Revolution of 1848 was ruining him; and as I found that conversing with them on the subject gave them no offence—on the contrary, that, like people suffering from bodily pain, they *liked* to explain their ailments—I invariably put to them this plain question:

Can you tell me of any ONE set of people who have gained by your revolution? All replied in

the negative, excepting one man, who, with a good-humoured smile, said, "Our representatives in the Assembly have gained their wages (25 franc a-day) by it."

So clearly do the most respectable of the labouring classes see the error that has been committed, that in at least twenty of the great "fabriques" (manufactories) of Paris there hangs, placarded by the workmen themselves, the following "affiche:"—

"IL EST DÉFENDU DE PARLER POLITIQUE OU D'INTRODUIRE DES JOURNAUX POLITIQUES DANS L'ATELIER. LA PREMIÈRE FOIS, UNE AMENDE DE 25 CENTIMES. 2DE 50. 3IEME À LA PORTE."[1]

"It is," however, "an ill wind that blows *no* one any good;" and, accordingly, on ascertaining that the whole of the upper and respectable classes agreed together in deprecating the new system, I own I expected that the very lowest orders must necessarily be the gainers of what the others were the losers: to my astonishment, however, I found them, if possible, more clearly convinced of the error that had been committed, and better able to explain it, than the well-

[1] It is forbidden to talk politics, or to introduce political newspapers into this workshop. For the 1st offence, a fine of 25 centimes. The 2nd, 50. The 3rd, out with him.

educated classes; and thus, as in preceding chapters I have detailed, commissionnaires, guides, gravediggers, the drivers of fiacres, down to the very scavengers who subsisted on the offal of the streets, all declared, in different attitudes and in different accents, that they had grown leaner under the system which they had expected would have fattened them; in short, the very men who, with extraordinary bravery and with the greatest fury, had fought to obtain —and who triumphantly did obtain—a Republic, hungry, sorrowful, and emaciated, now unite together to substantiate a moral interesting to the whole family of mankind, namely, how little good revolution has done them; on the contrary, how much mischief!

But although I affirm, what any person in a few hours can ascertain for himself, that all ranks and conditions of men at Paris are dissatisfied with their present political condition, it must not be inferred that *therefore* all are opposed to a Republic.

That democracy is utterly inconsistent with a Frenchman's ideas of rank, order, grandeur, and glory is undeniable. Many, however, adhere to the Republic, fearing that a change might produce something worse. A much larger number adhere to it as the partizans of chiefs whom for

evident reasons they are desirous to invest with patronage and power. The Red party, who term the present state of order "a Monarchy disguised," support a Republic, because they believe it favourable for revolutions. They are men who, if they put up an authority to-day, would pull it down to-morrow merely to erect some other power in its stead; in fact, like the American backwoodsmen, as soon as they have effected one clearance they yearn to return to the wilderness for the pure love of encountering fresh difficulties.

In the present Assembly the number of Socialists is about 150. After the next election there will probably not be 50.

Lastly, there are in Paris, in favour of the Republic, 30,000 forçats, or convicted men who only appear at night—who, when they get up in the morning, not knowing where to breakfast, live partly by robbery, partly by the support of women, and partly by that of "les cloobs" (political clubs), who fancy they may require them. It was principally by these people that the horrors of the late revolutions were perpetrated. "*Je suis bien vengé!*" exclaimed one of them as he was about to be shot, and who, suiting his action to his words, drew from his pockets, and with savage triumph threw down

upon the ground, 15 or 16 human tongues! Another wretch of this description, caught mutilating the bodies of the dead, was torn into quarters by four dragoons, who, attaching a cord to each of his arms and legs and then to their saddles, trotted off in opposite directions.

Of the real Republicans who effected the Revolution, many are dead (it is well known that 30,000 people were killed in that of July); many are tired of it; many worn out by it.

With respect to *Old* Napoleon, people of all parties delight to dream of the glory of the past, of the battles of Rivoli, the Pyramids, Marengo, and Austerlitz; his popularity however throughout France rests on his restoration, religious, moral, administrative, and political, of society that had been demolished by the Revolutionists,—on his having improved or reorganised the finances of the country,—on his having re-established the administration of justice, and of having created a code of laws which, as they have never been formally abolished, form to this day a sort of arsenal to which the Government, whatever it may be, resorts when necessary.

A majority of the Assembly, of the inhabitants of France, and the army of Algeria, are supposed to be in favour of the restoration of Monarchy.

It is evident, from the mere showing of the case, that these various elements, were they to remain uncontrolled, would very quickly reproduce fermentation.

The overwhelming army of France, however, at an enormous expense, effectually maintains the public peace; and without entering into political discussions, and without interfering with any alterations that may constitutionally be proposed, it laconically, like the schoolboy's dialogue, replies to any one who, impatient of deliberation, would overturn the Republic by force, as follows:—

> "Who put it there?
> A better man than you,—
> Touch it if you dare!"

Under these extraordinary circumstances the French people are now deliberating in what manner they shall constitutionally, and without bloodshed, effect another revolution.

Excepting the Socialists, the interest of all parties is identical—that is to say, all desire tranquillity and commercial prosperity, and yet, with so laudable an object in view, it is distressing to witness the almost insuperable difficulties which a brave, intellectual, amiable, and highly civilized people are suffering from having, by their own act and deed, placed themselves in a

predicament in which their judgment is assailed by feelings it is out of the feeble power of human nature to overcome.

It must be clear to them, as it is clear to every calm observer of their position, that they have to settle two plain questions of very unequal importance, namely—

1st. Under what description of Government they would wish to live? And, when *that* great point is determined,

2ndly. Who is the puppet or personage they would wish to place at its head?

Now if it were possible abstractedly to bring before the consideration of the French people the first only of these two questions, a most extraordinary unanimity would prevail in favour of discarding with ignominy—in fact of drumming out of the country—a Republic which has been found to be practically unsuited to the polite, orderly, high-bred notions of the nation; but such is human nature, so cunning is the human mind—so crafty and so cautious where self-interest is concerned—that, do what they will, the consideration of the second question takes precedence of the first; and thus, instead of forming one great dignified assembly, the nation has split itself into sections—may I, without offence, say factions—each of which,

overlooking the main prescription, is now solely occupied in advancing by every possible means their chieftain Prince A, the Duke of B, the Count of C, or General D, to be the head of .... *they know not what!!*

"The plan of the Regentist faction," says the latest account from Paris, "is, that in the event of the Prince de Joinville being elected a representative of the people, the Assembly would name *him* its President, and that *he*, in turn, would appoint General Changarnier Commander of the Forces, considered by him (General C.) necessary for the protection of that body."

With these antagonist objects in view, the different parties, violently canvassing, become not only jealous but so mistrustful of each other, that the difficulty of their deliberating together on the main point to be settled daily increases. In the mean while, just as an ancient knight used often to faint from the weight of his armour, their own army of occupation is almost, without metaphor, eating them up; and accordingly the annual deficiency in their exchequer, caused not only by enormous military expenses, but by public works continued by each minister to buy tranquillity for the country and popularity for himself, has to be supplied by successive issues of Bons Royaux, or Exchequer Bills, which

the Bank of France take in employment of their large deposits, a febrifuge which will last until the day of payment comes, or until a political crisis shall cause a discredit of Government securities.

BUDGET FOR 1852

(*Reduced from the Projet de Loi of February* 8, 1851, *at the exchange of* 25 *francs per pound sterling*).

Receipts.	£.
Taxes, direct and indirect . . .	52,120,000
Reserve of Sinking Fund . . .	3,185,000
	55,305,000
Expenditure.	
Public Debt, Annuities, and Interest on Treasury Bonds	15,780,000
National Assembly	312,000
Executive	50,000
Administration of Justice (including 220,000*l.* to the Juges de Paix) .	1,065,000
Public Instruction	911,800
Public Worship	1,680,000
Army	12,191,000
Navy	4,122,000
Public Works, Agriculture, &c. .	9,603,000
Government Establishments, Collection of Revenue, Drawbacks, &c. . .	9,206,000
Extraordinary Works . . .	2,964,200
	£57,885,000

A careful analysis of the above publish[illegible] accounts of the receipts and expenditure of

France will show that the country is living beyond its income; in short, that irrespective of political revolutions, it is on the high-road to ruin: for the late *apparent* excess of income has been produced by the juggle of excluding about three millions sterling, on the ground of its being *extraordinary* expenditure (though raised and spent within the year), and then taking a sum of more than three millions from the Reserve of the Sinking Fund. But who can say what is the financial state of a Republic that has no check upon its issues of Bons de Trésor (the annual *interest* on the floating debt is more than a million sterling), and that, on the other hand, meddles with everything; interfering, like the Pacha of Egypt, with every object of national industry? For instance, the Government, at an absurd cost, has its manufactory of porcelain at Sèvres; of carpets at the Gobelins; of tobacco called the Regie: its establishment for the breed of horses; for mineral waters; for baths and wash-houses. It gives large sums to encourage the fisheries, to prop up by drawbacks and premiums unproductive branches of industry; and lastly, it expends 180,000*l.* on the theatres and fine arts, and 80,000*l.* in ostentatious gifts on the occasion of fires and storms, the latter of which are sure to rage in the departments whose loyalty

it is desirable to secure. The distribution too of a sum of 220,000*l.* annually among the Juges de Paix is a source of patronage on a grand scale. Again, let those who rave about the economy of a Republic look at the National Assembly voting itself a sum six times as large as it doles out to the "Executive!" Let them think of an army, in time of perfect peace, costing more than twelve millions sterling! of the corruption and peculation that may be covered under an expenditure of nearly te millions on railroads, public works, improvement of Paris, &c. Finally, let them consider the grand total of fifty-eight millions sterling extracted from the French people under this system of Republican economy.

Now it may justly be asked, What is to be the end of all this?

In reply, it is submitted, that, inasmuch as people of all parties in France agree that the *present* system cannot last, there are three ways in which the inevitable changes they desire may be effected.

1st. By a struggle in the present Assembly, under the present Constitution, between the two great parties—the people remaining quiet.

2nd. By a struggle in the Assembly for a *change* in the existing Constitution, in which capitalists and men of all parties would join.

3rd. By a general revolution, caused by stagnation of trade; loss of public faith and confidence; scarcity of money; want of employment;—in fact, a revolution caused by an armed population, suffering from misery and want; in fact, starving.

Either of the two first of these revolutions could be effected simply by a war of words and ink. If, however, neither succeed in bringing the question to a peaceful issue, it is fearful to reflect that France must inevitably be involved in a civil war—in a war to the knife, which will not only deluge the land with blood; will not only sever property of every description from its lawful proprietors—but, after carnage and plunder have ceased, will leave the real question, to say the least, as unsettled as ever! Now, strange to say, while the whole French nation, grouped into factions, with a hurricane brewing up to windward, are at this moment occupied in searching, as intently as a man looks for a lost needle in a haystack, for the very thing in creation which, on the 21st January, 1793 (fifty-nine years ago), they cut off and chucked away, namely, the *head* of their Constitution, it has pleased Almighty God to place at the helm of their affairs a pilot possessing very nearly all the qualifications necessary for

restoring to France that tranquillity and commercial prosperity she so ardently desires to attain.

From every person whose opinion was worthy of respect I heard, during my short residence in Paris, Prince Louis Napoleon described as "honest, wise, silent, and independent." During the severe trial to which he has been subjected, he has firmly defended religion against atheism, the rights of property against plunderers, order against revolutionists. His life, it has quaintly been said, is altogether internal; his words do not indicate his inspiration; his gesture does not show his audacity; his glance does not intimate his ardour; his demeanour does not reveal his resolution. All his moral nature is in a certain manner kept under by his physical nature. He thinks, and does not discuss; he decides, and does not deliberate; he acts, and does not make much movement; he pronounces, and does not assign his reasons. On the whole I am firmly of opinion that, under a mild exterior, with gentle manners and a benevolent heart, Louis Napoleon is an honest, bold, high-minded statesman—whose object is to maintain the peace of Europe and the real glory and honour of France. I believe that no clamour could force him, without necessity, to declare war against any nation on earth; and, on the other hand, that no com-

bination of forces that could be devised would induce him to submit to any insult offered to his country.

Considering his unassuming demeanour, the high character he has gained throughout France, the name he bears, and, above all, the vital necessity that exists for Frenchmen of all politics to unite together hand-in-hand to save their country before that black cloud, already above the horizon, shall bring terror and desolation to all, it is indeed lamentable to observe them deserting a man practically competent to attain for them all they desire, for the petty object of superseding him by a Prince, a Count, or a General, who, whatever may be their professions, promises, or abilities, have never been tested by that heavy weight of responsibility which no sensible man, speaking even of himself, would say he could bear, until he had been subjected to it; and the vast misfortune of these miserable contentions is, that, if a new candidate were to be elected tomorrow, every effort he made to serve France, would, in like manner, be baffled by the discomfited factions, who would individually and collectively embarrass every act of his Government until, by another dismemberment of society, an opening should be made for the election of their own chieftain. The French are not deficient in

patriotism, but the sad truth is, that the prize which by the overthrow of their Monarchy has been cast adrift is too great for the ambition of human beings to resist. In the mean while,—

"Everywhere," says the President, in his late message to the National Assembly, "labour grows slack, poverty augments, interests are alarmed, and anti-social expectations swell high in proportion as the enfeebled powers of the State approach their term."

It would, no doubt, be the desire of M. Louis Napoleon, utterly irrespective of party, to summon to his council men of sound judgment, to listen to their opinions, and to co-operate with them in a plain, simple, straightforward, honest course of policy, which would inevitably restore to France tranquillity, confidence, credit, and commerce. With such assistance his career would be alike glorious to himself, to his colleagues, and to his country. Impeded, however, and opposed by statesmen and men of property who ought to assist him, he has, it appears, with the decision that characterises him, boldly determined to seek from the illiterate end of the community that patriotic support which the upper end, shivered into fragments, is incapable of giving; in short, as a pilot in a gale of wind seeks security from his native shore in the wide rude sea, so has the President of the Republic fled from the intellec-

tual classes to universal suffrage for the purpose of saving the vessel he is commanding from absolutely foundering on its own rocks.

The unfair difficulties to which he is subjected would, under any circumstances, entitle him to the sympathy of every generous mind; but when it is considered that in the prosperity and peace of France are involved the destinies of Europe, the good offices of mankind ought, it is submitted, to be exerted in his support.

Without invidiously mentioning names, it is matter of history that, among the various candidates for the office he now holds, three have not only openly expressed their opinion as to the practicability, but their readiness to invade foreign countries, especially England, to assist their inhabitants in constituting a republic: a procedure which, besides creating mischief and misery that could be of service to no one, would inevitably add to the war expenses, impair the commerce, and increase the embarrassments of that great nation, whose speedy extrication from her present difficulties every liberal Englishman must ardently desire.

With these reflections in my mind, I could not help recollecting how often, during my residence in Paris, people to whom I was an

utter stranger, after explaining to me the miserable political condition in which they were placed, ended their lamentations by a generous and unqualified expression of their admiration of the British Constitution. In offering, however, what, no doubt, they considered to be a compliment, they little knew the pain they inflicted upon me.

Although I have throughout my life rigidly abstained from taking any part in *English* politics, have never once attended a political meeting, and have never voted at an election, I have not been insensible of the inestimable blessings we enjoy under institutions which have effectually protected liberty, life, and property. It is, however, lamentable to observe the inexplicable course which the upper classes in England are pursuing.

One would conceive that a loss to our country of ten millions of money by the bad faith of the North American Republic, added to the lamentable results which have arisen from the establishment of a Republic in France, would, when contrasted with our own national credit, order, and prosperity, have convinced us of the miserable consequences of transferring the government of the affairs of a great nation from men of education and intelligence — in fact,

from men of business—to the illiterate. If, however, the latter class, notwithstanding their utter incapacity to protect property they do not possess, had the will and the power to undertake such difficult duties, it would, of course, be useless to endeavour to withhold it from them. But the truth is, the illiterate classes of the United Kingdom are afflicted with no such desire; they evince no wish to trace railways, make drawings of lighthouses, plans of harbours, sections and elevations of public buildings, but, leaving conception to those who better understand such troublesome things, all they want is to be employed on these works; in short, to get fair wages for fair work, with a clear understanding that, if the country shall fail to give them fair work, it shall be bound by law to be at the expense of supporting them, in failure of which they will, very naturally, help themselves.

In like manner the illiterate classes have no desire whatever to take into their own hands the management of our relations with foreign countries, the maintenance of our public faith—in short, the trouble and botheration of regulating the foreign and domestic policy of the most intricate empire on the globe. Provided, therefore, they are enabled to obtain an honest livelihood, they are willing enough, under the

vigilant supervision of a free press—the safest government under the sun—to leave the management of public affairs to the millions of educated men who, it is well known, settle every question that is debated, not by physical strength, but by dint of facts, figures, and sound reasoning. In short, nothing can be more praiseworthy than the confidence which the English labourer and manufacturer evince to intrust the management of all great state questions to the educated classes of society; and yet these educated people on whom they rely, by endless agitation appear determined not only by an unwise extension of the suffrage to force the illiterate to take part in what they do not understand, but to do so by means which, strange to say, are revolting to the feelings of the British people. For instance, it is known to every man of education that the commercial credit of England rests on the maintenance of her public faith; that as long as she maintains her faith she is the greatest nation on the globe; on the other hand, as soon as she loses it, that not only the whole fabric of her prosperity will fall to pieces, but anarchy, ruin, and bloodshed must ensue.

Protected by these facts, it is evident that our national faith is secure, for the simple reason that it is utterly impossible for a majority of

the country to incur the shame of openly advocating the repudiation of the public debt; and yet, if, instead of voting in daylight, the question were to be settled in the dark by the movement of clean and dirty fingers belonging nobody knows to whom, there exists no doubt whatever, first, that the assassination of our credit would be effected to-morrow; and secondly, that nobody would own to the blame!

Now, if underhand dealing was the characteristic of the English peasant, if, like the owl and the bat, he had a propensity for darkness, it would, of course, be easy to prevail upon him to avoid the daylight; but instead of this being his character, even in fighting with his antagonist he disdains to strike a foul blow. Look at our railways: they have thrown out of employment hundreds of thousands of hard-working men, who honestly gained their subsistence by a system of travelling that has been suddenly superseded. Why have these poor men abstained from revenging themselves by placing at midnight some obstruction on the iron path that has ruined them? Why, simply because as Englishmen it is out of their nature to assassinate even property. Far, therefore, from entertaining any cowardly desire to vote in *secret*, their notion of freedom is to drink strong beer till

they can hardly see; then arm-in-arm, with colours streaming from their hats, to walk to the hustings, roaring, with barn-door mouths, all the way they go, "SQUIRE - - - - - - AND INDEPENDENCE FOR EVER! A LARGE LOAF, AND NO POPERY!"

Now, instead of encouraging open dealing—the birthright of an Englishman—our uppermost classes, sad to say, are making every endeavour to inculcate in the minds of the illiterate a depraved desire for power to assassinate in the dark not only our Public Faith and the continuance of a Civil List for the support of the Crown, but irresponsibly and with the utmost facility to sweep away every enactment that now prevents them from *socially* dividing among themselves that immense property of the country which industry and intelligence have gradually amassed, and which our institutions have hitherto protected.

For instance, in our leading newspaper there has lately been made, by a member of the House of Commons, the following extraordinary announcement:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'TIMES.'

"SIR,

"Observing in the 'Times' of to-day that you describe the success of the question of the ballot during

the late session of Parliament as one of the decisive defeats of the present Ministry, I submit to you that such a statement is erroneous. Lord John Russell has always considered the measure as an open question, and its principal support is derived from members of his Lordship's Government. Thus, in the last division, with its concomitant list of pairs, you will find that the Master of the Rolls, the Attorney and Solicitor Generals, a majority of the Lords of the Admiralty, an equal division of the officers of the Ordnance, and a majority of the Queen's Household, SUPPORTED THE BALLOT.

"I am, Sir,

"Yours obediently,

"F. HENRY F. BERKELEY.

"*Victoria Square, Aug. 9th*, 1851."

In what a false position does this announcement place the British nation! How justly may the ruling statesmen and capitalists of Europe say to us, "In the name of common honesty, what does all this mean? Are you Englishmen faithful to your noble institutions, or are you not? If you *are*, why are you hurrying your people towards democracy, which will ruin first you and then them as it is ruining us? Your illiterate classes are not asking for ballot,—have no hankering to be placed under Jewish legislators; why therefore force these changes upon them? And above all, in attempting to do so, how in the face of Christendom can you presume to exert the influence of the

British Crown for measures inconsistent with your religion, your monarchy, and, as you well *know*, incompatible with the maintenance of your public faith?

"While we, in our respective countries, are pointing to your Institutions as the legislative model of sound practical Liberty, your people, in the name of their Sovereign, are not only encouraged, but by the Ministers of Her Crown, in both Houses of Parliament, are *invited*, to demand extensions of the suffrage, which the instant it be made universal constitutes a republic; and then—alas! when it is too late—your virtuous Queen, in poverty and retirement, for the remainder of her days, will mourn with us over the irreligion, woe, desolation, and destruction of property, that unnecessarily and unnaturally have been effected IN HER NAME!"

* * * *

Although on arriving at Boulogne we found a smoking steamer awaiting the train, I could hardly shake off the melancholy reflections which, on leaving the Republic of France, had most unwelcomely been occupying my mind. I had, however, scarcely descended about fourteen feet from the pier to the deck of the packet, when the ladder was hauled up, and in the same in-

stant there was loudly exclaimed in a boy's voice, close to me,

"*Heave* ASTARN!"

For upwards of three weeks I had scarcely spoken my own language; and as Johnson's Dictionary does not contain two words that at the moment could have been more acceptable to me, my heart thrilled as I heard them.

* * * *

A slight little long grey stain in the sky, about as broad as my thumb-nail, just above the western horizon, gradually became more and more perceptible, until, in the course of rather more than two hours, being converted into white cliffs, I not only gazed upon what did my eyes more good than all the hot and cold lotions to which they had been subjected, but I eventually landed on—never, I hope, to leave it again—my own country.

"ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS, I LOVE THEE STILL!"

THE END.

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